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February 23, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

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The Favorite Bible Passages Of 25 Famous Americans

I "Married" Somebody Else's Husband
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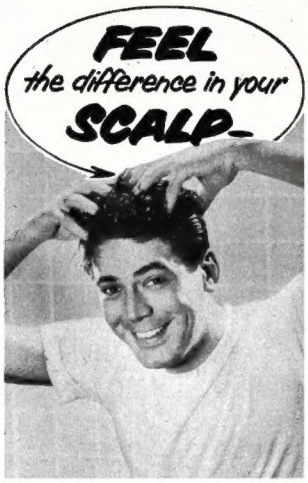

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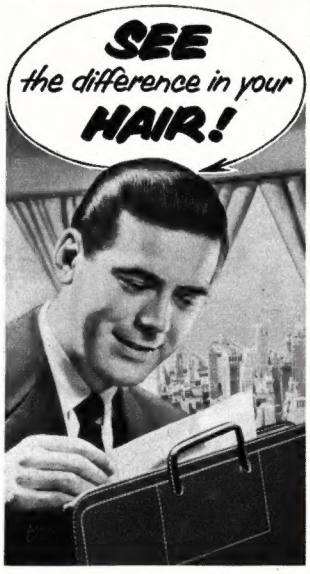

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February 23, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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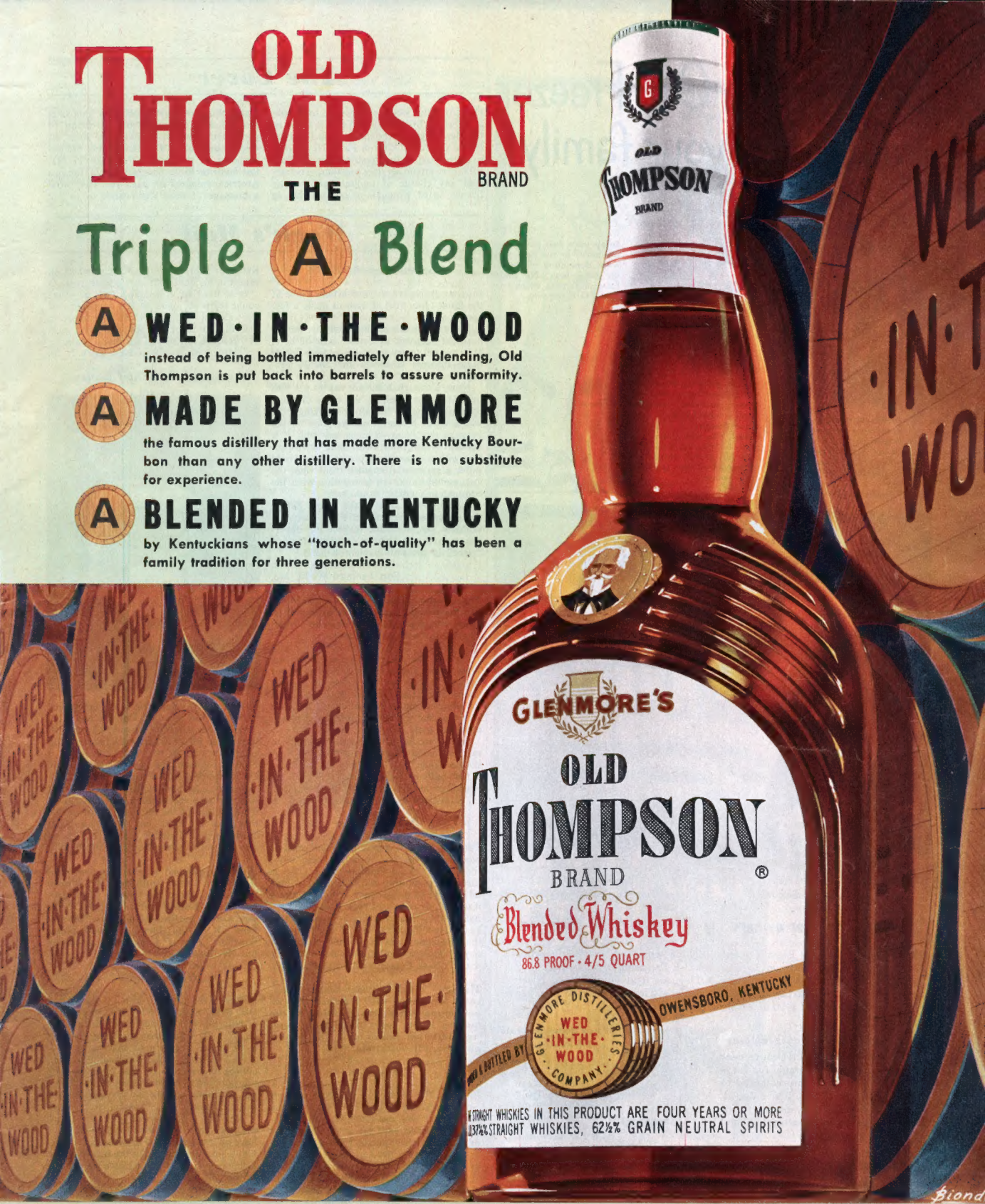

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Cover

Our cover this week, appropriate to the observance of Brotherhood Week, is by artist Charles Kinghan, who has painted The Federated Church at Croton Falls, New York, so called because the Presbyterians and Baptists there attend services together. To forestall any charge of undisciplined artistic license, artist Kinghan points out that in many churches (not necessarily this one, though) it is customary for the rector to greet congregation members as they arrive for devotions. To mark further the importance of the week (February 17-24), the favorite Bible passages of 25 famous Americans appear on page 16. They hold a message of deep significance to us all.

Week's Mail

Inspection at the Point

EDITOR: In regard to your article Plebe at the Point (Jan. 5th), I wish to make a few comments.

My present job in the Army is that of barracks sergeant at Cooks' School here. It is my job to try to make soldiers out of these students whenever the chance presents itself.

Now, although I did not ask to get into this Army, and neither did most of these potential cooks—therefore making the whole outfit basically not as good as the boys at the Point—I must say that if a noncom in this outfit ever made an inspection with a cigarette in his hand he would suffer great mental anguish from what the men would think, not to mention what the commanding officer would say.

I recommend that in the future before the upperclassmen inspect Plebe James J. Waldeck, Jr., someone inspect the upperclassman to see that he is not holding a "weed" in his well-manicured hand.

DONAL D. KINSLEY, Pfc,
Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

Though the plebes are at stiff attention, the pre-parade look-over is informal so far as the upperclassmen are concerned. They're not officers, of course.

. . . After just reading your article on the West Point plebes I know now that our country will be in the hands of capable young men. Last summer West Point was the object of much bad publicity, but I am sure that she will always turn out fine soldiers and men.

In his article, Mr. Chassler neglects to say that besides holding the future in their skilled hands, they also hold the hearts of a few million young women all over the world, or at least all over this continent.

KARYLANN KLOSS, Merchantville, N. J.

Now & Then

EDITOR: Perhaps one should not criticize one who gives one a laugh these days, should one? Your Painless Parker story is surely very amusing and reaches its climax on page 43 of the January 12th issue where it tells of the people of New York being enlightened by movies and radio back in 1895. Lucky New Yorkers—at that rate I suppose they are commuting daily to the moon these days. Gosh, it must be wonderful to live there. EARL ELLSWORTH, Scottsdale, Ariz.

The story spoke of "back-country innocents, or rubes—an American species now supposedly rendered extinct by the movies, radio, mass magazines, rapid transportation and so on." The word is *now*, Mr. Ellsworth, not *then*.

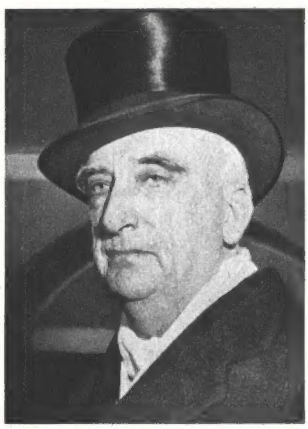
Key Man

EDITOR: The article on the Port of New York Authority (Tops in Transportation, Dec. 29th) was eye-catching, but to anyone acquainted with the activities of that organization there was a glaring omission, first in picturing the key officers and then in the text. No mention was made of Mr. Walter P. Hedden, Director of Port Development, who is so much a key officer that he represented the Port Authority at the Kefauver hearings and is recognized as an expert in his field both here and abroad.

It is hard to understand how a writer could learn so much of the operations of this almost unique bistate organization and fail to recognize the important part Mr. Hedden has played for many years.

MELDA M. SHANNON, New York, N. Y.

Anyway, He's Chief Justice



EDITOR: Robert Bendiner, in his article The 12 Who'll Rule Our '52 Conventions (Jan. 5th), erred when he stated: "Even less likely than Russell to be in evidence at Chicago, but sure to be highly influential, is Fred M. Vinson, the genial, lantern-jawed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court."

A glance at the Congressional Directory will elicit the information that there is no Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a title that does not exist, but there is a Chief Justice of the United States.

KAVANAUGH C. DOWNEY, Milwaukee, Wis.

We have glanced at the Congressional Directory. Under Judiciary, Mr. Vinson is listed as "Fred M. Vinson, Chief Justice of the United States." In the directory's index we find this listing: "Vinson, Fred M. (Chief Justice, United States Supreme Court)." Everybody's confused but Mr. Downey.

Overemphasis?

EDITOR: One letter to you (Week's Mail, Dec. 29th) took exception to your editorial of November 17th (Regulation or Strangulation?). It seems that the name Slippery Rock is used as a form of jest.

As a defense of the good name of their college the writers of this letter mention the standing of their football team. May I ask, is there nothing to say about their faculty, library, student body, etc.?

Now it's a question of the tail wagging the dog. The only reason for a college is to have an excuse for the existence of a football team. Why not make the teams professional in every respect and save the expense of the college?

SAUL J. WIENER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued on page 59)

Fastest all-chair-car train to California

IT'S ONLY 39¾ HOURS from Chicago to Los Angeles aboard the Santa Fe's *El Capitan*. This crack all-chair-car streamliner travels as fast as the famous all-room-Pullman *Super Chief*, follows the historic Santa Fe route through the scenic Southwest.

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TAKE YOUR CHOICE! Eat heartily in the dining room; eat a snack at the lunch counter. Either way you'll eat in comfort because Timken® roller bearings on the axles give you a smooth ride. They're the bearings that made streamliners practical.

Now here's the next great step in railroading!

ALREADY IMPROVED by such advances as radio dispatch and mechanized handling, freight service will be *revolutionized* by "Roller Freight"—freight trains on Timken roller bearings instead of friction bearings. It's the next great step in railroading!

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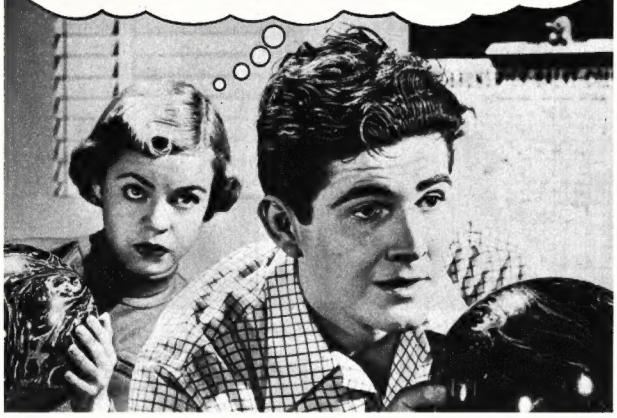

"JEFF ALWAYS HITS the headpin just right, but he'll never make a hit with that head of unruly hair. He's got all the signs of Dry Scalp. Dull, hard-to-manage hair . . . and loose dandruff, too. He'll bowl 'em over, though, when he starts using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . "

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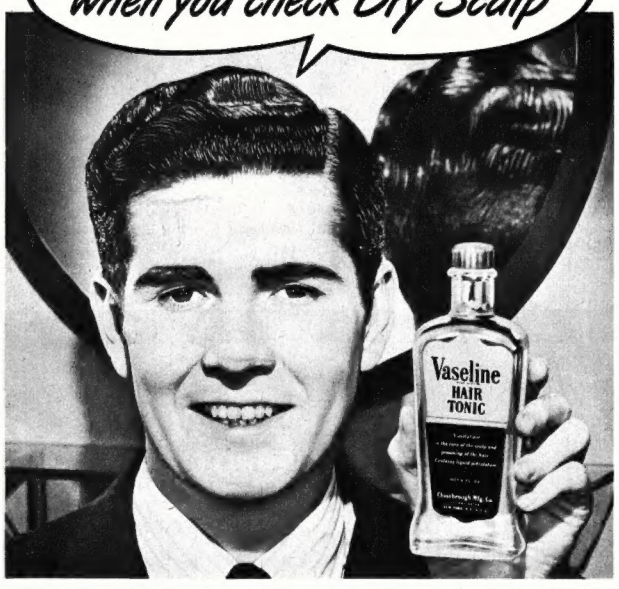

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

The most remarkable thing Mr. Hadden Cruickshank (who likes to keep us posted on what's happening in Atlanta, Georgia) has seen lately is a playful cat with a mouse in her mouth. This cat was sitting in the doorway of a pest control company.

★ ★ ★

Much of our correspondence is wet with tears. Much is full of sighs. But here and there we find a ragged edge of silver lining —silver-plated, anyway. Take this lady

("Don't identify me in any way, please") who tells us of a supermarket experience. With $12 in hand, she bought and bought and bought, until the wire gocart could hold no more. The cash register reported that she owed $22. The cashier called the manager. "How much are you short?" he asked the customer. She told him. "Here," said he, handing her ten bucks from his own pocket. "Send it to me when you get home." She did. And now she wants to know what we think of a store manager like that one. We think he's going far—and in a steady, upward direction.

★ ★ ★

Huddled in his bearskin coat against the wind, which bore no sign that spring was bearing down on some of these 48 States, a pippin-faced Yankee gazed resentfully at the tower clock of the Unitarian Church in Burlington, Vermont. The clock had stopped. No horologist willing to scale the steeple, defiant of the Vermont gale, had been found. A second Green Mountaineer joined the one studying the clock, asked him why. "Want to know what time of day it is," was the reply. "What would you do if you did know what time of day it is?" demanded the second one. "How do I know till I know what time of day it is, you dern fool?" said the first. "Think I'm a mind reader?" The second man said, "Good day." The first said, "Good day." And they marched off stiffly in opposite directions.

★ ★ ★

Anyway, as we've hinted, spring will soon be squinting over the softer hilltops and making little tentative pokings into the city canyons. Old Joe is striding up and down the Appalachian coal fields, growling, muttering, occasionally cursing as he stumbles. He's sending messages with stompings of his ironshod feet to those old-time miners below who understand him. We know this because we've just been told by Mr. Ian Thomas, of Pineville, Kentucky. Old Joe's the miners' legendary giant. He's what Paul Bunyan is to the logging camps, what John Henry was to the men who built our railroads, what Mike Fink was to the Mississippi keelboatmen and Davy Jones is to sailors. Through all seasons Old Joe plods the ridges whereunder John L. Lewis' men dig and blast and sometimes die. With groans and grumbles and occasional hoarse roars, he announces his presence. But he's best heard as spring approaches, a dour harbinger of the vernal urge that unbuttons the jacket and hastens the heart. All we intended to say was that Mr. Thomas, of Pineville, Kentucky, has heard Old Joe "digging his old heels in the melting ice as he stalks the mine roof and drags spring behind him by the hair of her head."

★ ★ ★

The Milwaukee Bar Association is of two or three minds, all of them deploring, about whether lawyers should hang out neon shingles. Mr. Albert C. Heller, chairman of the committee on professional ethics, is consulting his barrister colleagues on the subject, but isn't altogether sure that much can be done about it. The Gavel, the association's magazine, frowns editorially, apprehensive for the future of the profession's dignity. It admits that the use of spectacular red and blue neon signs is increasing. The association fears the worst. Unless something's done, if competition increases, the relatively modest alternating red and blue blinker signs will probably become furious pyrotechnic displays with whistles, bells and explosive attachments as added attention snatchers. Next step: "Fire Sale. All Law Suits Drastically Reduced."

★ ★ ★

We've been trying to pacify Mr. Patrick J. Sewing, but aren't having much success. Mr. Sewing, who hails from Bangor, Maine, has recently come home from France, a country for which he has had nothing but the friendliest feelings until he almost had dinner in Paris just before catching his homeward-bound plane. The proprietor of that restaurant greeted him effusively, saying that he had a monumental treat for Mr. Sewing—lobster, done, he said, in true

LOWELL HESS

American fashion. When the lobster reached Mr. Sewing's table, he asked the proprietor what had happened to it. The latter explained. "You take him, this *homard,* so. No? You put in the saucepan one tablespoon of olive oil. *N'est-ce pas?* And now one tablespoon of butter. We now put in the *homard,* this lobster, in pieces. For the quarter hour we cook him with the lid on. So. We remove this oil and butter gently, my friend. Upon this *homard,* this lobster you call, we pour one small glass of good brandy, which is set ablaze. Is it not magnificent . . ." At this point, Mr. Sewing interrupted to inquire what in blazes was going on with his American-style lobster. But the restaurateur demanded silence and went on. "We add then, my friend, onion chopped and two tablespoons of tomato purée. No? And then, observe, a glass of

(Continued on page 59)

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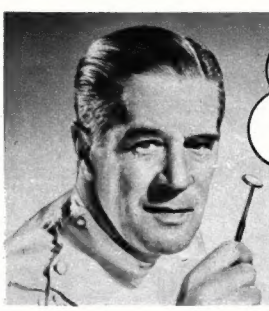

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READER'S DIGEST reported the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay best! And, while not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the *only* toothpaste used in this scientific research.

Get PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S *Today!*

FORGET IT

By W. F. MIKSCH

Crime and graft hearings show a popular trend to Loss of Memory

IT HAD taken me a long time to scrape together the tuition for a course in Memory Training at Professor Whetstone's Night School of Mental Retention, but I finally managed it and the other evening went around to matriculate. Imagine my disappointment to find the school door locked, and the good professor himself engaged in nailing up a sign outside that read: SCHOOL'S OUT—FOR GOOD.

"No more classes, no more books, no more pupils' vacant looks," said the professor. "Out of business. Up the flue. Padlocked."

"But why?" I inquired.

Professor Whetstone smiled sadly. "Put me down as a victim of the recent rash of investigations," he said.

"You mean the crime and graft hearings?" I asked.

"Precisely," said the professor. "If they uncover nothing else, they do show that the popular trend today is toward Loss of Memory. The phrase 'I can't recall exactly' may not always be the shortest road to acquittal, but it sure beats pleading guilty by a mile. When you have your day in court, my boy, remember that—I beg your pardon—*don't* remember it. Don't remember anything."

"But I thought a good memory was important to a young man who wants to go places," I said.

"It is; it is indeed," the professor agreed. "Provided the places the young man wants to go to have iron grillwork on the windows."

"I didn't mean that," said I.

"But I do," said the professor. "Oh, I realize you have some silly, romantic notion of forging ahead to success and security through the development of your latent mental powers."

"That's it, Professor! Those are the exact words you used in your school catalogue! You know, the one with the picture of the elephant on it saying, 'I can remember—why can't you?' "

"Ah, yes, those pretty catalogues." The professor looked wistful. "But that's all in the past, my boy, all in the past. So forget it."

"But, Professor," I pleaded, "all I want to learn to remember are little things, like where I put my checkbook or left my socks or used my fountain pen last."

Professor Whetstone looked horrified. "Don't tempt Fate, my boy," said he. "If you start remembering little things, it will only lead to remembering big things, and before you know it, some senator will be shouting, 'Did you or did you not clean up $180,000 at the race track on the afternoon of February fourth?'—and you'll be telling him all about it, including the stable colors that the jockeys wore."

"But if I ever saw that much money, how could I forget it?" I asked.

"Others have, and *you'd* better learn," said the professor. Suddenly his lean, academic face glowed. "That's it!" he cried. "I'm in business again!"

"What's up, Professor?" I asked.

"The New Professor Whetstone College of Amnesia. Evening Classes in Total Forgetfulness. That's what's up!" he cried. "Instead of that elephant for a trademark, I'll use a sieve. Or a colander. Whichever has the most holes in it." He wiped his glasses thoughtfully. "And of course the textbooks and problems must be revised. Let's start right now. Ask me some questions, my boy. Make like a congressman."

I caught on fast. "Professor Whetstone," I began, "during the past seven months, were you or were you not the guest of Three Fingers Spinelli at his luxurious estate in Hawaii?"

"I may have been, but if so, I cannot recall it to mind," said the professor blandly.

"That chinchilla coat your wife wears to go to the store in during bad weather —was it also not a gift from Mr. Spinelli?"

"I am not sure, and I don't care to guess," said the professor.

"Well, then, Professor," I went on, "as recently as last Thursday did not this same Mr. Spinelli present you with a four-engine transport plane, a gasoline credit card and a private airport?"

"He may have so done. Indeed, I have a faint recollection of something very big with wings on it. However, it is so hazy that I could not say with any degree of certainty one way or another."

IRWIN CAPLAN

The trademark for the College of Amnesia is a sieve or a colander

The professor paused. "How am I doing?" he asked.

"I'm sold, Professor," I applauded. "Your school will be a huge success. You may enroll me at once as the first student in your new Loss of Memory classes."

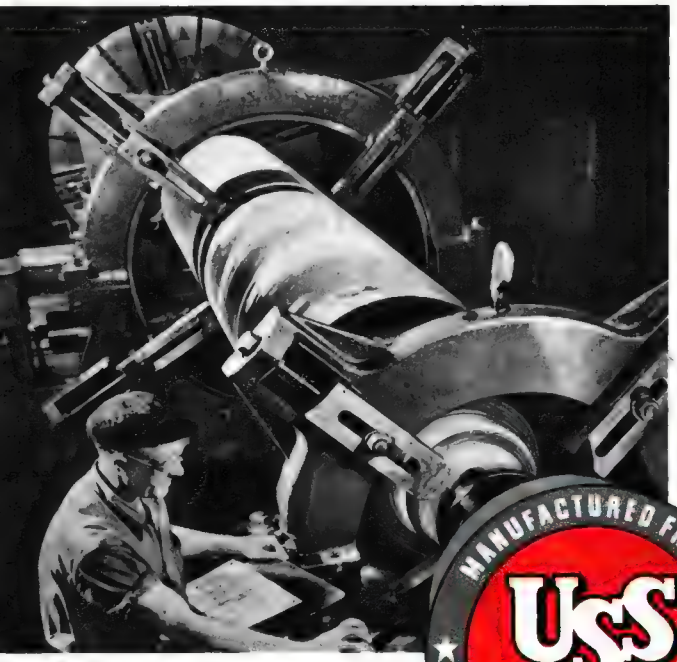
The professor ran his hands lightly over my pockets. "Did you bring along your tuition money?" he asked.

"I cannot remember," I said. THE END

Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well

WHAT HAS A STEEL MILL to do with soil conditioning? A lot. For some of the products of steelmaking are ideal for agricultural use. For example, many southern farmers use Tennessee Basic Slag to add phosphorus and lime to the soil, stimulate crops. Look at the picture: at left, test crop of crimson clover and barley grown on badly eroded land conditioned with Basic Slag; at right, same planting without Basic Slag.

THE DEFENSE PROGRAM calls for steel and more steel . . . for weapons, ships, planes, even lowly barbed wire like this. Only steel can do so many jobs so well. And fortunately, United States Steel and the more than 200 other steel companies in America are able to produce enormous quantities of this vital metal . . . more than all the rest of the world put together.



WHOPPER. This 96-inch lathe in the Homestead District Works of U.S. Steel can turn and bore a 110-ton piece of steel that's 8 feet in diameter and 66 feet long! But to produce quality forgings, it takes fine steel and skilled men, as well as modern machines. U. S. Steel has all three.

MAN SIZE! When you can step into its mouth and look down its throat like this, you've got a scroll casing for a hydroelectric turbine that's really *big!* This one, of welded steel construction, has a 98-inch inlet, a 132-inch bore. It's made by United States Steel.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

In making the products that are sold under the United States Steel trade-mark, U.S. Steel buys materials from nearly 54,000 other companies. Over 40% of all money received by U.S. Steel for its products is paid to these suppliers.

MANUFACTURED FROM USS STEEL UNITED STATES STEEL

This trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

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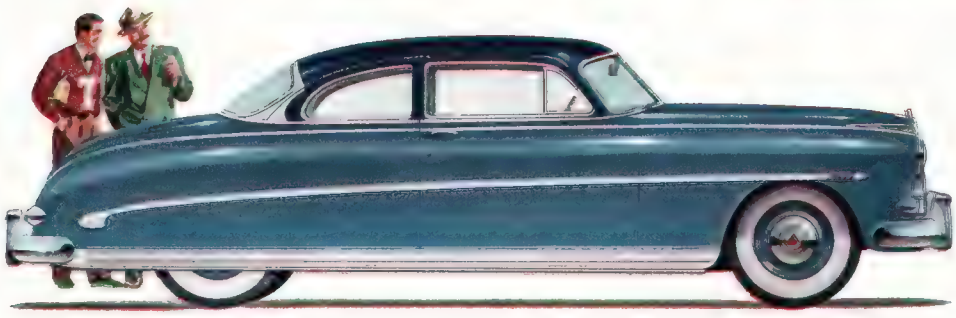
NEW HUDSON HORNET FOUR-DOOR SEDAN IN HUDSON-AIRE HARDTOP STYLING

Fabulous new HUDSON HORNET

has a new lower-priced running mate...the spectacular

HUDSON WASP



NEW HUDSON WASP CLUB COUPE IN HUDSON-AIRE HARDTOP STYLING

New Hudson Wasp . . . "step-down" designed companion car for the Hudson Hornet, with thrilling action in its power-charged H-127 engine! This sparkling new car brings you Hudson-Aire Hardtop Styling and a range of five body styles. Like all Hudsons for '52, it is available with four-speed Hydra-Matic Drive*.

Your Hudson dealer is displaying wonderful values . . . wonderful buys. He invites you to visit his showroom right away!

Standard trim and other specifications and accessories subject to change without notice.

*Optional at extra cost

Hudson showrooms are gleaming with great new values . . .

A fabulous 1952 Hudson Hornet . . . with "step-down" design and new Hudson-Aire Hardtop Styling at standard sedan and coupe prices. This national stock car champion's H-145 engine is more alive, smoother than ever!

And there's a new, lower-priced running mate for this fabulous car—the spectacular Hudson Wasp, shown to the left . . .

The new Commodore Eight, with traditional excellence, offers Hudson-Aire Hardtop Styling with utmost luxury; and has the smooth, alert power of Hudson's tried and proved Super-Eight engine! The brilliant new Commodore Six and thrifty new Pacemaker complete Hudson's great value line-up for '52.

Hudson-Aire Hardtop Styling *at standard sedan and coupe prices*

They're Sticking Stalin with a Pitchfork

НТС (NTS)

By ROBERT SHAPLEN

Behind this trade-mark, a determined band of Soviet exiles has dented the Iron Curtain with eight million propaganda missives since 1949. The goal: a new Russian revolution

Limburg an der Lahn, Germany

HERE, in this placid old cathedral town in the American zone of Western Germany, in two tiny, dusty rooms crammed with desks and cabinets, men plan and work to effect a new Russian revolution. This monumental task unites a highly disciplined body of Soviet exiles called the NTS, the *National Trudovoi Soyuz*—or National Alliance of Russian Solidarists—a veteran counterrevolutionary organization that was founded in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, in 1930 and has been fighting "Bolshevism" consistently for two decades.

Today the members of NTS, scattered all over the world but with their headquarters here, not far from the Iron Curtain, are themselves as confident of ultimate success as was an earlier, famous exile, Lenin, who schemed the destruction of the czars from neutral Switzerland and was whisked across Germany in 1917 in a sealed railway car by the trouble-breeding general staff of the old Imperial German army. That colossal blunder has already caused the world, including Germany itself, considerably more trouble than was bargained for. But—while there is no real possibility now that the foreseeable future will find another car, rocket or plane carrying the purveyors of any new order back to Moscow—if you talk, as I did, to the leaders of the NTS, there's no mistaking their complete conviction that they're on the right track.

Communism can be destroyed in only one way, NTS feels—by creating an underground movement that reaches into Russia itself and that will encourage the Russian peoples, by slow but sure degrees, to protest, rebel, and finally revolt against their oppressors. Whether the new National Revolution, as NTS calls it, will ever be started short of another world war is problematical, but NTS fervently hopes and thinks it can be—if the anti-Communist forces everywhere in the world don't continue to ignore the greatest potential fifth column in history, the Russians themselves, and set about the difficult but not impossible task of forging a program of secret co-operation with them against Stalin and his henchmen. Admittedly, to do this under the nose of the most ruthless police system the world has ever known—the vast and ubiquitous Soviet MGB-MVD (the foreign arm of Russia's secret service)—is a tough proposition. Yet the men, and women too, of NTS have begun it.

PAT ROBBINS

Dr. Victor Baydalakov, who fled Russia in 1920, heads Limburg staff of the NTS. Pennant is flag of the underground movement

They are not working alone. An increasing number of people, not only the persecuted who have fled Stalin's trap but also many thinking Western Europeans and Americans, agree with the approach taken by NTS. Last summer and fall one of the most encouraging developments since the war occurred in Germany, where representatives of a variety of anti-Soviet groups came together and for the first time in 30 years resolved their ideological and tactical differences in order to create a single anti-Soviet front, the Council for the Liberation of the Peoples of Russia.

The council is composed of Russian *émigrés* and exiles, most of them relatively recent refugees; but it has the financial backing of a prominent American committee led by Russian-born author Eugene Lyons. Included among the trustees are New Jersey's former governor, Charles Edison, son of the inventor, and newsman William L. White.

Of the top five organizations that belong to the council—others are in the process of being brought in—NTS is recognized as the most "activist." For obvious reasons, not everything NTS does can be told. But its agents I talked to here in Limburg—including some just back from clandestine missions in the Soviet zone of Germany, where they held rendezvous with other NTS operatives who regularly travel to and from Russia—have afforded me enough evidence to show that a start has indeed been made in penetrating the countless rings of steel that are the awful hallmark of Stalin's hegemony.

Since January, 1949, NTS claims to have printed and distributed—by balloon, rocket and hand—more than 8,000,000 copies of anti-Soviet propaganda leaflets, pamphlets and newspapers in the East German zone, in the Russian zone of Austria, and farther back into the Stalinist hinterland of Poland and Russia proper. It has not always been possible to tell how much of this printed barrage found a target—a Russian mind. But the mere fact that the Soviet security police is known to have created a special section devoted solely to tracking down NTS workers is a sure sign that the "bullets" of this psychological warfare have been hitting home.

Further, NTS operates a secret radio station, Free Russia, from a truck that roves an area in West Germany near Frankfurt, about 50 miles south of Limburg. Ever since February, 1951, 40-minute programs have been broadcast daily. The station's 750-watt transmitter enables it to reach as far as Odessa in the south. Transmissions always begin with the announcement: "You are listening to the underground radio of Free Russia. This is the National Alliance of Russian Solidarists (NTS) calling. Death to the tyrants! Freedom to the workers!" The last two sentences are the chief NTS slogan, and it also appears in print on all of the organization's leaflets.

NTS claims that a significant percentage of all Soviet occupation personnel in Germany and Austria, a total of 400,000 soldiers and officers, listens in on the programs. Most of the audience consists of individuals who have radios in their own apartments, although in recent months the Soviets have been cracking down on permitting officers to main-

NTS helps build an "invisible bridge" that links

Members release a leaflet-carrying balloon near Berlin. Faces are blacked out for security

tain private residences; programs are also heard by Soviet tankmen and pilots, whose access to radios is difficult to control. (Free Russia's broadcasts should not be confused with those of Radio Free Europe, a private American organization that transmits to the satellite countries only from Munich.)

Perhaps the most important work NTS has undertaken, in point of future plans, is the hardest to appraise—the actual in-person penetration of Soviet Russia. The organization claims that it has about 50 cells within the Russian borders—it refers to them as "molecules," because each consists of no more than three, usually two, persons. Their chief function is the distribution of propaganda by hand and by word of mouth, including the marking on walls, and in as many public places as possible, of the NTS symbol, the three raised prongs of a pitchfork, symbolizing the unity of workers, farmers and intellectuals in the new National Revolution.

If this seems a very modest beginning for a revolution, NTS points out that only by such crude methods can the way be paved, through the gradual mustering of confidence, for an eventual mass movement of rebellion. In its master pamphlet, the standard for all of its propaganda behind the Iron Curtain, NTS repeatedly emphasizes that the Soviet dictatorship depends for its very life, on the concealment of truth from the people, on the creation of a fear hypnosis through terror, on the fiction of secret police omniscience (the exaggeration that "every fourth man is an MVD agent"), and on keeping every potential opponent of the regime spiritually isolated.

Even the surreptitious scrawling of the pitchfork symbol on walls and sidewalks, NTS maintains, helps break the dreadful sense of isolation suffered by the victims of Stalin's sealed-off domain. NTS propaganda always stresses the "solidarity" of the growing anti-Soviet front, both within and without Russia, and appeals as well to the duty and patriotism of the average Russian.

One lengthy pamphlet begins with the single sentence: "Another person besides you should read this!" After a bitter series of denunciations of "Bolshevism" (NTS always uses the early term), the pamphlet cries in part:

The NTS is a mass organization, an organization of the entire population, not of one class. It has room for everybody who loves his homeland and hates Bolshevism.

The NTS is an undiscoverable organization, because it consists of a large number of fighters and tiny groups who are not connected with each other but are united by the uniformity of thinking and action. . . .

Samples of the NTS propaganda that's regularly needling the Soviets range all the way from the anti-Red newspaper, Sovietskaya Armiya, to cartoons mocking inflated Stalin. Leaflets are aimed especially at occupation troops, urging them to join in fight against Communism

the free peoples of the West with the Russians

All members of NTS strive for one goal without having direct contact with one another. All fighters, wherever they may be, act according to one plan. They are guided by one revolutionary headquarters.

The National Alliance of Russian Solidarists calls upon you to become a fighter for the freedom of the homeland.

Whether you are a soldier, officer, worker or student, kolkhoz farmer or professor, Komsomol or party member—you are one of us! . . .

OVERCOME FEAR
START TO FIGHT
FULFILL YOUR DUTY TO THE HOMELAND

The pamphlet then admonishes its readers to adopt secretly the NTS oath, which reads: "As a true and honest son of Russia, I give my word and swear that I will truly and devotedly serve the cause of Russia's liberation in the ranks of the National Alliance. I swear that I will be guided in all my actions by the honor and welfare of the fatherland and carry out the instructions of the NTS revolutionary headquarters during the time of the revolutionary struggle."

Warned to Avoid Arousing Suspicion

"First instructions" are then set forth. Those willing to join the fight are told to "spread the idea of active revolutionary struggle among our people" by secretly copying and further distributing the material in the main pamphlet. "Begin at once, but change your handwriting and use paper which cannot betray you," they are warned. "Distribute it in such a way as not to throw suspicion upon anybody —in streetcars, trains, on park benches, in factories, construction sites, near troop barracks."

Volunteers are advised to get jobs in factories, on collective farms, or even within the Communist party, where they will be in a position to spread NTS propaganda. "Give news of yourself steadily while assuring your absolute safety," the orders state. "This is your first set of combat instructions. Do no less but not more than this."

Although NTS says the last two years have really begun to prove the efficacy of their "molecular system," the earliest NTS agents were infiltrated into Russia as far back as 1938; since then, especially during the war years, experience gained by underground NTS agents has helped immeasurably in preparing them for their present work. First created in Yugoslavia as a youth group dedicated to terror and assassination, NTS soon developed a firm political program of its own and renounced terror as a weapon.

Late in 1937, an initial hand-picked and specially trained group of six agents left Belgrade to conduct a secret reconnaissance in Russia. They were to determine the extent of remaining centers of opposition to the regime after one of the worst of Stalin's blood purges. The six had to try to cross the 20-mile-wide Polish frontier, guarded by scores of NKVD (predecessor of the MVD) agents and by a maze of barbed and trip wire, and interspersed by open strips of land.

Of the half-dozen men, three were killed on the frontier, one had to turn back, and only two got through. The surviving pair made their way to Moscow via Minsk and then traveled all over Russia for three months, laying the groundwork for fresh resistance. Subsequent groups of two or three NTS agents smuggled themselves into the U.S.S.R., until, by 1939, the organization had 52 "molecules" established. Then, as Stalin annexed the Baltic States and eastern Poland, additional trained NTS men slipped into Russia from these countries.

After the Nazis attacked Yugoslavia, and even though the earlier Czechoslovak and French invasions had resulted in the arrest by the Gestapo of 51 NTS workers, NTS switched its European headquarters from the Balkans to Berlin and resolved to take advantage of Nazi military might in the battle against the Soviet dictatorship. With hard-bitten opportunism, the organization continued to function in co-operation with certain German elements.

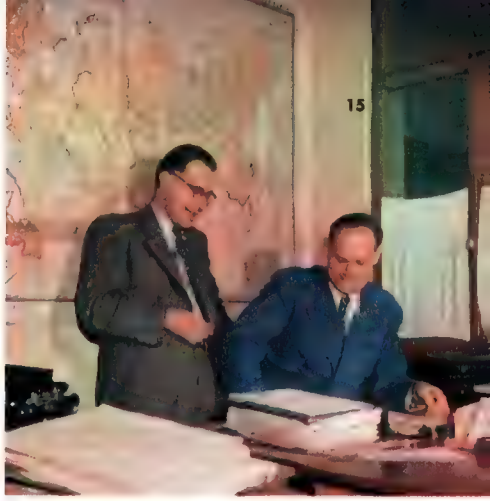
For example, NTS representatives got jobs as interpreters with the *Wehrmacht* and thereby made their way into Russian POW camps, where they quickly created new NTS cells. Other NTS agents went into Russia with advancing German troops and then got themselves lost and stayed behind when the Russians swept back. Still others continued to make daring, lone-wolf forays. The following story was told me by O., a top NTS operative who himself was the object of a recent kidnap attempt, engineered at the Soviets' behest, by East German Communists in Limburg.

"I was to smuggle three of our young men into Russia across the Polish border," O. said. "I brought them up to the edge of a forest, where I thought they would be safe. As I stood and watched them disappear among the trees, I suddenly heard shots. As I later got the story from one of the three, they had gone on until they noticed they were being followed by what obviously was a pair of MVD men. One of the latter knocked on a hollow tree, a signal which in a moment resulted in the whole forest being lighted up. That was when the shooting started.

"One of the three NTS men was hit, and a brief argument took place between the wounded man and the other two about what to do. Finally he persuaded them to go ahead. He shot it out with the MVD guards and was of course killed, but the pair escaped. One stayed in Russia, and the other, the man I later talked to, came back out a few months afterward."

NTS saw its biggest wartime chance lost in the ill-fated cause of Lieutenant General Andrei Vlassov. Vlassov, whose bizarre role in contemporary history has almost been forgotten, was one of the prime defenders of Smolensk and Kiev in the early days of the war. Captured by the Nazis in 1941, he negotiated with them sporadically until the war's end over the formation of an army of Russian soldier-prisoners to fight with Germany against Russia.

Nazi party jealousies inhibited the development of a Vlassovite army. But, by 1945, it numbered some 100,000 men. Then, thanks chiefly to the ideological leadership. *(Continued on page 68)*



Eugen Romanov (l.) edits significant underground paper Possev. Vladimir Gorachek is the publisher

Assistant chief of NTS is Dr. Vladimir Poremsky. Like other leaders, he once was jailed by Gestapo

Secret radio station that beams daily programs to Soviet troops operates from truck in West Germany

A United Underground Fights the Soviets

With only slight variations, the story of the National Alliance of Russian Solidarists (NTS) could be the history of any one of several groups of exiles who have been waging independent struggles to free their peoples from the tyranny of Soviet dictatorship. Now, for the first time, the NTS and four other Russian *émigré* groups—League of Struggle for People's Freedom, Russian Peoples Movement, Union of Struggle for the Liberation of the Peoples of Russia, and Union of Struggle for the Freedom of Russia —are pooling their resources to undermine the Red regime. Sparking this movement toward unity of effort is the year-old American Committee for the Liberation of the Peoples of Russia. A privately organized band of Americans, the A.C.L.P.R. is backing with money and moral support its belief that a centralized, aggressive organization of exiles is the most effective instrument for inspiring anti-government activity behind the Iron Curtain

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAT ROBBINS

The Favorite Bible Passages

The week of February 17-24 is Brotherhood Week in the United States—seven days of meditation and dedication held annually under the auspices of an organization that is uniquely American, The National Conference of Christians and Jews, with its 62 centers of activity through the country. This year's slogan is "Brotherhood for Peace and Freedom." The conference, which works through schools and colleges, churches and their affiliates, and all types of community organizations, has lately moved into the highly important sphere of industrial relations, and reports good progress there. Everywhere, the conference stresses the fundamentally religious idea that persuasion and good will, rather than force, make for better and happier living.

As a contribution to Brotherhood Week, Collier's presents a symposium that shows the strong belief of our people in the Bible as a perennial and ever-fresh source of wisdom and help in days of storm and stress. Collier's asked some of the foremost men and women of America, in many walks of life, to tell us which passage from the Old Testament or the New seems to them particularly significant as a light and guide for us today.

The passages chosen by them will, we believe, shed illumination on our contemporary doubts and problems. Perhaps someone might have added the assertion that a man must above all be honorable and keep his word.

That was when the Psalmist said: "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." THE EDITORS

President HARRY S. TRUMAN

"Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great people?" 1 *Kings* iii. 9.

Vice-President ALBEN W. BARKLEY

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." *Revelation* iii. 20.

BERNARD BARUCH, Elder Statesman

(Mr. Baruch's favorite passage is the Sermon on the Mount, part of which is quoted.)

"And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

"And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

"Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

"Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

"Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." *Matthew* v. 1-16.

MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." 1 *Corinthians* xiii. 13.

General DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

"When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace." *Luke* xi. 21.

General OMAR N. BRADLEY

When looking for moral support and spiritual guidance, my first thought still goes to the Sermon on the Mount, especially to the closing words of the Lord's Prayer, "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen." *Matthew* vi. 13.

If He will grant us this wisdom, then we should be an ever-grateful people.

Singer MARIAN ANDERSON

"I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need." *The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Philippians* iv. 12.

The Rt. Rev. HENRY K. SHERRILL, D.D.

Presiding Bishop, Protestant Episcopal Church

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." *The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans* viii. 38-39.

RICHARD CUSHING, Archbishop of Boston

Truth is truth, we cannot be tolerant of error; right is right, we cannot hear willingly the claims of evil; Christ to me and to millions of others is the light of the world. We cannot be asked to walk in darkness, but we can be kind and loving and merciful. The two great commandments that contain the whole law of God are: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul and with thy whole mind and with thy whole strength. This is the first commandment and the second is like to it; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." *Mark* xii. 30-31.

Rabbi MAX D. DAVIDSON

President, Rabbinical Assembly of America

"Have we not all one father? hath not one God created us? why do we deal treacherously every man against his brother, by profaning the covenant of our fathers?" *Malachi* ii. 10.

Dr. EVERETT R. CLINCHY

President, The National Conference of Christians and Jews

"The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and no hurt or sorrow is added thereto." *Proverbs* x. 22.

In a marvelous sentence this teaches us that no blessing can endure unless it is wisely and altruistically used. Ours is a disillusioned era. The sin and corruption, pain and grief are the result of misuse and abuse in human relations of our spiritual and material gifts.

A possession, a talent, or even a religious practice is never a blessing if it puts others at a disadvantage.

of 25 Famous Americans

The Rev. Dr. DAVID DE SOLA POOL
Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, New York City

In the days of Isaiah nearly 27 centuries ago the great powers of the world were Egypt and Assyria. These two were at each other's throat, with little Israel suffering between them, and yet Isaiah could see the day coming when they could live in peaceful understanding one with the other, and then it would be said, "Blessed be Egypt My people, and Assyria the work of My hands, and Israel Mine inheritance." *Isaiah* xix. 25.

Senator ROBERT A. TAFT

"A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." *Matthew* vii. 18-20.

Actress HELEN HAYES

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

"Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

"For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." I *Corinthians* xiii.

JAMES A. FARLEY
Corporation Executive

"Dearly Beloved, let us love one another, for Charity is of God. And every one that loveth, is born of God and knoweth God." 1 *John* iv. 7.

BENJAMIN F. FAIRLESS
President, U.S. Steel Corporation

"Where there is no vision, the people perish: but he that keepeth the law, happy is he." *Proverbs* xxix. 18.

D. B. ROBERTSON
President, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

"He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." *Psalms* xxiii.

Movie Producer CECIL B. de MILLE

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." *Matthew* xxviii. 20.

Author ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

"Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself: I am the Lord." *Leviticus* xix. 18.

DORÉ SCHARY
Vice-President, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

My favorite quotation from the Bible concerning one of my favorite subjects—peace—is from *Leviticus* xxvi. 6:

"And I will give peace in the land, and ye shall lie down, and none shall make you afraid: and I will rid evil beasts out of the land, neither shall the sword go through your land."

I like this so much because it states that with peace must come freedom from fear, because a peace that exists under the duress of fear is hardly a peace at all. Further, the ridding of evil beasts includes the ridding of evil thoughts and evil men of all kinds.

This is reminiscent of another favorite quotation from *Proverbs* xxix. 2:

"When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice: but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn."

Comedian JACK BENNY

"Have we not all one Father? hath not one God created us?" *Malachi* ii. 10.

ALLAN NEVINS
Educator, Historian

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

"And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." *Matthew* v. 38-42.

Writer OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

"He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him. But he that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes." *The First Epistle of John* ii. 10-11.

HERMAN HICKMAN
Yale University Football Coach

"Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee." *Deuteronomy* xxxi. 6.

Artist MRS. T. S. (GRANDMA) MOSES

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." *Matthew* vii. 12.

THE END

BERN HILL

You Can't Please EVERYONE

By HAMLEN HUNT

Out of kindness, Serena shrank from telling Emily the news of her engagement. She didn't realize that her hesitation was cruel—that the knife that wavers takes twice as long to cut

SERENA RILL was on her way to work, a prospect that usually and rather unnaturally delighted her. She and Emily Carter were both successful young commercial artists, and for three years a day's work had also been a day's diversion because they shared a big studio with a window overlooking Boylston Street and the Public Gardens. They told time by the clock on the Arlington Street Church. The studio was on the dusty second floor of an odd little building filled with other young people in business for themselves. The atmosphere was hopeful and ambitious. Every shabby door in the place bore a proud sign saying something like *Sid and Al—Designs Original* or *Peter King—King-Sized Advertising.* Emily and Serena had painted their door red, and their sign said *S. & E.—The Idea.*

Serena had been a stranger in Boston, and when she had first come into the building, looking for inexpensive working quarters, Emily had invited her to lunch. After lunch, she had invited Serena to share her studio, and from that had grown the informal partnership and the warmest, most rewarding friendship Serena had ever trusted in. In three years, Emily had given Serena confidence, and had come to stand for the family which had divided itself out of meaning to Serena, long ago. They had shared their work, their shopping and their social life until about a year ago, when Hugh Wilson had turned up.

And he could not be shared.

Until then, the core of their friendship had been the studio. No day was without its crisis there, as someone upstairs or down got a new job or a new girl or got married or had to give in and go to work for a big agency or a department store. Emily and Serena were the only girls in the building, and they served tea and gave advice and were courted lightheartedly. Serena had a small apartment on the Hill; sometimes Emily stayed there, sometimes she went back to her family's place in Concord.

Week ends, the girls had gone out to Concord together. There were gentle hills there, and bitter-sweet-encrusted stone walls, and the ghosts of Alcotts and Emersons. They had walked and talked and gone square dancing with Emily's brothers and friends. Serena had been absorbed into a rambling, comfortable, well-to-do family life that had made her realize all she had missed in growing up parceled out among parents and stepparents. It had made her realize all she had gained in Emily, a handsome girl with brown hair, brown eyes, tan skin, with warm manners and a pleasant humor. Emily had made much of Serena's sparkle and charm, and Serena had wished she could fall in love with either Bill or John Carter, Emily's brothers, so she could remain permanently part of this happy New England circle.

Hugh was lean and black-haired, like Serena, and he had worked himself up from the depressing outskirts of Boston, and was head of a department at Filene's. The department did special advertising, and *S. & E.—The Idea* were often called upon to do these ads. He had come in to discuss a series of ads to be called "The Boston Look," and Serena had realized that he and Emily had known each other and gone out together before she had known Emily.

"Yes," Emily had said gravely, "Leave us face it. Boston women *do* look different."

Hugh had said, with the nervous intensity that had got him where he was, "So we'll make a thing of it. Brushed, fair hair, and a dog, and our tweeds. The Country Look. The Lexington-and-Concord Look. And, on the other hand, Elegance at the Ritz Bar, as seen—"

"You'd have to leave out the dog in that one," Serena had murmured. "But you could put in a fur stole. That combination of Black Watch plaid and mink always gets me."

"We understand each other," Hugh had said, and they had gone to work, seriously, on a week's run of advertising with a background of Trinity Church, Copley Square and Louisburg Square. Serena, as the outsider, had drawn all the backgrounds with a touch of nostalgia, and Emily had fitted into or against these familiar scenes the tweed suits and pleated jersey dresses and beaded velvet cocktail suits.

THEN Hugh had telephoned. Serena, who was nearer the telephone, had taken the call, casually enough. "Yes," she had said. "Yes. But hadn't you better talk to Emily, if it's about the 'Boston Look' ads? I mean, she's really—" Then she had said, slowly, "Oh."

"Hugh?" Emily had said, half rising from the stool in front of her drawing board. Their drawing boards stood back, so that the partners faced each other and yet were often out of each other's actual sight when they were working. Each had a view, and some privacy. Now Emily's face had lighted in a way that made Serena want to hand the telephone to her, like a present, and say, "Yes. For you." And yet, at the same time, she had known that was impossible.

"Yes," Serena had said, with her hand over the mouthpiece. "It's Hugh."

Emily had not exactly sunk back, but she had visibly moved in a way that was like a wince, and Serena had been warned.

"Well, I don't think I can," Serena had said slowly, and then, later, had added, "Yes. Yes. Oh, that would be fine."

So the affair had even begun on a note of indecision, because Serena could not help knowing the way Emily felt. It was Serena's *(Continued on page 60)*

The silence that fell now was garish, as though lightning were in the room. The girls waited, their drawing boards between them like a barrier

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSWELL KELLER

HAPPY UNDER TWO FLAGS

How'd you like to cross the Canadian border between your bedroom and the kitchen? That's a frequent occurrence for the folks in Three Villages, Vermont (or Quebec, as the case may be)

MRS. ELRIC CORDEAU, a calm, reticent lady in her middle years, probably will never get over the notoriety caused by Polly, her South African parrot. The trouble arose because Mrs. Cordeau's house sits squarely on the international boundary line between the United States and Canada, as do the houses and apartments of some 50 other people in the neighborhood. Like Mrs. Cordeau, they believe there's no more pleasant place in the world than Three Villages, the informal name of a community made up of the adjoining towns of Rock Island and Stanstead, Quebec, and Derby Line, Vermont.

Most of the 3,400 Canadians and 1,000 American in Three Villages live within slingshot distance of the international border. The men cross the line to work, to play pinochle with friends and to throw darts in the tavern. The women cross to shop, to cook for church suppers and to have babies. The children, many of them literally citizens of both countries, skip back and forth to attend school, to play ball and to buy ice cream. No one gives this international commuting a thought.

Now, Mrs. Cordeau is Canadian. She's lived in one apartment of her six-family house since 1909, and it no longer astonishes her to consider that her kitchen, one bedroom and half the dining room are in Canada, while her sitting room, the second bedroom and the south half of her dining room are located in the United States. Nor does she see anything unusual in getting her electricity from Quebec and her water from Vermont, in casting a ballot in Canadian elections and receiving mail through the U.S. Post Office at Derby Line.

Both nations make sure that Mrs. Cordeau and her fellow townspeople lead as comfortable a life as any citizen deep within either boundary. The only disturbing piece of collaboration is taxes. The two governments have cut Mrs. Cordeau's house in two, for tax purposes, and it baffles her a little to find that the rates on the Canadian half are lower than those on the American side.

Mrs. Cordeau never is bothered by split feelings about her international location. That's why the parrot episode surprised her. During a visit to Montreal in 1940, she bought Polly, a pretty but ill-tempered bird of undetermined age. Never dreaming that the boundary line could impose any kind of barrier, Mrs. Cordeau mentioned the purchase to friends in the U.S. government building —where health, immigration and other border officials work—a few hundred yards from her door.

"That bird stays in Canada," the people there told her. Parrots sometimes carry psittacosis, a dangerous fever communicable to humans, and U.S. health officers decided in 1930 that no one but scientists and zoos would be allowed to import them any longer.

So Polly was put into the kitchen—in Canada. After four years of the kitchen, Polly apparently grew tired of a life's view that was restricted to the sink and the stove. "She was always a good talker —nothing but nice words, mind you—" says Mrs. Cordeau, "and a real clear whistler."

Polly's whistling grew bleak and her talk turned into a dispirited mutter.

Official Decision from Washington

Mrs. Cordeau worried. Finally, she wrote to Washington, outlining the peculiarities of Polly's case. Within a few weeks, she received her reply, a nice letter from the Senior Surgeon of the Foreign Quarantine Division, U.S. Public Health Service, saying that after an examination proved the bird free of psittacosis, the service had "no objection to your moving the parrot to which you refer in your letter of December 11, 1944, from the kitchen of your home to the front room."

Much to Mrs. Cordeau's chagrin, for she's a serious-minded person, the letter caused considerable fuss. Photographers barged in to take pictures of Polly, newspapermen asked questions, and neighbors marveled at all the activity. Mrs. Cordeau got thoroughly fed up.

And Polly—shifted, in due course, to the U.S. —only aggravated this displeasure. "When Polly was put into the sitting room," explains Mrs. Cordeau, "she perked up and talked with her old spirit. She talked more and more. If I left the sitting room, she'd say, 'Yoo-hoo, where are you going?' I had to answer her. If I didn't, she'd repeat the question louder and louder, till you could hear her a block away.

"Finally, last year, it started to make me nervous. I can't go around all day, talking with a parrot."

After Mrs. Cordeau had had enough of Polly's incessant chatter, she sold the parrot to some people down in Vermont. She's now raising canaries, at whom she doesn't have to whistle back.

Except for such minor crises, the people of Three Villages rarely think of their town as being chopped in two by an international boundary line. They're reminded of their border position only by the American and Canadian Customs and Immigration stations, located 100 yards from the line, where some 40 officers examine a half-million cars and trucks a year.

Three Villages is halved east to west by the border, then quartered south to north by U.S. and Canadian Route 5, one of the main highways between the city of Quebec and New England. It's a pleasant town, resting on low hills that continue into the rolling dairy farm lands of Vermont and Canada. Although it's primarily industrial—with a big tool factory, several mills manufacturing work clothes, and, nearby, the largest granite plant in the Dominion—there's nothing obvious or intrusive about this economic backbone. The factories hang shyly on the outskirts or huddle in the valley of the town-splitting Tomifobia River.

The river fits the picture. It starts about 8 miles southeast of Three Villages in Vermont's Holland Pond, crosses into Canada, and then flirts indecisively with the border for a while, before finally taking off for the north. It empties into Canada's Massawippi Lake, 12 miles from Three Villages.

The villagers appear to pay less attention to the border than the river does. To them, the international line is more of an abstract legality than a reality; they respect it, but don't let it interfere with daily living. They cross the line every day and generally acknowledge regulations (they're supposed to carry citizenship papers, and the like) by waving "hello" to the government men, most of whom know everyone in town.

This is one town. The lives of Americans and Canadians intermesh in business, religion and family affairs. Some Americans live in Quebec and several Canadians have bought homes in Vermont. Any fire alarm alerts the two volunteer companies, the American in Derby Line and the Canadian in Rock Island. The Rotary Club meetings begin with a singing of God Save the King and wind up with God Bless America.

Most people carry two kinds of money and many speak both English and French. Conversations in

Community actually consists of Derby Line, Vt., Stanstead and Rock Island, Que. Tomifobia River splits settlement, flirts with border

International dart contest in tavern of Del Monty Hotel in Canada. Note pictures of American, Canadian, British military men on wall

By JOSEPH P. BLANK

Three Villages are frequently studded with slang from both languages. There's even local help for people who are weak on their second language. At the International Community School, held each summer in Stanstead, old-time French Quebeckers, fairly new to Three Villages, take a course in basic English, while old-time Vermonters pick up some French.

Friends never speak of friends as Canadian or American. That difference just isn't important. When asked, Mrs. Cordeau wasn't even sure of the nationality of the McMullens, her upstairs neighbors. "Oh, I suppose they're Canadian," she said. Actually, William McMullen is American, his wife Canadian.

"We never think of the town as one part American and one part Canadian," said big, husky Donald Bronson, an industrial worker. "We're always going back and forth to see our family and friends. Why, any house of my friends, Canadian or American, is like home to me."

Born a Canadian, Don married an American girl from Derby Line after the war and now lives on the Vermont side. He's a machine adjuster in the drill shop of the Butterfield Division of the Union Twist Drill Company, a plant that straddles the border.

"This Canadian and American business never comes up here," Don went on. "I guess most of us feel that we belong to both countries." He suddenly grinned. "In fact, our two babies do belong to both countries. They have a Canadian father, but were born in Vermont. That makes them citizens of both countries."

The dual citizenship of Don's children is commonplace in Three Villages. Since the town has no hospital, hundreds of children of Canadian parents have been born in Broadview General and Orleans County Memorial hospitals at Newport, Vermont, nine miles to the south, while American mothers have frequently given birth at Canadian hospitals in Sherbrooke and Montreal. These children carry dual citizenship until the age of twenty-two, when, by Canadian law, they must choose a country. Usually, they take the citizenship of their parents

Not Easy to Determine Birthplace

In past generations, thousands of Three Villagers were never sure which side of the border was their birthplace, and immigration men often have been called on to do some fancy detective work to determine the country of birth. This might happen when a resident decides to settle in the interior of either country, or plans to vote for the first time. Sometimes, the need arises when a person simply is stricken with a desire to find out just what he is.

Such matters are strictly routine now to the chief immigration officers at Derby Line and Rock Island—American Rocco Novia, who has been stationed there for 27 years, and Canadian M. B. Quillinan, who's been there 20. Novia, in particular, can understand the problems of the villagers, for he lives in a house on the boundary, and sleeps with his head in Canada and his feet in the United States.

Not long ago, a middle-aged man dropped into Novia's office and asked for help. U.S. Immigration rules forbid the use of his real name, but we'll call him Stanley Hall. On the previous evening, Hall had attended a family reunion and the conversation in one corner of the room got around to the way some members of this old Canadian family were living in the States. In an offhand comment, Hall mentioned that he was Canadian-born and Canadian-educated.

An aunt stuck her head into the circle and told Hall that he was wrong. "You were born in a room on the States side," she said.

Hall violently disputed the statement.

"I was there," insisted the aunt.

For 52 years, Hall had been a Canadian to himself, his family and his friends. He had argued Canadian politics, voted in Canadian elections and paid Canadian income taxes. To himself, he was as Canadian as any member of the Mounties.

Novia said he'd look into *(Continued on page 74)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY NAOMI J. BLANK

Young Gary Primeau enters the United States after a brief stay in Canada. Boundary runs through house

Pilgrim Bortolot, right, talks shop with a Canadian border official taking day off

Ann Aldrich settles international grievance in kindergarten. Many kids have dual nationality

Two telephone lines cross wires here. Pharmacist Roland Roy uses U.S. phone; other is Canadian

I "Married" Somebody

A famous comedienne sets the record straight: the harried citizen below is Bob Burton, her legal mate. If he's upset, it's because . . .

I'M PROBABLY the only socially acceptable bigamist in the United States. And, believe me, it hasn't been easy. Every Saturday night when I stand in front of the television cameras, millions of viewers think of me as Mrs. Sid Caesar. I am not. I'm the wife of Bob Burton, a man of some anonymity, much patience and great understanding. Just the other day Bob accompanied me to a Fifth Avenue shop, where I went to have my hair done. The elevator boy looked him up and down, winked at me, and said: "And where is Sid?"

Bob answered promptly: *"Someone* has to stay home with the children!"

That operator must still be wondering, between floors.

Of course, Bob might have blown his top. After all, when a man has been married to one girl for 17 years, it's a little disconcerting to be looked upon with suspicion when he takes her out. But Bob knows that lots of people, seeing Sid and me do the husband-and-wife sketches on our NBC television program, Your Show of Shows, think the video marriage is a permanent arrangement. And, as my personal manager, he hates to disillusion them.

That's how Sid feels, too. As he says: "It makes people happy to think we're married? So let them think."

Occasionally, however, he makes an honest effort to straighten them out. Whenever we play a benefit, he starts by saying to the audience: "Some folks seem to think Imogene and I are really married. Well, we are." Often there's loud applause, feet stomping and cheers.

When the people quiet down, Sid gives them the blockbuster: "But not to each other."

The boos sometimes pour forth with such fervor that he has to retire for a while behind me (a neat trick, considering that Sid is six feet one to my five feet three).

Audience reactions weren't as violent in 1936, when Bob and I (Robert was quite a hoofer in those days, but he says wedded bliss aged him prematurely) were doing a married-couple pantomime act in a Broadway show called New Faces. It was fun, but we couldn't put our hearts into it: we were already married.

We had met the year before, in another show called Fools Rush In, and were married the day after the show closed. For more than a dozen years I lived in uncomplicated monogamy. Then, in 1948, I met Sid Caesar. We were both working on the Admiral TV Revue, the forerunner of Your Show of Shows. At first, we didn't do any numbers together; then one day our producer, Max Liebman, remembered a pantomime that I had performed with Bob in the old days. Sid and I tried it in a revamped version, the routine clicked, and there I was: a bigamist.

Of course, Sid is exposed to marital mix-ups even more often than I. When a man's out with a beautiful blonde like Sid's wife, Florence, lots of people would rather believe she isn't his wife. One day at a ball game, for example, the Caesars heard one bobby-soxer sitting near them whisper to another: "Look, there's Sid Caesar with another woman. Bet Imogene doesn't know about *this!*"

Gifts are another problem. Ever since Sid and I did our first talking husband-and-wife routine on Your Show of Shows, in April, 1950 (it was about a club-wielding cave man and his subservient spouse, and brought us our first real flood of mail), people have showered us with knickknacks for our happy home. I guess I have more pot holders now than any other woman in America, and I'm in the running for the can-opener record, too. We also get teething rings, booties, bibs and bonnets—for the children.

When you come right down to it, no one actually knows just how many children Sid and I are supposed to have. Certainly *we* don't. Each Saturday night, we play Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hickenlooper, but the rest varies. Sometimes we have no little ones, sometimes one or two, sometimes a dozen or more—as in the picnic skit we did last spring. The

Else's Husband

By IMOGENE COCA

. . . folks keep insisting she's Mrs. Sid Caesar. Sid's really just her TV spouse. *He* has a real wife—and *she's* pretty harried, too!

versatile Hickenloopers vary the number of offspring to fit the script.

Such television shenanigans can become so complicated that the confusion seeps down to Sid's four-year-old daughter, Michele. Unsure, at times, where family ends and fantasy begins, she recently went to Sid for clarification.

"Daddy," Michele began, "are you the daddy of those kids in the television, too?"

"In a way," Sid said, scratching his nose hesitantly.

"And is Auntie Imogene their mommy?"

"Only on Saturday nights, honey."

"So on Saturday nights," Michele persisted, "I have two mommies?"

"Uh—just on one channel."

To tell the truth, there's some ground for Michele's confusion: many of the skits she sees her father act in are taken from real life—either his life or mine.

Remember the one we did on the first meal prepared by the new bride? The idea was born when Bob complained to Sid about my cooking. (I seldom cook at home, but when I do get the urge it's a honey. The last time I tried my hand in the kitchen I measured out six cups of rice for six people. Eventually, I found out that when it comes to multiplying, rabbits have nothing on rice—but by then it was too late. I was kept busy cleaning the stove for a week.)

Following the bride's-first-meal show, I got countless recipes addressed to Mrs. Sid Caesar. But it's Mr. Bob Burton who throws them out—in dread that someday I may get another yen to don an apron. He's brave, that man.

Squabble Scene Needed No Script

As I say, Sid's home life also provides us with material. One night he came to rehearsal peeved with Florence for having kept him waiting while she dressed for dinner. He mentioned it to Max Liebman, and the producer suggested (as he often does, after hearing of real-life squabbles) building a script around the incident.

"Who needs a script?" snorted Sid. "I'm mad enough to improvise!"

And improvise he did. Very effectively, too. As a result, he got dozens of enthusiastic letters from other husbands, saying his call-down had done their hearts good.

Occasionally, it works the other way around. Sid and I will do a routine on television, and if there are any good lines in the script, we can be sure they'll eventually be thrown back at us at home—disguised just enough so we can't sue for plagiarism. I can remember (in fact, I'll never forget) the time we did a take-off on the jealous wife and the husband who weaves home at 2 A.M.

Says the wife (frigidly): "Where were you?"

Says the husband: "Met a friend."

"A likely story!" she fumes.

"Okay!" (Sid loves this part.) "You want a less likely story? So I'll give you one. I was walking along quietly, see? Suddenly I see this lion come roaring down Fifth Avenue and bump right into a guy. It was *awful!* They took the lion down to headquarters and fingerprinted all his paws . . ."

The next night, about eleven o'clock, Bob took his coat, put the leash on our outsized French poodle, Apricot, and announced that he was going for a walk. Three hours later, after I'd called every police station in town, in walked Robert—calm, smiling, with all his bones intact. Apricot looked pretty healthy, too.

"Where were you?" I said (frigidly).

"Met a guy."

"You expect me to believe that?"

"You don't?" said Robert (I don't know what he'd have done if I hadn't given him the cue). "Okay. Maybe you'll believe this: I was walking along the river with Sid Caesar, and we met this dinosaur . . ."

What can you do? No one ever won a fight with a script.

(Continued on page 58)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CARL PERUTZ

Half-Pint Hercules

By WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM

Steve was a tiny man with a giant anger. He had a lot of pride, too—and he knew there were things he could do well that no one else could do at all

ON THIS particular night, we had a good tip around the bally platform—about forty people, looking as if they had money in their pockets. I wound up: ". . . and last but not least, folks, presenting for your entertainment Steve Lorenz, the world's mightiest midget, the most perfectly developed specimen of manhood—for his height—ever to appear on any stage."

Steve threw off a miniature robe and stepped forward, raising his fists and flexing his biceps. He wore a leotard made of ocelot's skin, and tiny Roman boots. The usual giggle swept over the tip. But where Steve used to stare over their heads while he was making his muscles jump, this time he caught their eyes, one after another, his glance stabbing like an ice pick.

Now, there are some people with short arms and legs who are called dwarfs, and the mental adjustment they have to make to the world is different from a midget's. Their heads are of normal size, their skin is the skin of an adult, and nobody ever mistakes a dwarf for a child. But Steve Lorenz was a midget—a perfect scale model of a grown man, with a skin as smooth as a baby's and a shrill soprano voice. He was a little powerhouse of energy.

Steve had studied up his own case, and once he said to me, "Mac, you spend a lot of energy just lugging your two hundred pounds around with you. I weigh less than fifty. I don't have your battle with gravity—all my strength can go into weight lifting or acrobatics or hard work. A grasshopper two inches long can jump farther than a man for the same reason. I've got five times the pep I'd have if I'd kept on growing."

Steve had never managed to find an outlet for his energy that satisfied his brains, and right now it was boiling out in sheer ferocity. I kept on talking, hoping he wouldn't blow his top:

". . . thirty-eight inches of solid muscle like steel cable, folks; the Great Sandow seen through the wrong end of an opera glass . . ."

A dame close in to the platform turned to her husband and said, "Gee, he looks just like a real little man."

The husband was a big lunk with a mouth full of crowded teeth which didn't make him look any smarter. He snickered like a horse whinnying and said, "Lookit—a half-pint Hercules."

That was enough for Steve. He reached into the waistband of his leotard and drew out an iron shoe from a burro's hoof. Getting down on one knee, he braced it against his thigh and got a good grip on both ends of it. He strained until the veins stood out on his forehead and his face was purple. When he stood up, the shoe was straightened way out. Then he leaned over the edge of the platform and shrilled at the woman, "Madam, let's see your husband bend this back into its original shape. He looks like a real *big* man."

The guy frowned and then grinned and took the bit of iron. While he sweated over it, trying to push it back into shape, I started to wind up the opening and turn them toward the ticket box. But the tip was watching the big guy struggling with that burro shoe. Finally Steve leaned down, snatched it away from him, squatted to brace his elbows between his thighs, and, with one co-ordinated squeeze, bent the shoe back into shape. I grabbed it away from him and held it up for all to see—also to keep Steve from slinging it in the face of the dumb dame. There was some faint applause, but we lost the tip. They knew Steve had showed the guy up, and that was all right, but they also knew that Steve was boiling mad and they felt sore and uncomfortable. They drifted by without coming in, in spite of all I could do.

STEVE just stood there with his arms folded when he should have ducked inside our top. He was a fierce-looking man right then, until you realized how tall he was, and it gave you kind of a jolt.

I knelt down beside him. "Okay, pal," I said, "are we booked into this outfit as a free act or are we trying to get it while the getting's good? You shouldn't ought to do that to me, Steve, boy. There was fifteen bucks in that tip."

He just scowled out over the midway. Then he said, out of the side of his mouth, "Quit crying, Mac. I'll give you fifteen bucks. It was worth it."

"It ain't the fifteen bucks," I pleaded. "You're my top act. If you go sour, I might as well pull down the banners and open up a cat-rack joint or something. I might as well start pushing cotton candy."

I could see that his sense of humor wasn't working just then, so I tried a different approach: "I thought you were real carny, man. What the hell do we care if a couple of lamebrained townies—"

He picked up his robe, threw it around his shoulders, and walked slowly down the steps and back into the ten-in-one tent behind us. I didn't say anything more. I thought I knew now what was eating him. And I didn't know anything I could do about it.

The place for a midget is in show business, where he gets respect as an act. During the war, Steve had worked in an aircraft plant, inspecting the insides of bombers' wings. Then he developed into an all-around mechanic and trouble shooter who could wriggle into places where a full-sized man could never go. He saved *(Continued on page 63)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

Steve flicked away his cigarette. "I'm a mechanic, a welder, and an acrobat. And I've got no children of my own to be left orphans if I don't get out alive"

CHINCHILLA—*Silver Hair*

A $125,000,000 industry centers around these furry, friendly little creatures. Are they worth it? That depends on whether you're a chinchilla breeder or a furrier

THE owner of one of the most celebrated and controversial fur coats in the world today is not a moving-picture or television star. She's not a famous princess, nor is she involved in any Washington scandals. She's not even on any list of the 10 best-dressed women in the world. Yet, though you rarely see her name in the papers, her coat is such that the merest mention of it is enough to create a stir in the fur business, and a multimillion-dollar industry quivers with every movement of its delicate patina.

The name of this wonderfully adorned creature is Chinchilla Lanigera. Miss Lanigera, a distant relative of the rabbit, is a rodent—a small, bright-eyed, friendly animal with a thick, lustrous pelt that is potentially either one of the most valuable in the world or almost worthless, depending on which faction in the current hot dispute is the best judge of a market that doesn't yet exist and won't for several years.

In the United States, Canada and Hawaii, some 8,200 dedicated breeders have staked their fiscal futures on the belief that chinchilla fur will someday be the rage of fashion circles—someday, because it is not commercially available today, except strictly by accident.

Chinchillas, which only a few years ago were in danger of extinction, are currently being raised in this country solely for breeding purposes. The only chinchillas that become coats are those which fall victim to old age or disaster; their skins, called "casualty pelts," are sent to a co-operative agency run by the ranchers' association, the National Chinchilla Breeders of America, Inc., where they are matched with other casualty pelts and, if deemed good enough, are placed on the market.

This system, while it provides breeders with some remuneration for their dead stock, has been a source of considerable bother to them. They insist that the pelts thus sold, having originally encompassed creatures raised only for breeding, are not prime, and that far better furs will become available when the country's chinchilla population has passed the danger mark, and breeders can pay more attention to pelt quality.

"We have been breeding, up to now, with only one goal: good, strong stock," says Vern Schaap, of Norwood Village, California, one of the nation's top ranchers, and a former president of the breeders' association. "None of the few coats in existence today should be used to set a standard. We're just starting our research on how to produce prime pelts, and we don't feel that a garment made out of casualty pelts is a real chinchilla coat."

Such statements as this draw a sharp reaction from the opposing faction in the dispute, consisting of large portions of the fur industry, plus a few other interested parties, such as mink farmers. Most of these people feel that domestic chinchilla will never be any better than it is today. Others insist that even the best chinchilla isn't in a class with furs like mink and sable. A third group merely observes mildly that women don't seem to want chinchilla now, and there's nothing to indicate they're going to change their minds.

"Chinchilla was once the rage, but it isn't today," says Murray Singer, head of the fur department at Bergdorf-Goodman's, one of New York's most exclusive specialty stores. "Maybe it will come back. All I know is that there's no demand for it now."

To which Hy Pesner, a columnist for one mink-farmers' trade journal, the Eastern Fur Farmer, added in one of his columns: "If they had auctions every year on chinchilla pelts, the pelts would bring only a few dollars, instead of hundreds of dollars (as) the potential breeders are led to believe. . . . I firmly believe the few leaders in the Chinchilla Breeders of America know all this, and that could be the reason why they keep the pelts off the market and concentrate on selling breeding stock. It is a sweet dollar and they are going to make it last as long as people fall for it. . . ."

Reginald Chapman, whose father started U.S. industry by importing 11 chinchillas from Chile 30 years ago

Despite this highly vocal opposition group, there is clear evidence that plenty of people have faith in the future of chinchilla. For one thing, a pair of breeding animals sells at a current average price of around $1,250 (it used to be much higher, when the creatures were rarer, and probably will dip lower as the chinchilla population increases). In addition, the fur has strong supporters among experts who feel that domestic chinchilla has never been given a real chance to prove itself.

One of these is Esther Dorothy, a top New York fur stylist, who recalls the jeers that greeted her early, and ultimately successful, efforts to popularize the white mink coat, and who feels that chinchilla's detractors are cut from the same pattern as the white-mink scoffers of other years.

"Those people are creatures of habit," she says. "They're afraid to digress. The fashion world is badly in need of a new fur, and I feel certain that chinchilla is what we're looking for. It's not true that it isn't hardy. I have one piece of chinchilla that must have received the equivalent of 100 years of hard wear and it looks fine. As for price, once it hits the market, it will be in the same price bracket as mink!"

The Department of Agriculture, whose Bureau of Animal Industry provides various services for fur farmers of all kinds, is steering a safe course in the dispute. It has issued a pamphlet entitled Chinchilla Raising (which it lists alongside others on such subjects as Mink Raising, Hamster Raising, and Effect of Various Factors on Grades of New Zealand White Rabbitskins), whose introductory statement says carefully: "Stability in raising chinchillas will be attained only when a market has been established for the pelts. Just when that will be is problematical. . . ."

But there is no doubt that the department is taking the breeders seriously, and well it may, for, even in its present admittedly speculative stage, the chinchilla is big business. Breeders estimate that there are currently some 200,000 of the creatures in this country, and they reckon the worth of the entire industry at around $125,000,000 (figured at the going price of $1,250 a pair).

As a business, chinchilla raising is only thirty years old, dating back to the time when an American mining engineer brought 11 of the animals into this country from South America, where they were rapidly becoming extinct. The aim of the breeders is to raise the number of chinchillas in the nation to a round million, at which time the ranchers will start thinking of large-scale commercial pelting. They figure this will take from five to seven years.

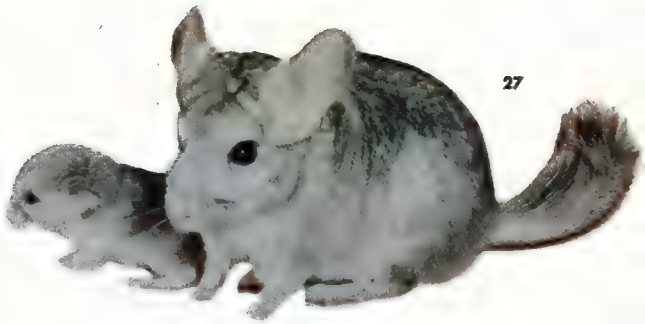
The animal responsible for all the fuss is a silvery ball of soft gray fur, with big, oval ears shaped like Mickey Mouse's, a six-inch, sparsely furred tail like that of a chipmunk, and wide, appealing dark eyes. The adult chinchilla weighs between 16 and 30 ounces (the wide span is due to Mama Chinchilla's tendency to put on weight in middle life) and is about half the size of a cottontail rabbit, only rounder in body conformation.

The coat of the chinchilla is so fine (it has been called "Fur of the Mist") that a blindfolded person reaching for one of the animals rarely can tell when his hand first comes in contact with the hairs, which are about an inch and a quarter long. In the days when it was "the fur of royalty" it was even combined with lace, it was so delicate and pliable; and the garments of young princesses often were trimmed with it.

Until early in this century, all the world's chinchilla came from the wilds of the Andes Mountains. The little animals were so abundant there at one time that the Chincha Indians, for whom they are named, made bed robes of the fur and used the meat in stews. But unlimited hunting and trapping so depleted the chinchilla population that by 1918, when export of pelts was finally banned, only scattered herds remained. *(Continued on page 52)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

Turns into Gold



By ELIZABETH COULSON

One noted chinchilla coat owner is Metropolitan Opera star Lily Pons, left. At right, model displays handsome garment made on West Coast

LEO CHOPLIN

The bus was halfway to the city when it happened. He felt nothing very dramatic, but he thought he was going to die right there

The Greatest Gift

By FRANK PAKIT

Peter Sander got up that morning full of resentment at the flatness, the sameness of his life. Before the day was half over, he wanted nothing more than to have that life back again

THE day had started like any other day in Peter Sander's life. At seven, there was the alarm clock whirring—impossibly and yet with the inevitability of fate. And he had reacted to it with the usual emotions: a brief pang of terrible aloneness and then the struggle to adjust to reality. His dreams had been pleasant, leaving him with a vague memory of affection and completion. He fought the usual battle against sinking back to sleep, tasted the usual staleness in his mouth, felt Gwenda stir beside him, sighing, and quietly get out of bed. For a few minutes he floated in the warm, delicious lake that lies between sleep and wakefulness, where every muscle relaxes in conscious ecstasy, and lay listening to the distant sounds from the kitchen.

This moment was so like all the other countless moments of awakening, past and present were so indistinguishably intermingled, that he half expected Gwenda to come in as a young girl twenty-two years old, looking as she had when they were first married. But when she did come, bringing a glass of tomato juice for him, he saw that she was thirty-six. Good-looking, yes, still good-looking, but her looks were blurred now by the patina of familiarity.

Groaning in the same old comedy routine, he raised himself on one elbow to take the glass.

"Good morning, darling," Gwenda said brightly.

He drank the tomato juice, feeling it cut cleanly down his throat.

"It's after seven," Gwenda said. "Almost a quarter past."

"Yeah, okay." His legs were two lumps of lead. Heaven would be just to lie there forever.

"You don't get enough sleep, Peter."

"I know that! So I went out last night with my friends! So I didn't get to bed till one! So what?"

"Your breakfast is all ready, darling. I have to get the children up."

He swung out of bed, wondering and wondering. What was it? He loved his wife; he loved his children. His job—well, it wasn't a bad job: personnel manager in the office of a big construction company. Not what he wanted to do, but who ever did what he wanted to do? You compromised, right from the day you were born, forever trying to knit the little gray threads of reality into the magnificent fabric of your dreams. Maybe he was juvenile. He had never completely abandoned the dream of a dramatic life—of being famous, of walking in all the sunny cities of South America, of seeing the Hebrides and breathing the cold salt spray of the North Sea, of being grand and rich.

And now, at forty, he was set somehow in a pattern he hadn't asked for, a pattern that had just grown about his life, a pattern that included enough money to live decently, a few weeks' vacation every year, and this eternal getting up at seven o'clock in the morning. But then this was reality—the bread and butter you ate every day. It was too bad if you never got to the caviar and crepes Suzette of life, if you never *(Continued on page 49)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL MITCHELL

THURGOOD MARSHALL *and the 14th Amendment*

By JAMES POLING

"Our greatest civil liberties lawyer" is a big man who wears life like a loose garment. He's equally at home on a dance floor or before the U.S. Supreme Court

THURGOOD MARSHALL, as special counsel for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, spends much of his time expertly pleading civil rights cases before the judges of our higher courts. His secretaries have spent a lot of *their* time pleading with him, in an effort to bring a little order into his life outside the courtroom. It is inevitable that the bench and his secretariat should see him through different eyes.

Lucille Ward, who became Marshall's first secretary when he opened his law practice in 1933, says, "I haven't seen him in a long time, but I bet he still needs a haircut, his pants pressed, and hasn't yet learned how to spell 'separate.' And I bet he still speaks in court like the man who wrote the grammar book and yet commits felonious assault on the king's English in private." She was right on all counts.

And Alice Stovall, his present secretary, says, "There's never a dull or lazy moment, except when I have to travel with him. Then I'm always left alone on the train while he spends his time in the dining car, gossiping with the crew—he was once a dining-car waiter, you know. If we have a layover, changing trains, I sit by myself in the station, by preference, while he goes off to see one of those they-went-that-a-way pictures; any one will do, even singing cowboys."

From the more austere elevation of the bench, Federal Judge William H. Hastie says, "Marshall is unquestionably our greatest civil liberties lawyer. He's been more instrumental than any other man in professionalizing the area of law dealing with civil rights, and certainly no other lawyer and practically no member of the bench has his grasp of the doctrine of civil rights law."

It is said by those who are qualified to speak that Thurgood Marshall's jitterbugging is real gone. Others, equally qualified, say that when he takes his stand before a lectern in the U.S. Supreme Court, the justices of our highest tribunal lean forward in their seats and the courtroom is jammed with class-cutting law students. His elderly uncle, Fearless Williams, sees no contradiction here. "It's just that Thurgood's fun-lovin' and likes to socialize," he says. "But he can't kick up much. He once told me, 'Isn't it nice no one cares which twenty-three hours of the day I work?' "

Marshall's associates have good reason for letting him choose his own working hours. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has achieved goals in recent years which, according to Benjamin Fine, education editor of the New York Times, "would have been considered impossible ten years ago." And much of its progress can be attributed to Marshall's successful prosecution of civil rights cases before the highest courts of the land.

The NAACP is conducting a thoughtfully planned, carefully executed campaign against those state laws which support racial discrimination. Contrary to general belief, the association has neither the time, money nor inclination to go to the aid of every Negro in trouble. It is primarily interested in cases involving a violation of a man's constitutional rights which, in terms of the Fourteenth (or Equal Rights) Amendment, look as if they can be carried to a successful conclusion in the U.S. Supreme Court. The NAACP has won 30 of the 33 cases it has carried to that tribunal since 1915, and the ultimate aim of the campaign is a series of Supreme Court rulings that will render null and void all of the discriminatory laws now to be found in the statutes of many states.

Today, Negroes vote with relative ease in every state in the Union except Louisiana, Alabama and Florida—where registration is still made difficult for them, either by physical intimidation or by subjecting them to an intelligence-test question like, "How many windows in the White House?" Over a million Southern Negroes now have the franchise, as against the 250,000 who voted in the 1944 elections. Negro teachers, who have earned as low as $407.81 a year, now have salaries equal to white teachers in North Carolina, Maryland, West Virginia and Louisiana, with test cases pending in Virginia, Texas and Florida. Segregation in interstate travel has been declared unlawful. Negroes can now purchase and *occupy* any piece of property, if they can find a willing seller. Largely as the result of various court decisions, by February of 1952, Negroes were able to attend graduate schools at the universities of Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Missouri, Maryland, North Carolina, Delaware, Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky. West Virginia and *(Continued on page 71)*

Music travels by bus in North Carolina

Symphony on Wheels

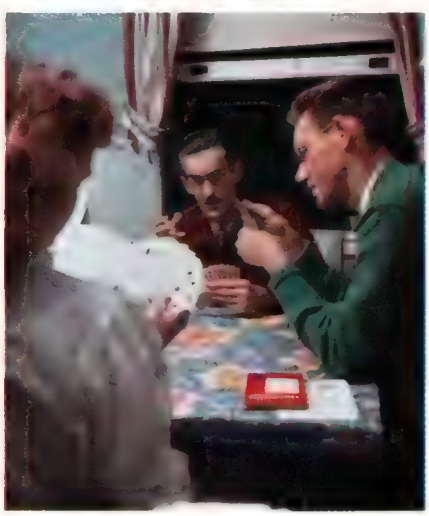
IN MOST of the U.S. anybody interested in hearing "live," unrecorded concert music has either to live in a city with a symphony orchestra or travel a good number of miles to get to one. In North Carolina, though, the music does the traveling. Working out of the little university town of Chapel Hill, the North Carolina Symphony Society delivers music by the carload to tens of thousands who otherwise might never have more than a nodding acquaintance with the likes of Brahms. The symphony does it by packing itself into a couple of busses and spending its entire five-month season on the road. From mid-January through March it works as a 25-member little symphony; through April and May as a full, 65-piece orchestra. It gives some 130 concerts in about 150 days.

No ivory-tower society of amateurs, the North Carolina group is composed of young, accomplished, serious men and women who are willing to mix their sonatas with cat naps in jouncing busses. Their work belongs to everybody who hears it. The North Carolina legislature contributes $15,000 a year toward the symphony's upkeep. Some 29,000 members buy contributory subscriptions averaging $2 a year. The rest of its drum-tight $100,000 annual budget is made up by individual contributions ranging from $20 bills to such sizable gifts as last year's $5,000 check from the Burlington Mills Foundation. But no matter who pays what, the music is share and share alike, according to the original concept of founder and conductor Benjamin Swalin.

Born in Minneapolis, sandy-haired, energetic, 51-year-old big Ben Swalin (pronounced *Swahleen*) associated himself with Chapel Hill's threadbare volunteer symphony orchestra in 1937. By 1943, with Mrs. Swalin acting as celesta player, fund raiser and good right hand, he got his first $2,000 in state subsidy money. Today, his thoroughly professional organization is one of the most enthusiastically received and widely appreciated community orchestras in the world.

Already a month and a half into its 1952 season, North Carolina's symphony on wheels will cover some 8,000 miles by the end of May, reach 35,000 adults and 100,000 children. Typically, kids and adults in Forest City next week might hear Beethoven's First Symphony, a bit of Strauss, excerpts from Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker Suite, some Grieg or Rossini, Mendelssohn, Kreisler and Smetana. Everywhere the programs are on the same level, with no musical mollycoddling. Swalin and his people believe that good music is "capable of ennobling its hearers"—whether it arrives in a plush concert hall, by radio or recordings, or by highway on big, rubber-tired wheels. SEY CHASSLER

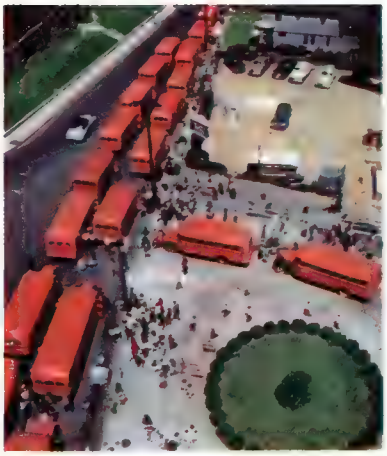
Typical musician in North Carolina's traveling symphony is tympanist John Loughlin. He has lugged his heavy kettledrums around, making music for people, for two full seasons



Only time peripatetic musicians, who make $60 a week, have to relax is at night, after a concert

By day, bus is orchestra's home. Marguerite Gillet, violin, chats with Robert Oppelt, viola

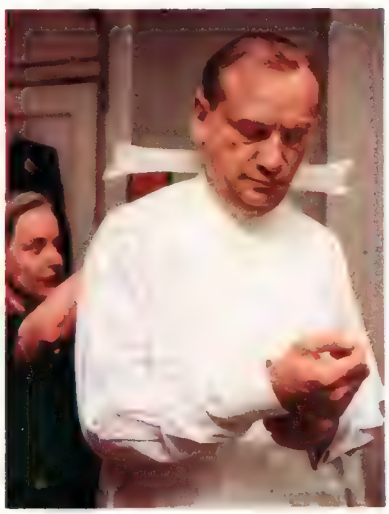
Rehearsals are jammed in between performances. Conductor Benjamin Swalin is soft-spoken, not temperamental. His orchestra is only state-subsidized symphony in the United States



Music day in Buncombe County brings school busses from whole area to town of Asheville

In Gastonia, symphony invites children from N.C. Orthopedic Hospital to special concert

At Shelby Community Recreation Center, children listen intently to an afternoon concert. Annual junior membership tickets are 75 cents. All subscribers can attend all concerts



For adults' concert in evening, Mrs. Swalin helps her husband into his full-dress attire

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER

DOM LUPO

On the paper, Jake had scribbled names in two columns, one headed *Sippers*, the other, *Gulpers*

The Broken Seal

By ALLAN VAUGHAN ELSTON

SHERIFF CLEM LOGAN stared suspiciously at his only clue in the Jim Hendricks case. This was a quart bottle of whisky which lacked half a pint of being full. Jim's killer, it appeared, had gulped down the missing half pint before he left the scene of the crime. "Seems kinda queer, Virgie," Clem muttered, "that he'd take time out for a drink."

Virgie McBride looked up from the summary she was typing. "But we know Jim didn't drink it himself, Clem. He was never known to take a drink; he only kept it on hand for guests."

Clem nodded, still eying the liquor. It was bourbon, and it had been found open at the scene of the crime, with the cork and the broken strip seal lying nearby. Any host serving a guest would at least recork the bottle. The sheriff rumpled his shaggy white hair. "Read what you got down, Virgie."

Skipping the part about Vic Prewitt stopping by Jim Hendricks' ranch to pay Jim, in cash, the three thousand dollars he'd owed him for a long time, Virgie read: "Proud of being out of debt, Prewitt told all about it in a crowded bar on Saturday night. So everyone knew Jim would be keeping the cash at home till banking hours Monday. Evidence is that the killer struck at about dawn Sunday, that he used Jim's own key to unlock a kitchen cupboard, took money from a sugar bowl, then noticed a sealed quart of whisky on the same shelf. When the crime was discovered an hour later, half a pint was gone from the bottle."

The sheriff took a gun belt from the office rack and buckled it on. "Half a pint," he calculated, "is a man-sized shot when you don't have time to stand there and sip it. Which this killer sure didn't. Not with Jim layin' dead on the floor." He slapped on a wide, weathered hat and went out.

Vic Prewitt, he remembered, was loading hay today. One more check with Vic wouldn't hurt. At the loading spur, he found Prewitt's wagon parked flush with the open door of a boxcar.

"I hate to keep pesterin' you, Vic. But tell me again about Jim offerin' you that drink."

Prewitt wrangled one more bale into the car. "Like I said, Clem. When I paid Jim the money, he unlocked the cupboard and stowed it in a sugar bowl. A quart of whisky was there. He offered me a drink. 'I never touch it in the morning,' I said. So he put it back and locked the cupboard."

"You're sure the bottle was full?"

"Plumb full, Clem. There was a revenue seal over the cork."

Clem left him and went to Jake Costigan's bar. This being the only saloon in Bitter Creek, Jake naturally knew more about local drinking habits than anyone else. The saloon man was a teetotaler himself, not from choice but because he had stomach ulcers. The ulcers had given him a sour outlook on life. "Mornin', Jake," Clem said. "Did you make out those lists for me?"

Jake, with a curt nod, pushed a paper across the bar. On it he'd scribbled names in two columns. One column was headed *Sippers*, the other, *Gulpers*. "That's the way they take the stuff, Sheriff."

"Brannagan been in yet?" Clem asked. Clint Brannagan could drink more whisky than any other man in the county. His ranch, under an overdue mortgage, wasn't far from the Hendricks place.

"Not yet, Sheriff." Jake filled a jigger for Clem. Clem took it to a rear table and sat there with a newspaper screening him. It was a plan he'd arranged with Jake.

Covertly, he watched Jake's customers—the sippers and the gulpers, soft men and hard men, mild men and tough. Yet none of them was any tougher than Jake himself. In fact, Jake's shotgun, under the bar, had notches on it. An unsocial host, this Jake, and Clem knew it was because the man secretly envied his customers. Some of them, the ones with cast-iron gullets, he even hated; hated them because they could drink.

Jake was co-operating in today's vigil. When a man ordered whisky, Jake slid a bottle to him, letting the customer pour the drink himself. He could refill if he liked; he could sip or he could gulp at will.

Clem missed nothing of it, checking against his lists. The guilty man should be a gulper. Clint Brannagan's name headed the gulper list. But another name, near the bottom of that same column, gave Clem a start. Vic Prewitt!

Steady, hard-working Vic Prewitt! And yet, Clem reflected, Prewitt, more than anyone else, would know about a sugar bowl full of money which he himself had just paid Hendricks. Had Prewitt slipped back, by night?

A picture of Jim's ranch kitchen came clearly to Clem's mind—the proud little kitchen Jim had built for his late wife; the zinc sink with the drain outlet, so she wouldn't have to carry dishwater to the back door; a tall maple cupboard with a lock for the cabinet top, where a woman could keep her treasures. Clem remembered calling there once when he was soliciting funds for charity. Jim had unlocked the cupboard to get ten dollars from a sugar bowl. "Not a very safe place to keep money," Clem had warned.

And then the grim findings of Sunday morning—Jim's key ring in the cupboard lock; the cupboard doors open; an empty sugar bowl beside a raided quart of whisky.

Clem went out to lunch and then returned to his barroom watch. In midafternoon, Vic Prewitt came in and ordered whisky. Costigan slid a bottle to him, and Prewitt poured himself the usual two-ounce jigger. Clem observed him in profile. A half pint would be four times that much. "I never touch it in the morning," Prewitt had said. But this was afternoon. And Prewitt, having just loaded a hay car, could feel the need of a bracer.

He held his liquor to the light and looked through it, then set it down without drinking. When he did raise it to his lips, it was only for a sip. It was fifteen minutes before Prewitt downed the last of it and went out.

Clem stared after him, his eyes narrowed. His gaze shifted to Costigan, standing dead-panned back of the bar. Prewitt was a sipper! So why had Costigan put him on the gulper list? Had the misclassification been intentional? Or had Prewitt deliberately sipped, for the benefit of a gallery, although he normally gulped?

Then Clint Brannagan swaggered in—a heavy man with cords in his neck. A gun swung at his hip. He needed a shave, and his face had seams, as though he hadn't slept too well lately. He didn't need to order because Costigan always knew what he wanted. The quart was barely in front of him before Brannagan poured his jigger brimful. He downed it at a gulp, then quickly refilled it. Down the hatch went the second jiggerful. "This stuff ain't bad, Jake," Brannagan said. "Wrap it up."

Costigan recorked the quart, wrapped it, and picked up Brannagan's money. Brannagan stalked out with his package.

A screw tightened in Clem's mind. He dropped a coin on the bar and went out. Brannagan, he saw, was walking out of town on a road which led to both his own ranch and the Hendricks place.

Clem hurried to his office and found Virgie still at her typing. "I spotted something, Virgie. Clint Brannagan just drank part of a quart and took the rest home with him. Gives me an idea and I'd better ride it down. Get me a John Doe warrant. Leave it on my desk where I can pick it up."

Soon the sheriff was riding out of town, on the road Brannagan had taken.

AT MIDNIGHT, the last customer left Costigan's bar. Then the twin lattices swung inward and Clem Logan was there, dusty, looking old and stooped and saddle-weary.

His face was grim. "You're under arrest, Jake!"

Jake's bar rag stopped in mid-swipe.

"I got to thinkin'," Clem said. "If Jim's killer had a thirst like Brannagan's, why would he down half a pint and leave the rest of it right there? Why wouldn't he take it away with him?"

"I'll bite," Jake said. "Why wouldn't he?"

"Could be he didn't want it. Could be he's a teetotaler like you, Jake. Everybody knows you never touch it. So if the killer's a drinker, *he can't be you!* That's why you broke the seal and poured half a pint down the drain of the kitchen sink. All I needed was a pipe wrench to take the U trap off, underneath. The last pint that goes down a drain always stays in the trap. This trapful smells like a dishwater highball."

"A cheap guess!" Costigan jeered.

Clem nodded. "But it was enough to make me search your room just now. Reckon you know what I found there, Jake."

Jake's hands darted for the shotgun under the bar. But he froze under the stare of Clem's .45. "Better take it easy," Clem said. "Come along and I'll put you to bed."

When he'd marched Costigan to a cell and locked him there, Clem went to his office. Virgie's notes lay by the typewriter. The old sheriff put the last page back in the machine. Pecking with one finger, he wrote a footnote:

Next time we've only got one clue, Virgie, remind me to look on both sides of it. THE END

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TUNE IN: On television—the TEXACO STAR THEATER starring MILTON BERLE—every Tuesday night. On radio—Metropolitan Opera Broadcasts—every Saturday afternoon. See newspaper for time and station.

"For the love of Mike, what's wrong with me?" Marv asked. "I don't know. You *seem* nice enough," Patty said

O'DOUL *Takes a Sitter*

By NORD RILEY

O'Doul was supposed to be making a hit with the baby so he could marry her mother. Instead, he was making a hit with the girl next door—and terrifying the kid

MRS. HASKINS, will you come in for a minute?" Mrs. Haskins crushed out her cigarette and, with pad and pencil, went in to see what her nephew, Marvin O'Doul, had on his mind.

"Put your pencil over your ear," he told her, "and grab a soft seat. This is personal."

"Oh, boy!" said Mrs. Haskins, a pithy old doll.

O'Doul was a young man with a rugged, trustworthy face, made picturesque by a nose flattened at the bridge and out of plumb. Originally it had yielded to a flying pipe wrench; later it had been rerouted by an angry man. These violences had occurred in the oil regions of Wyoming and California, where most of O'Doul's adult years had been spent, first with drilling crews, later as a geologist. Though dilapidated, the O'Doul nose was a reputable organ, looked upon among oil people as a kind of built-in seismograph and divining rod. In recent months, O'Doul had been called in from the field and installed as chief geologist for Atwater Oil of Long Beach.

The young man wore his white shirt and bow tie uneasily. He felt crowded. His cubicle pinched him, and the niceties of an executive's life had knotted his brow, for he was a conscientious rural man trying to do his duties. But on this smogless morning his blue eyes shone; his forehead had lost its pleats.

"I knew you'd like to be the first to know that I got myself engaged last night," he told his aunt and secretary.

She gave him a thin smile. "That was about as unexpected as what happens to a sheep at Swift & Company."

"Let's try to remember that we aren't riding the range any more, Auntie. We're city people now." He paused, his cheer ebbing. "You don't even know Bianca."

"Oh, dearie me," she said with labored delicacy, "I know the daughter of our confused old president well. My boy, you are betrothed to a beautiful lady who is up to her brisket in oil and has more social life than a tick at roundup."

"Your honest enthusiasm makes me nervous. What're you griped about? She comes of one of the finest families in California and she will give the O'Douls some class. I'll be set for life with Atwater. Bianca's a wonderful woman too: graduate of Mills College, active in civic affairs, ranking woman golfer at—"

"Let's not drip on our bibs," his aunt *(Continued on page 42)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY LUHRS

It was the worst snowstorm of the year,

but there was no stopping

The Blizzard Baby and "Your Unseen Friend"

THIS storm came out of nowhere...

Hit the town with drifts that were shoulder-high in the flats—drifts that neither man nor beast nor ordinary plows could navigate. Everything was at a standstill.

Everything but *The Blizzard Baby*, the town's new rotary snowplow! There was no stopping *her*.

She was built to keep going, to keep bucking big drifts, to keep riding deep ruts... hour after hour... in freezing cold weather. In her "pusher," she had gears and axles made of tough, stress-resisting Nickel alloy steel!

And in her rotary mechanism, she had more of these rugged, long-lived Nickel-containing alloys. . . . in vital parts! That's why the wearing, tearing job of sucking snow in, chewing up chunks, and spewing the spray 80 to 100 feet off the road, didn't wear *The Blizzard Baby* down. That's why she could keep everlastingly at it till the town's highways were clear.

It's easy enough to see what Nickel does for a snowplow on the home front or a jet plane on the defense front. But see the Nickel itself . . . ? You can't . . . because it's intermixed with other metals to add strength, heat-resistance, or other special properties.

That is why Nickel is called, "Your Unseen Friend."

For the inquiring mind: *Where does Nickel come from—who made this friendly metal useful, valuable? How is it possible to raise tons of ore thousands of feet and produce Nickel for your ever expanding world of wonders?*

This romance of men, mines, and machines, of developing resources, is in your free copy of "The Romance of Nickel." Write, The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 511a, New York 5, N.Y.

The INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, Inc.

INCO Nickel ...Your Unseen Friend

Announcing the new DESOTO

*America's most advanced engine design!**

DE SOTO-PLYMOUTH Dealers present **GROUCHO MARX** in "You Bet Your Life" every week on both RADIO and TELEVISION . . . NBC networks.

FireDome 8

It has the revolutionary new engine that's the talk of the engineering world...an engine with dome-shaped combustion chambers! Plus new, sensational Power Steering!

This week, all over the country, De Soto-Plymouth Dealers will put on display one of the most remarkable cars ever produced...the new De Soto FireDome Eight.

Its FireDome engine, with dome-shaped combustion chambers, develops more horsepower than conventional engines and can do it *on regular fuel.* It's America's most powerful engine design. It is the most important engine advance in more than a generation.

Delivering a mighty 160 horsepower, it will give you pick-up, acceleration and cruising performance far beyond anything you have ever known before.

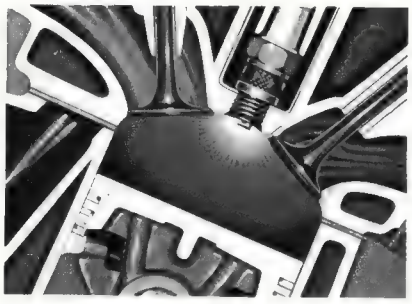
In addition, this FireDome Eight brings you the magic of Power Steering. Now you can turn the wheel with one finger. Hydraulic power does the work for you. Road control is greater. Parking, even in tight spots, is child's play.

Want new super-safe Power Brakes? Want push-button Electric Window Lifts? Want Solex Heat-Resistant Glass? This new De Soto offers them all, plus the famous Tip-Toe Shift with Fluid Drive (*no-shift driving at its best!*), Oriflow Shock Absorbers, and many other major features for your comfort and safety.

This new De Soto has to be seen to be appreciated. And it must be driven to be believed. Plan to do both—soon!

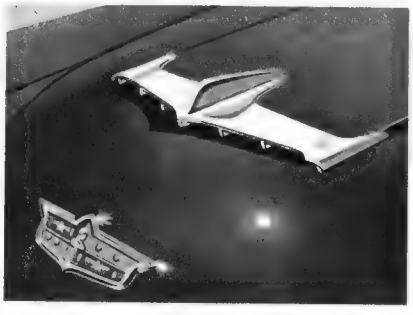
DE SOTO DIVISION • CHRYSLER CORPORATION

White sidewall tires, when available, are optional equipment.



FIRE DOME'S spark plugs are centered in dome-shaped cylinder heads. More power from every drop of gas. Greater fuel economy. No need for premium fuel. Longer valve life. Smoother, quieter running.

POWER STEERING is the talk of the country. It makes steering as easy as dialing a telephone. You can turn the wheel with one finger...even when the car is at a standstill. Parking is easy...at last!



NEW AIR-VENT HOOD is typical of the way in which De Soto combines good engineering with smart design. It directs an added stream of cool air right to the carburetor...for greater engine power.

Not an optical illusion, snow under Swiss-born ski pro Hannes Schmid actually is red. It was made by dyeing water used in a newly developed snow-making machine

To prove colored, machine-made snow is as good as real thing, winter vacationists built this imposing fort

Ada Vapnek has yellow snowball, and Phyllis Rifkin, with big, blue one, found dye does not stain or run

"IT AIN'T SHERBET, HERBERT"

It may never really rain cats and dogs, but it can snow rainbows. Look here

At Concord Hotel, at Kiamesha Lake, N.Y., where colored snow was born, Frank Eck, head greenskeeper in summer, uses torch to defrost nozzle which sprays fine snow

THOUGH folks who live in Chicago, and west of that snow-battered city, will find it hard to sympathize, the past several winters in the Northeastern states have been so mild that snowballs were becoming collectors' items. There is more snow this year, but ski trails everywhere in Eastern resort areas like the Pocono Mountains, the Catskills and parts of the Adirondacks are so crowded that after a busy week end they are about as patchy as a rock garden. They always need filling out. To do the job despite nature's vagaries, resort owners in these areas are using snow-making machines developed by the Tey Manufacturing Company of Milford, Conn., and such independent inventors as Joe and Phil Tropeano, of Lexington, Mass.

Biggest customer for the Tropeano machines to date has been the ski area at Mohawk Mountain in Connecticut, which bought enough snow makers to cover or replenish six acres of ski trails. But their most startled client of the year is quite likely the Concord Hotel at Kiamesha Lake, New York. Since the Tropeanos' machines shoot superfine particles of water into the frigid air to be frozen into crystals, the inventors figured they could really show the hotel something if they used colored water in their pipes. It worked, as these photographs indicate, like a wizard's charm. The machines produced a new kind of winter wonderland, sparkling with red, gold, green and blue snow. Other resorts in the East are already coloring their homemade snow. But the Tropeanos have a new problem—convincing experiment-minded skiers that their harmless, delicious-looking concoction "ain't sherbet, Herbert." DAVID LANDMAN

Outdoing Jack Frost himself, Nannette Clarke (left) and Marge Grady make multicolored snow man with electric bulbs for eyes and nose

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID B. EISENDRATH, JR.

First time ever!

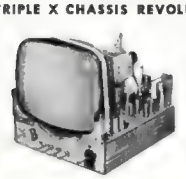
TV WITH RADIO at No Extra Cost!

17" Model 17K21 table TV in smart ebony plastic cabinet. One knob tuning. Built-in Roto-Scope antenna. Greatest value in TV. **$189.95**

17" Model 47M15—Stunning TV console with built-in radio and phono-socket. Walnut, mahogany or blonde. In walnut... **$299.95**

21" Model 421M15—Smart, period styled walnut or mahogany TV console with built-in radio and phono-socket. In walnut **$399.95**

TRIPLE X CHASSIS REVOLUTIONIZES TV PERFORMANCE!

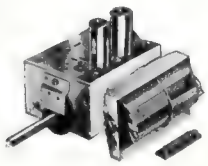


Engineered to outperform any set, *anywhere, any time!* Sensational Cascode amplifier performs as though station power had been increased up to 400%. Gives amazing fringe area reception. No need for outside antenna in most metropolitan areas.

NO ROOM TOO SMALL FOR BIGGEST PICTURES

With Admiral TV you can sit as *close* as you please . . . the real test of picture performance . . . and enjoy the sharpest, brightest, clearest pictures in television. Any room big enough for a 9 x 12 rug is big enough for Admiral's biggest television pictures.

READY FOR UHF STATIONS—NO CONVERTER NEEDED



All Admiral TV sets are equipped with Admiral's famous built-in Turret Tuner. Provides for all present stations as well as coming new UHF stations by means of readily interchanged tuning strips. No unsightly outside converter needed with an Admiral!

Two Great Admiral "Firsts"!
Amazing "Glare-Trap"
Stops Reflections
Revolutionary new picture tube with "cylindrical-face" completely eliminates reflections from room lights.
Tone Control
for Television, Radio and Phonograph Connection
Admiral

Admiral

17" or 21" Television

Now... Television Plus Built-in Radio... Both in a Compact TV Cabinet... Both for the Cost of TV Alone!

It's another sensational first from Admiral! Big picture television . . . in striking new 1952 table models and consoles . . . with Dynamagic radio built right into the TV chassis.

And what a radio! Never before such outstanding performance . . . achieved in large measure by "sharing" circuits and precision engineered components of Admiral's famous Triple-X television chassis.

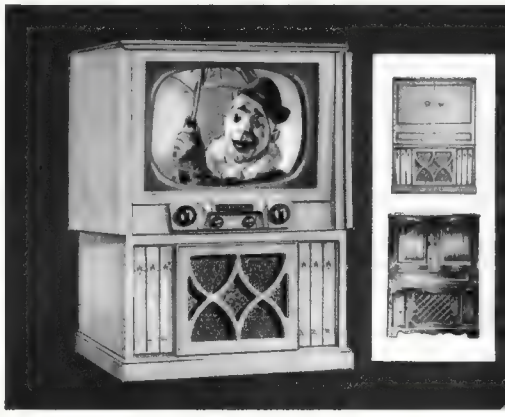
Think of it! TV plus a complete radio that brings in *all* standard broadcasts . . . both in a *compact* cabinet no larger than one designed for a television set alone.

Think of it! Admiral TV plus Dynamagic radio for no more than other nationally advertised sets with TV alone. Ingenious "sharing" of circuits and components have made possible amazing economies.

See the new 1952 Admirals at your dealer now! Compare! Prove to your own satisfaction . . . as over 2,000,000 owners have already done . . . that Admiral gives you the greatest values in television.

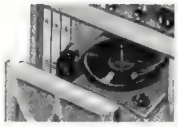
All prices slightly higher south and west. Subject to change without notice. One year picture warranty included—Federal tax extra.

On TV—"Lights Out," Mon., 9 PM, EST on NBC—**On RADIO—"World News"** Sun., 5:30 PM, EST on CBS



21" Model 321M25—TV, radio and triple-play phono in modern walnut, mahogany or blonde cabinet. Also French Provincial. In walnut **$499.95**

TRIPLE-PLAY PHONOGRAPH PLAYS ALL RECORDS



Plays up to 5 hours of recorded music with one loading. Completely automatic . . . so simple, so foolproof any child can operate it. Plays all records (33⅓, 45, 78 rpm) . . . all sizes. Miracle tone arm will amaze you with its high fidelity tone reproduction.

O'Doul Takes a Sitter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

interrupted. "I knew her ex-husband, Commander Dahlweg. When the chips were down, the submariner decided he'd rather live on the bottom of the ocean in his tin cigar than with Bianca." She puffed meditatively on a cigarette. "If this old gray head serves me right, there was an issue from her union with the sailor."

O'Doul nodded. "A little girl, nearly two, named Cerise."

"Cerise? You're kidding. Back on the range, people who named babes things like that were taken behind the barn and plugged. Why, I recollect a lousy sheepman who hung the name of—"

"Your spurs are jangling again, Auntie."

"I guess they are. Marv, forget what I say. I'm a jaded old gal who lost her husband in the last war to a drill-press trollop in an airplane factory. It's just that when my nephew is in jeopardy I don't trust another dame as far as I can punt a whiteface bull. Bianca is probably a fine lady, but bear in mind, my oil-soaked Huck Finn, that you're a company treasure and a heartwarming gentleman. Us O'Douls are proud of you."

The geologist got red and looked at his feet.

"I'd better hustle to the ladies' room with the glad news." His aunt stood up, shaking her head. "There'll be sorrowing among the local ladies tonight."

THAT evening, Marvin called upon his beloved at her home in Naples, a bayfront suburb of Long Beach crisscrossed with canals and bearing no resemblance to its disheveled Old World namesake. Bianca's home fronted on Rivo Alto Canal; her garage debouched on Garibaldi Alley.

Bianca was a sight to quicken the dead. Abetting her wealth of natural resources were the choicest products of the garment trade. There were times when O'Doul, just looking at her, steamed in his own juices. When he arrived that evening, he reached for a lip upon which to hang a lover's felicitations and wound up working on a cheek. She patted his jaw, though.

"Later, darling." She smiled. "I have a marvelous surprise for you. I've decided that one night a week, while I'm at my club meeting and the maid's off, you shall sit with Cerise. Do you realize you've never seen her except when she's asleep? Since you'll be her daddy in a few weeks, it's time you got acquainted. A sound relationship between you two is absolutely essential to our happiness, dear. I couldn't bear it if you didn't love each other. Our psychologist, Dr. Schmidt, says the emotional effects of a stepfather on a child's personality in its formative—"

"I don't know Pablum from succotash," Marvin said, "but it's wonderful your letting me sit with her. I love kids. Does she —will I be working with diapers?"

Bianca was amused. "She may not even wake up. If she does, you'll find she's an adorable little girl."

When she had wheeled her convertible down Garibaldi Alley, O'Doul reconnoitered the nursery. The door was open, the hall light on. As quiet as growing hair, the towheaded tot lay asleep on her stomach. Grinning fondly to himself, O'Doul shut the door and was pussyfooting down the hall when the cry of an outraged infant struck him like a dagger in the back. Cerise gave the impression she was being charcoal-broiled.

His cheeks pushed back in a huge smile, O'Doul went back and made his entrance. Man and baby eyed each other in silence; then O'Doul brought down the house. The baby was lacing her indignation with terror now. She got to her little feet and rattled her crib. O'Doul fought down an impulse to tear out after her mother. What was there to be afraid of? If he couldn't make friends with a baby, Dr. Schmidt would have a long word for him.

"Hey, there, Cerise," he said jovially. "Why all the racket? What's my girl blowing her soft little top about?" He sauntered toward the crib, and Cerise fled to a far corner and cowered there. "It's just old Marv. I'm nothing to be afraid of, now am I? Heh, am I?"

The face that had won the trust of cynical men and the smiles of many women was laying an egg tonight; it appeared to be driving an infant into hysterics. O'Doul eyed Cerise's red, wet countenance, debating whether to kiss it. Women kiss babies all the time, and he supposed it did something for the babies. In this case, it might convince Cerise his intentions were not carnivorous. Affably, he loosened Cerise from the woodwork. He lifted her out. She hit him, but it didn't hurt. He kissed her.

Cerise was appalled into a brief silence, but after that, her grief worsened. Her volume was up too.

He put her back. His feelings were hurt. "You have the lungs of a public-address system," he told her, "and the geniality of a sidewinder with a sore stomach." He stood aside to think. For one thing, he had to watch his language; the kid's cantaloupe-sized head couldn't process long words. Baby talk revolted him, so he adopted a style popular with stage Indians. "Mama gone," he said distinctly. "Mama at club. Back soon." He leaned on the crib in a casual manner and tried another approach. "How about a glass of cold water? Water? Glass water?"

He received no intelligible reply. Reddening slightly, he bent into the crib and inquired confidentially: "Would you care to go to the bathroom?"

If she did, she didn't say so, so he broke off negotiations and headed for the telephone. He dialed. "Auntie Jane? I'm in trouble."

"You are?" Mrs. Haskins seemed pleased. "The O'Douls are behind you, boy. Whose head have you broken?"

He told her his problem. It took time because his aunt got to laughing uncontrollably and he had to repeat a lot. "Wait!" she cried. "My mascara's running!" He could hear her blowing her nose and gasping.

"Don't pop the rivets on your blue jeans," he said coldly. "This is serious. My own child-to-be can't stand me."

"Bawling like a calf at weaning, is she? I'd have given my new two-hundred-and-seventy-five-dollar pivot tooth for a seat at cribside."

"You can be comical tomorrow. The kid's been blowing her cork so long the neighbors must think I've opened all her safety pins. I want you to come over."

"What can I do?"

"You're a woman."

"You have a point, but this woman's eighteen dollars and thirty-five cents ahead at draw poker and if I quit now these hombres'll toss a rope over the nearest TV antenna and string me up. Why not call Bianca?"

He explained why he could not.

"No doubt this is unprecedented in diaper circles," she said, "but what's needed here is a sitter for the sitter. What's your address there?"

He told her and she asked: "Is the house next door a two-story white one with a big picture window?" He said it was, and his aunt said, "Well, if I remember correctly, a little old Wyoming gal spreads her bedroll there. Ask her for a hand." She chuckled. "Good night, Da-da. Don't stick your foot into any loose Pablum."

WHILE Cerise lifted her voice to tell the world how tough things were in *her* house, the agitated, bent-nosed geologist trotted across Bianca's lawn, jumped a small fence, and went up to the door of the neighbor's house. He rang. Presently he faced a slight girl, clad in a loose plaid shirt, moccasins and denim pants cut to clam-digging length. Her face was pretty, tanned and kind; her eyes were gray, her brown hair swept back and tied with a ribbon.

"Howdy," she said.

"Mr. O'Doul. I'm from next door. I have a baby crying."

"No doubt about that."

He felt large and foolish. "I was wondering—could you come over and shut her off for me?"

She grinned blindingly. "Wife's out, huh? All right, I'll give her a whirl. Wait until I leave a note for my fella." She darted away and reappeared a minute later, ready to go.

"Don't you require special equipment in this work?" he asked. "Rope? Hypodermics?"

She just grinned again, and they went back to Bianca's house. At the nursery, O'Doul stopped. "Miss—?"

"Patricia Tyrone. Patty."

"Patty, I'd like to explain something. That child in there isn't mine. No O'Doul has an amplifier like that. She belongs to a lady I intend to marry, if I can ever sign a peace pact with her child. The truth is, I'm a sitter too. It's my first time out, and that baby in there has me buffaloed."

"You're engaged to that tall, beautiful woman I see coming out of here?" Patty whistled softly. "What're the ethics here, O'Doul?"

"No ethics. I'm just a helpless single man with a baby."

"Yeah. Well, assume a supine position on the davenport while I see what I can do for the baby."

IN THE living room, Marvin was amazed how comforting it was having a woman in the house, even one who wore her shirttail out. He stretched out and watched a wrestling match on television, between a man in long blond tresses and one with a goatee. The bearded man was splitting his opponent down the middle with a standing Hackenschmidt toe hold when a bolt of silence struck the nursery. The big gun was spiked. A moment later, Patty came in, carrying Cerise, the two of them hugging and kissing.

"The darling was feeling neglected," Patty said.

"Neglected? She couldn't be. I've been waiting on her hand and foot. We even kissed. It must be something she drank." He approached the affectionate pair. "Baby want to come to old Marv?" Simpering, he extended his hands. "Baby want —"

With a whoop of terror, Cerise clutched Patty, and the geologist leaped back. "The way she hollers, you'd think I'd been bending her little bones," he said, and laughed guiltily. He saw that Patty had gone into a defensive stance against him, her shoulder protecting the baby. "Now, cut that out!" he cried. "For the love of Mike, what's wrong with me?"

"I don't know, Mr. O'Doul. You *seem* nice enough."

O'Doul threw up his hands and headed for the door. "I'll get out of sight. Try to get her asleep for me, will you?"

He spent twenty minutes in a soothing saloon in Belmont Shore. When he came back, he found Patty on the floor, watching the wrestling. She had her moccasins off; a bottle of pop and a bag of potato chips were beside her.

"The baby coyote asleep?" he asked.

"Out like a light," she said, munching. "Terrible scrap going on here. Sit down, Mr. O'Doul."

He sat beside her. He found himself drinking the girl's pop and admiring her physique. Patty was intent on the ring. When an Egyptian hurled a clean-living American into a corner post, she yelled indignantly, grabbed Marvin's hand and held it until the American kicked his opponent in the face with both feet and won.

"Those flying drop kicks are murder," she said. "I wonder who's fighting the main—"

Someone knocked. Marvin got up and opened the door. A tall, handsome man in a hound's-tooth jacket and yellow slacks eyed him solemnly.

"Miss Tyrone is here?"

"Be right with you, Hank," Patty called, "as soon as I get my shoes on." She trotted over to the two men. "Mr. O'Doul, this is Henry Sicle, a courtin' man. Hank, put your paw in O'Doul's."

The men shook hands.

"Mr. O'Doul is a single man with a baby, and I came over to help him."

Henry Sicle glanced at Marvin with genu-

The most important part of your retirement plan is something you don't see here

Like most of us, you are probably looking forward to a happy retirement sometime in the future.

It's true, of course, that financial provisions are necessary to achieve the good things you're planning for the leisure years. That's why insurance, annuities, social security, pensions, and other savings are so important.

But, even with financial security assured, will retirement really turn out as you hope and dream it will? To a great extent the answer depends on what you do about a very important part of any retirement plan—*your continued good health.*

And what's the best way of including good health as a part of your retirement program? By planning for it, just as carefully as you plan for your material security.

So, begin now to take advantage of the knowledge and skills which medical science offers to conserve good health. For example, regular medical checkups should never be neglected—even though you may feel perfectly well at the time.

Through these examinations your doctor can keep an inventory of your health, detect weak spots in your physical make-up, and often strengthen them before real trouble begins.

Of course, whenever you get a "warning" that all is not as it should be, see your doctor promptly.

It's important, too, to follow his advice about diet, exercise, rest and other measures that mean so much to your continued physical and mental well-being.

Thanks to doctors, nurses, public health workers, pharmacists, and other members of the "health team," you have a better chance now than ever before to enjoy longer years of retirement.

Take full advantage of this professional guidance that is offered you. Then, you'll have the comforting assurance that you are doing the one thing most essential to health and happiness in later life.

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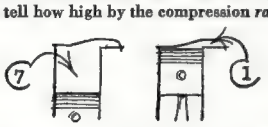
PARKE, DAVIS & CO.
Research and Manufacturing Laboratories, Detroit, Michigan

Parke, Davis & Company are makers of medicines prescribed by physicians and dispensed by pharmacists. Among the more than a thousand products bearing the world-famous Parke-Davis label are Antibiotics, Antiseptics, Biologicals, Chemotherapeutic Agents, Endocrines, Pharmaceutical Preparations, Surgical Dressings, and Vitamin Products. If you will ask your physician or your pharmacist about them, he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: "It's a Parke-Davis product."

In a car

For example...

Value is a high-compression engine... you can tell how high by the compression *ratio*.



A compression ratio of 7.0 to 1, for instance, is considered high. The 7.0 to 1 means that the fuel-air mixture is compressed to one-seventh of its volume before it's ignited. High compression "squeezes" top performance from every drop of gasoline.

Value is horsepower too. *One* horsepower is the amount of power that would lift a 550-lb. weight at the rate of one foot per second. Plymouth has a 97-horsepower engine with a 7.0 to 1 compression ratio.

Value is also the way power is exerted. Combustion in the cylinder head should take place evenly and smoothly. The 1952 Plymouth is introducing an advanced engine head design that adds new smoothness and quietness to the flow of power.

Value is a starter that doesn't "kick out" at the first engine response, but follows through for a moment to give extra assurance of fast starts in all weather. This is another new feature being introduced in the Plymouth — which starts, as you may know, when you turn the ignition key, with choking done automatically.

Value is a lot of things

Value is the *electric* windshield wiper. Unlike the vacuum type, the electric doesn't slow down when you're climbing a hill or accelerating.

Value is a Safety-Rim Wheel that protects you in case of a blowout by holding the deflated tire firmly on the rim while you slow to a safe, controlled stop.

Value is the Oriflow shock absorber that gives you nearly three times the cushioning power of the ordinary type.

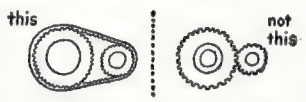
Value is a chair-height seat that lets you sit up naturally, with legs and back fully supported, both in front and rear seats.

Value is small but thoughtful details like a window regulator that raises or lowers your window easily in *two* turns, not four, or five, or six.

Value is a counterbalanced trunk lid that lifts at a finger-touch and stays up without bothersome side supports. And a counterbalanced hood too.

Value is a door opening high enough so it doesn't mash your hat or bash your head when you get in or out. Also, doors that open *wide*.

Value is the extra durability of special, super-hard exhaust valve seat inserts. They postpone the need for valve grinding for thousands of miles.



Value is a chain drive instead of a direct-gear drive for the camshaft. The chain spreads the contact over many teeth, instead of just a few, keeps wear to a minimum and provides quieter operation.

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PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

PLYMOUTH

Equipment and trim are subject to availability of materials

ine interest, then said to Patty: "We're late, Patricia."

O'Doul pressed Patty's hand. "You're a clever sitter," he said; "if I have any more babies, I definitely want you around."

"O'Doul," Hank said, "what kind of a place are you running here?"

"Thanks for the pop, Mr. O'Doul," Patty said, with her dazzling smile. "I hope you and the baby can stop fighting."

THE following week was a rough one, as Marvin and his well-heeled fiancée prepared to run in double harness. He hadn't been told how much trouble it is getting ready to live with a woman legally. They tramped through countless houses, looking for one Bianca could endure. There were cocktail parties and patio barbecues and showers for Bianca. The geologist got sore feet and heartburn, but he held on, smiling, knowing this was the price a man pays for a refined wife, a niche in good society, and a future with Atwater Oil.

On Wednesday evening, when he showed up for sitting duty, the *enfant terrible* was in her crib, knocking off forty winks. Letting sleeping babies lie, O'Doul stayed in the living room and read the paper. Around nine, he padded back for a bed check. He peered in carefully through the open door. The sleeping moppet, symbol of peace to all men, brought a smile to O'Doul's lips. Melting with tender sensations, he leaned into the crib and kissed the infant's golden head. He left then, closed the door behind him, and was tiptoeing down the hall when Cerise's snarling cry shook the joint. O'Doul pulled up. Wearing an apprehensive grin, he returned to the nursery. The sight of him drove Cerise shrieking to a corner. O'Doul didn't dally, he loped out the front door, across the lawn, and over the fence to Patty's house. He rang, and presently Patty answered.

"Mr. O'Doul again," he said, "the bachelor with the crybaby. Bring your drugs and shillelagh; she's howling like a hog under a gate."

Patty, he noticed suddenly, had changed. She was in the simple elegance of a black dress, stockings, real shoes and a pearl choker. There was more to Patty than he'd realized. For a moment, it took his mind off his crying problem.

"Gee, Mr. O'Doul, Hank's due pretty soon." She looked at him with sympathy. "What's bothering her tonight?"

"Who knows what's going on in that baby's head?" he asked. "Other people don't break into tears and cringe when they see me. I feel like her personal leper. Come on over and save my future wife and home."

"I'll leave a note for Hank," she said.

Soothing Cerise's frazzled nerves took a few minutes. When the bawling subsided, Marvin went in to try his charms again. He went in, smiling. It was a mistake. Cerise went to pieces. "Holy Toledo!" O'Doul cried in his anguish.

Patty looked up from the frightened infant stuck to her bosom. "I guess you'd better leave the room, Marv."

Humiliated, O'Doul shuffled back to the living room to examine himself in a mirror. What's wrong with me? he asked himself. Why do I give babies the creeps?

Patty emerged in a pensive mood. "Marv, it looks to me like you've become a phobia to her."

"A phobia?" He paled. "Me, a morbid fear to a two-year-old?"

She patted his hand cheerily. "We'll have a bottle of pop and discuss it." She went into the kitchen and came back with food and drink. Patty took off her shoes. "Now, tell me everything you've been through with Cerise. Maybe we can figure out what's eating her."

While he made his depressing report, Patty held his hand in a consoling fashion. At the end, she gave her pretty head a judicial wag. "Well, she's a baby of few words—all infantile—but what I gather from you two is this: she whooped it up to start with because she's used to sleeping with the door open and the hall light on. You closed the door and woke her up. A lot of kids are like that. She misses her mother too, and I guess having a big male stranger walk in on her upset her at first, but why you still scare the child silly beats me, Marv."

The melancholy geologist rubbed his forehead in despair. "My whole career depends on that seedling malcontent," he said. "Bianca will never marry a guy that horrifies her child."

Patty's great eyes searched his in astonishment. "How's your career mixed up in this?"

With mounting embarrassment, he told her about Bianca's old man being president of Atwater Oil, and what it meant to him, an uncouth character from the hills, to be able to move up into higher social and economic strata, places he'd never been. During his speech, she never stopped looking him deep in the eye. When he finished, she was shaking her head in disbelief. "It's none of my business," she told him, "but it's clear to me that a man like you, Marv, doesn't need a woman to get himself up in the world. You can do that all by yourself. I think you'd get along better with yourself too a little later, because you're a man, Marv, and that kind of stuff isn't very manly."

If she had reached in and twanged a nude nerve, she couldn't have touched a tenderer spot. He winced. He was the lowest geologist she'd ever seen; in gloom, he was pre-Cambrian.

"Golly," she murmured, "you look awful. Your lovely high dome is all rumpled. I never saw a gentleman so beat. I guess I'll kiss you."

She kissed him quite a while. The sensation Marvin got was that mice were using his spine for a track meet.

"I don't know why I'm doing this," she cried excitedly. "You're engaged, and I'm about to be. I guess I just can't stand seeing a good-looking man suffer."

O'Doul said he was greatly improved, so they tried it again. "Holy smoke, Marv!" Patty breathed.

He was feeling like a million bucks, tax-free, when the realities of the situation dropped a cold, wet hand on his elation. Frowning, he got to his feet. "We've got to stop this loose behavior," he said. "It feels too good to be medicinal." He shook his head in horror. "Kissing my neighbor in Bianca's parlor! No wonder Cerise howls at me. The baby knows a bum when she sees one."

Patty stood up too. "Don't be disgusted with yourself, Marv. You're a decent, inflammable fellow, and for my dough that child in there is out of her head not loving you. As for kissing you, I certainly did enjoy it."

"I did too, but I got to remember I'm about to become a stepfather."

"Yeah, Atwater's got to be served." She heaved a sigh. "Anyway, it's been wonderful drinking your pop and taking you in my arms." They stared hungrily at each other. "This is the end!" she cried. "Cerise will smoke the peace pipe with you. You and Bianca and Atwater Oil will all get married, and I'll hitch up with Hank. What a deal!" She flung her arms about him and bussed him with fervor. "Why did I have to fall—"

The doorbell rang. Knowing who it would be, Marvin hastily ran his hand through his haircut and opened the door. "Come in, Henry, Patty is just putting on her shoes."

Henry was in his British lounge-model gray flannel. He had a pipe in his mouth, and he wore his porkpie hat. He studied Marvin wearily. "Baby?"

"Yes."

"Is this baby about twenty-eight years old, with a bent schnozz?"

"Hank," Patty said, "watch your tongue." She was hopping about on one foot, putting on a shoe. "The baby despises Marv," she explained, "and I came over to make them feel better."

Hank nodded. "You look like you ought to feel better, O'Doul. I suppose the baby is covered with lipstick too."

Marvin looked foolish; Patty grinned. "So long, Marv. I don't think we'll be seeing each other again. Hank is a nice dude, and if he still wants me I guess I'll sign up with him."

"In that case, O'Doul," said Hank, extending a hand, "good-by. Keep that infant working for you. It's a cunning gimmick. If I didn't have Patty, I'd borrow a baby and try it myself."

For the next few days, O'Doul wore an overcast of thought. In the upholstered cage that Atwater gave its executives, he was as fretful as a polar bear in a Turkish bath; his forehead puckered up something fierce. He kept thinking about Patty and what a terrible thing he'd done and how good it had felt. She made him suspect his own motives. Did he love Bianca or was he covetous? Was he going to be a kept geologist?

ON WEDNESDAY afternoon, he was sitting in moody contemplation, yearning for the free, untroubled open spaces and a few oily anticlines, when his aunt and secretary, Mrs. Haskins, came in. She looked thoughtfully at her brooding relative.

"Tell me, Daddy, how are you and the baby hitting it off? From what I hear, you couldn't beat diphtheria in a nursery popularity contest."

"You've been talking to Patty."

"I have indeed. She called up last night to tell me she's going to marry a big-shot radio guy from Hollywood."

"I think she and Hank will be happy. He's a fine dresser, and Patty is a well-developed sitter with beautiful eyes."

"She's a great kid. Assistant producer on television, you know. I can't wait to see Hank in a cowboy suit. They'll make a band—"

Gritting his molars slightly, O'Doul interrupted. "I presume that telegram in your hand is for me?"

"Dearie me, so it is." She gave it to him and left.

It was from George Canahan, an old friend, and personnel manager of Sunder Oil, a lively outfit in Casper, Wyoming. He wanted O'Doul to come up and head their oil-exploration department. They needed O'Doul's nose, he said. The telegram was like a breath of cool mountain air. It suddenly resolved O'Doul's festering doubts. Acceptance meant good-by to his cushioned future with Atwater and to the Long Beach social maelstrom; on the other hand, he'd be back in country he loved and knew and he wouldn't be beholden to his wife's family for his job—a point that made O'Doul pink at the gills when he thought about it. Bianca would respect him for his integrity. So O'Doul wired George Canahan that he was coming.

Later that afternoon it was a happy, confident geologist that went into the toy section of a department store and bought two dolls. They were expensive, but they could do everything but vote.

THAT evening, when Bianca had left for her club meeting, O'Doul, fearless and charming, strode to the nursery and snapped on the light. He stood in the doorway, a doll in each hand, winsomely baring his teeth. "Hi, baby!" he cried.

Cerise, who had been trying to get some sleep, blinked her heavy lids, trying to get a focus. When she did, she erupted with a shriek and attempted to scale the far side of her crib.

"Judas priest! Don't be afraid! Look at the dollies! Watch this one bat her eyes! And this one ask for milk!" In the timeless gesture of amity, he extended the presents toward her. Cerise recoiled. His smile a twisted wreck, O'Doul put the dolls on the floor, and beat it.

He was shaken. His gifts had been spurned, his friendship rebuffed. He was a phobia to the baby, all right, like Patty said. He considered calling his succulent neighbor, but perished the thought. Patty had the tranquillizing talents of an ether mask around children, but she was Hank's woman and he, O'Doul, was owed to Bianca.

He was trying to decide whether to try to pull his aunt away from her Wednesday-night poker game, when the doorbell rang. His caller was a short, burly man in a Navy uniform.

"I'm Commander Dahlweg. I've just got in from three months' sea duty. I'd like to see my baby." He paused, listening. "What's she crying about, mister?" He pushed by Marvin, tossed his cap on a chair, and headed for the nursery.

O'Doul's mind reeled. Who's in charge here, he asked himself—the ex-husband or the husband-to-be? Deciding he had some rights in this thing, he hastened after the commander. He found Cerise in her father's arms. It was a touching spectacle until Cerise spotted Marvin and broke down, burying her face in her old man's campaign ribbons. The submariner's eyes grew steely.

"Mister, just what in hell have you been doing to my kid?"

"Now, wait, I've tried to—"

"Don't tell me a child cries like this if she hasn't been mistreated. It don't add up!" He patted his daughter's fanny to soothe her. "What's your name, mister?"

"Marvin O'Doul, and, in spite of that baby's irresponsible yelling, I've been nice to her."

"Oh sure, that's why she screams when she sees you." He returned Cerise to her crib, promising he wouldn't let the crooked-nosed bum touch her. "Come outside, mister. You give my baby the heebie-jeebies."

They marched stiffly down the hall. "I'm going to call Bianca," Dahlweg said. "She doesn't realize what an eight ball she's tying up with. Where is she?"

Beginning to burn, O'Doul told him, and the commander was talking to his ex-wife when the doorbell rang again. O'Doul flung it open.

"Good evening, Marv," said Patty. "I heard the baby crying so I knew you were here." She was dressed handsomely, but

"This ought to cheer you up a little bit. Here's one letter that *isn't* a bill. It's a statement, whatever *that* is"

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her face was pale and her great eyes were troubled. Suddenly, heeding some deep call, she wrapped her arms about the startled geologist, kissing him and calling him nice things. O'Doul felt the blood pushing out the sides of his head. He unwound Patty from his person, meanwhile clearing his throat in a loud manner.

"Patty, this is Commander Dahlweg, Bianca's ex-husband."

"Yipe!" said Patty, looking at Marvin.

The commander was incredulous. He nodded dazedly to Patty before turning to Marvin, who wasn't himself, either. "In many years in the sordid ports of the world, I've never met a louse to equal you, O'Doul. You—"

"You can't talk to Marv like that!" Patty cried. "He hasn't laid a hand on that baby. Once in a while, for no reason you can figure, a baby gets the idea in her head that somebody is going to hurt her. It doesn't make sense, but that's what's happened to Cerise. Marv's a wonderful, kind man and he's tried—"

"Button up, sister, I know your kind." The commander took off his coat and hung it neatly over the back of a chair. He stood in his white shirt and black tie. "O'Doul," he said matter-of-factly, "no man kicks my ex-wife and kid around."

"Fist fighting, is it?" roared O'Doul, and pulled off his necktie. "Let's get to it!"

"I ought to be meeting Hank," Patty said, "but this is too fascinating. Slaughter the fat gob, Marv."

FOR a while, the men fought with harmless enthusiasm. Both puffed. There was terrifying grunting. Finally, the commander lowered his head and charged, slugging with both hands. Bracing himself, O'Doul swung a looping uppercut that caught the submariner square on his schnörkel. In his agony, the sailor straightened up, banging his head against O'Doul's ramshackle nose. The combatants staggered apart and sat down.

Patty sped to the bathroom for wet towels. One she tossed to Dahlweg, who was trying to stanch a nosebleed. She applied the other to the stunned geologist, whose pain had filled his eyes with tears. "You were taking him good, Marv, until the dirty guy butted you," Patty told him.

In the open doorway, a tall, resplendent figure appeared. Hank surveyed the scene almost sorrowfully, then leaned tiredly against the jamb. "Babies been fighting?"

"Hi, Hank. Be with you in a minute. Mr. O'Doul's nose is broken."

Hank began filling his pipe. "This is a very interesting neighborhood. Lose a good many baby sitters in a season, I imagine."

"Commander Dahlweg," said Patty, "meet Hank Sicle. One of these days I'm going to marry Hank. That's why he's here tonight."

Hank waved negligently. The commander's eyes widened, and he was sputtering into his towel when the back door slammed and high heels clattered. Bianca came in.

"Has there been an accident? Bill, you're bleeding!" She saw Patty, and her eyebrows arched like twin cat backs.

"Miss Tyrone has been helping me sit," Marvin said.

"Sit?" Though linty, the commander's voice carried through his towel. "Little bit ago they were necking like mad!"

In the nasty silence that ensued, Marvin's eyes watered heavily, Hank was heard sighing, and Bianca seemed to be straining her thermostat.

Finally, Patty said, "Pudgy, in you the Navy hasn't got a security leak; it's got an open faucet." To Bianca, she said, "There's been some confusion around here because I lost my head over Marv." Her wet-eyed beloved lifted his towel to protest, but she quieted him. "It got too big for us to handle, and a couple times we certainly did get carried away, eh, Marv? But Marv's got nothing to be ashamed of. Mostly I was kissing him. That's all over now. He likes you, and I'm going to marry this well-dressed fellow in the pipe and Argyles and we'll all be happy as hogs in the barley bin." She lifted O'Doul's towel to bid him good-by and drew back with a cry. "Hey, the nose! It's straight! The old kink's gone!"

"He's gorgeous," Hank said wearily. "Come along, dear. These people may want to fight among themselves." He took Patty by the arm and led her out.

"Now perhaps someone will tell me who *they* were," Bianca said.

The clarity of thought that pain can bring a man was Marvin's. Withholding nothing, he told Bianca what had been going on around there. He told of Cerise's fear of him and of his appeal to Patty for help, of the commander's arrival and their combat.

Bianca's voice was deceptively soft. "Why does Cerise hate you, Marvin? What did you do to her?"

"You too? You think I'd boot your baby around?"

"Marvin," she replied with exasperation, "after what I've seen and heard tonight, I'm quite ready to believe anything about you. You've been crude, Marvin, and cruel. You've obviously carried on with that strange girl under my roof; you staged a brawl in my living room. I think you're hiding something too; it's simply impossible that Cerise would be afraid of anyone that hadn't hurt her."

O'Doul felt calm and objective. "If I asked you to take my word that nothing you've seen or heard tonight is what it appears, would you accept it, marry me now, and come with me to live in Wyoming?" He was emotionally pooped, but he had to know some things. "I decided to take a job in Casper. It seems to me the honorable thing to do. It's where I belong. I'd like to take care of you all by myself, if you'll come."

"Really, Marvin, you haven't turned out at all well." She smiled wryly. "I felt we could civilize you, but we can't. You're an incurable rustic, my dear. Do you think I would fit in Wyoming any better than you do here? I don't know what to believe about what's happened, but I'm quite sure I'm not going to Casper with you. Shall we simply say we're through, Marvin?"

O'Doul wasn't astonished. He shrugged and tossed in his towel. "I'll say good-by to Cerise. My simple farewell may sound like I have the baby stretched on the rack; don't get excited."

He went to the nursery and snapped on the light. Cerise was awake, and she leaped to her feet with a cry when she saw him. O'Doul crossed to the crib and smiled down at her. Watching him, Cerise suddenly subsided into a mild blubbering. She advanced cautiously across the crib, reached out, and touched O'Doul's aching, newly arranged nose.

"Oh, so now it's okay? Do you know that you and your little nasal neurosis fouled up a lot of people's lives?" He kissed the little girl and she kissed him back. He gave her the two dolls he'd left on the floor and then departed.

OUTSIDE, he felt pretty good, sort of purged. Along Rivo Alto Canal, he passed a figure leaning against the steel railing, puffing a pipe.

"Been expecting you, baby-man," Hank said. "Got the old bounce, didn't you? Getting so a man can't kick a baby around any more."

"Cerise is all right. We came to terms."

"Be looking around for another baby now, I suppose."

"I've had it, Hank. I'm ready for a nice, big, dirty oil field, confined to big, dirty adults of one sex."

"Iffen I had me a hoss, pardner, I'd join you." Hank knocked the ashes from his pipe. "Patty just gave me the heave-ho on account of you, you bum." He regarded O'Doul gravely. "I've got a stinking suspicion that using a baby to lure in women is dirty pool, but there's not much sense in a couple of grown men struggling on the lawn about it, is there? Get a lot of grass stains." He put out his hand. "Congratulations to you and the baby."

Hank shuffled off, and O'Doul, after a moment's thought, went into Patty's house. She was curled up on the davenport with her shoes off. She grinned happily when she saw him.

"I'm going to Wyoming," O'Doul said, standing in the doorway, in no mood to fool around. "Would you care to come along as Mrs. O'Doul?"

"Golly, I've been sitting here scared silly you weren't going to ask me. I'd be proud to go, Marv. Daddy telephoned that you were coming."

"Daddy did?" The wrinkles returned to O'Doul's brow.

"Daddy's the head of Sunder Oil, Marv." She watched him with mounting anxiety. "Your aunt told me she thought you'd be happier in Wyoming, so I asked Daddy what he could do for a wonderful geologist I loved very much and— Holy smoke, Marv, don't be mad!"

O'Doul shook his head, pondering the marvels of the female mind. He looked at the pretty, worried, shoeless babe and knew that this was the girl he wanted, anyway. "Sunder Oil is going to have to get itself another boy," he told her. "I'll find a job somewhere, all by myself. Still want to come?"

She bounded off the davenport.

"Careful with the nose," said O'Doul.

THE END

"Have Miss Carr's books been gone over lately?"

COLLIER'S — HERB WILLIAMS

The Greatest Gift

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

had the chance to live with a grand flourish. But there was nothing you could do about it. You adjusted.

In the kitchen, where the sun shot through the yellow curtains, and the warmth of coffee filled the air, he almost said he was sorry for his grouchiness, but he didn't. He only muttered something about how tough it was to get up in the morning, and Gwenda smiled, perhaps—as far as he knew—hiding her own dreams under the smile.

She slid two fried eggs onto his plate and plugged in the toaster. "I didn't tell you. We got a note from the principal. He said Larry is so far ahead they're thinking of skipping him to 4-B, if it's all right with us."

"That's swell. Sure it's all right. No use holding a smart kid back." But when she turned, he stared at her, trying to picture what she had been like before, when she had known nothing about parent-teacher doings, when she had been the spirit of romance to him. Before. The longer you lived, the more magic there was in the word. They had been hungry and avid for life before, filled with an urgency for living that yet was tempered by the certainty that they would be young forever. They had done crazy, wonderful things like going out dancing and sitting up to watch the dawn when they got home.

Why did he think of that now? Because he was juvenile and couldn't grow up as other people did? Because a bright dream had been lost somewhere along the way—a dream of two young lovers gazing endlessly at dawns and exotic places and sea drift? He didn't know. Probably he would never know.

After breakfast, there was the little kiss for Gwenda, the little kiss for Carol, aged two, and the little pat on the head for Larry, aged eight. And then there was the eight-block walk to the bus stop, the usual good mornings to the usual people. There would always be the same bus, the same people, the same newspaper to read. It would go on this way, he knew, until the inevitable day when he caught his last 8:05 bus and the company gave him a lunch and a gold watch and enough money to exist on. Then, according to tradition, he would find life unbearable without the fascination and excitement of going to his cubbyhole every day, and he would very soon die. On this most perfect of all sunny mornings, it was a delightful prospect.

THE bus was about halfway to the city when it happened. He would never forget the spot, because he'd been looking out the window at the long rows of identical houses in the development that bordered the highway. Suddenly the whole world seemed to twitch. It wasn't, of course, the world that had twitched, but his own life, which was all the world he knew, and all anybody knows. He felt nothing very dramatic; there was just a certain tightening about his lungs so that breathing became difficult, a swarm of twirling-tailed black spots before his eyes, and a massive pounding in his ears. But he thought he was going to die right there on the bus; he recalled, horribly, people he had seen being carried out of office buildings while the dead-pan cops of the emergency squad stood around. For a moment he considered telling the man next to him—the man calmly reading his paper—to stop the bus, to get him to a doctor, or something. Of course he didn't. He simply sat still, breathing carefully. It would be indigestion. That's what it would be, naturally, a little indigestion. The gas presses against the heart and . . .

It lasted perhaps ten minutes. He knew it couldn't have been more than ten minutes, because by the time he got off the bus it had passed. He breathed deeply again, feeling grateful for the air and the sun, but he walked the few blocks to the office slowly and carefully, as though there were some infinitely delicate mechanism inside him that must not be jarred. Now that the immediate fear had gone, he could attempt to classify his feelings, but the shadow still remained. He had been to the edge of a precipice, and now he clung to the earth, afraid to stand up. It had happened once; it could happen again.

And yet he hadn't really expected it to hit him again so soon, hadn't expected, just as he sat down at his desk, to have the fountain pens and telephone and files suddenly swim like objects seen in moving water, and to feel the terror standing again at his shoulder. He waited for it to pass, hoped for it to pass, clutching the arm of his chair as though it might provide some anchorage to life. It lasted only a minute this time. He buzzed for his secretary, Miss Thomas, noticing how she came in with her notebook open, her pen ready to take down whatever nonsense he might dictate.

"Betsy, I'm going down the street to see a doctor. Be gone probably an hour or so."

"Oh, are you ill, Mr. Sander?"

He smiled. "Little indigestion. Nothing fatal," he said, and felt the superstitious horror of tempting destiny. "There's an applicant coming in, a Mr. McEniry, MIT man. Just tell him to wait for me."

DR. UHL'S nurse smiled at him brightly. She was a very blonde young woman, so immaculately clean that she looked as though she had just been laundered and starched, along with her uniform—except for her nails; he noticed that they were bloody red. With a white fountain pen she wrote his name, and his age, address, and place of birth on a file card.

"The doctor will see you in just a moment, Mr. Sander. Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks." He flipped through some photographic magazines—evidently the doctor was a camera fan—with a painful attempt at nonchalance. He didn't really see anything, because the terror stood behind him, seeming closer than ever here in the doctor's anteroom. If she hadn't put his name on her little card, he would have sneaked out. And yet, he told himself sternly, there's either something wrong or there isn't. Closing your eyes to it won't change anything. No doubt it's simply a little acute indigestion, and you'll go out of here with a prescription and an easy mind. After all, there was never anything seriously wrong with you, and if, by some remote chance, there is now, you'd better find out about it and have it treated.

"All right, Mr. Sander," the nurse said, and he went in.

Dr. Uhl was suave but he looked competent.

"What seems to be the trouble, Mr. Sander?"

"That's for you to find out," Sander said, in what he hoped was a light tone. "It started on the bus this morning."

"If you'll take off your shirt."

There was half an hour of listening and deep breathing and coughing, and finally the stethoscope was folded.

"Mr. Sander, have you ever been troubled by shortness of breath? I don't mean the natural puffing that we all do after violent exercise, but a gasping sensation."

"Well—" He thought hard. Of course, there had been many times, hunting or playing golf, or just running for a bus, when his lungs had seemed not quite large enough. He had always set it down to a heavy meal, to the humid weather, to something innocuous. He didn't have to any more. "I suppose so. I never connected it with—"

"Any pains about the chest or stomach, or perhaps the shoulder?"

"No," he said. "Never in my life."

The doctor sighed. "You know, a person with a heart condition doesn't necessarily suffer violent attacks."

Sander licked his lips. He had the odd

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feeling that they were talking about someone else. "Heart condition?"

"We'll see," Dr. Uhl said. "Just one more thing. Were you ever sick when you were a little boy? I mean sick for several weeks?"

"I may have been. The measles and all that stuff are mixed in. I can't say I remember definitely."

Dr. Uhl twisted the signet ring on his finger. It was a very massive ring, with a huge green stone. "I'm afraid there's a little something there, Mr. Sander."

"For God's sake!" Sander said angrily. "Let's have it in English!"

"Yes," Dr. Uhl said. "Please sit down." He leaned across the desk. "I think you had rheumatic fever when you were a child, or perhaps it was something else. At any rate, it damaged the valves of your heart. You know the way a valve works on a pump; it opens and closes, so that the water can only go one way. Your heart valves were damaged somehow, and it left scar tissue, so that they can't open and close properly. Therefore, the pump doesn't work quite as well as it should."

SANDER thought he could almost hear blood gurgling and swishing in his heart. Surely he had heard it this morning in those terrible moments when life had been as uncertain as the flip of a coin. He had known, of course, that it must be his heart, but he couldn't accept that knowledge. Even now one last, childish hope came: that he would wake up in his own bed, back in the blessed world of routine, with only the memory of a bad dream remaining of this day. Might not all this dissolve—the solid desk, the doctor, the signet ring? No, it would not. And with that ultimate fantasy out of the way, he was suddenly anxious—as anxious as a gambler throwing away his last dollar—to know everything.

"Is it—serious, Doctor? I mean . . ."

"We can't make definite statements without a lot more checking," Dr. Uhl said. "You must understand this was not a complete examination, and that I'm not a heart specialist. We'll have to try the electrocardiograph, X rays."

Sander didn't really hear what he was saying. It would take a long time to digest this news.

"Couldn't you tell me, Doctor, your opinion about how serious it is? I'm not afraid to hear it."

The doctor looked at him hard. "I want you to go and see a Dr. Gilbertson. He's one of the best heart men and he's right in this city. I'll prescribe some tablets that you can take if you feel an attack coming on. But I want you to see Dr. Gilbertson at once. I'll phone him."

"Thanks," Sander said, and suddenly he was aware that the sun had gone, that it didn't make much difference whether or not he ever went back to the office, that nothing in the world would make much difference from now on.

The nurse was still sitting at her desk in the anteroom, looking starched and clean and young. He hated her, he decided, because she was now of another world—the world of people who were going to live practically forever. She will be here to cry in my bier, he thought. That's b-i-e-r, not b-e-e-r. Oh, what a funny man you are! Of course he would go to the specialist. This guy was just a general practitioner. As likely as not he was all wrong. The specialist would say, jovially: "Nothing wrong with you, boy; only wish I had a heart as good as yours."

Sure, sure. But he stopped in at a drugstore and had the prescription filled. The clerk was a young man, overenthusiastic and full of unwanted advice.

"These are pretty powerful, sir. Wouldn't want to take more than the doctor says."

"I know," Sander said. This young man, now, this smart young man—what did he know of the imminent shadow? What did he care, as he planned his life, his marriage and children, or his running around? It was so lonely—and so unjust. Yesterday he had been a normal man, with things all in their proper place. Now things were distorted. Yet nothing had changed; it was just that he himself had been moved out of focus with everything else. And he didn't think he could take it. Every bite of food he put in his mouth from now on would taste different because it might be the last bite. All the long-range plans were now meaningless—the careful budgeting to buy a new car in two years, to pay off the mortgage in eight years. Now it would be only a question of planning to buy a cemetery plot.

He blinked in the sunshine outside the drugstore, consciously gathering his resources. You couldn't go on this way, thinking graveyard thoughts. Sander breathed deeply and carefully, fighting down the panic that struck him again. You adjusted to it; you had to. You had to develop a new philosophy, although what kind of a philosophy he couldn't imagine, not at the moment.

First, of course, you did something. Whatever your problem was, you did something about it: you didn't just brood. And the first thing he had to do was to consult the heart specialist. He went back into the drugstore and called the office to tell Miss Thomas he wouldn't be in for a while: and then he made an appointment and took a cab to the address Dr. Uhl had given him.

DR. GILBERTSON was an old man, shaggy and slightly untidy. Sander noticed that he had little tufts of hair growing on top of his ears.

"Dr. Uhl called me about you, Mr. Sander. He wants me to check his diagnosis."

"I know the worst," Sander said abruptly, as the stethoscope searched about his chest.

"Nonsense," the old man said. "We know very little until we do a thorough examination. We're going to electrocardiograph and we're going to X-ray. We're not going to guess."

If Dr. Uhl's examination had seemed like a long one, this examination went on forever. Dr. Gilbertson asked the same questions about difficulty in breathing, about pains; there was the same coughing and listening and waiting.

"And now," Dr. Gilbertson said briskly, "I'd like to get the cardiograms and X rays made. Then I'd like you to come back tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Sander felt that he couldn't possibly spend a night not knowing. "Couldn't you do it all now—today? I can wait while they develop the things or whatever they do with them."

The old man looked at him, and Sander saw that there was kindness in his eyes. "If you're as anxious as all that, I suppose we can."

It was later, much later, after the machines had delved into him and he had stared at countless magazines, when the doctor called him into his office again.

"We've got it all here." He picked up an X-ray negative and dropped it without looking at it. "I know you don't want any fairy tales, so I'll tell you straight. It's bad, Mr. Sander. In your particular case, there's very little that can be done in the way of treatment. I'd suggest a few weeks' rest if you can manage it, but the best thing is simply to take it easy, get as much sleep as possible, and cut down on salt and sugar. And you won't overeat—not ever."

Sander nodded. Now that it was absolutely definite, he felt a strange sense of relief. He knew it was the relief of utter hopelessness, the relief that means you've given up and simply don't care any more.

"I wonder could you give me an estimate, Doctor? I mean, about how long?"

The old man shook his head. "Why does everyone ask that? It would be only a guess, a very rough guess."

"I'd like to have it, Doctor."

"Well, if you must make me guess, I'd say about two years. You understand it's a process of degeneration. Doesn't just stand still."

"Thanks, Doctor," Sander said.

"Wait." The doctor smiled. "Perhaps I should have been a psychoanalyst. I always want to help people in their thinking. Frankly, that's all I can do for you. If you don't mind sitting down and listening to me for a few minutes—"

"It's very kind of you," Sander said, not really caring, and they sat down in the deep leather chairs.

The doctor fitted a cigarette into a holder and lighted it. He offered Sander a cigarette too.

Sander hesitated. "Do you think—?"

"No appreciable effect, I'd say. In moderation, of course."

"What can you tell me?"

"Very little—just one thought, really, but it might help. It happens that my wife had an incurable disease; she died many years ago. There was one thing she learned, and I want to tell you what it was. You see, I tried to comfort her because—well, the usual reaction to having anything like that is to ask yourself why it had to be you. You get bitter. It seems such a tiny thing, a little damaged tissue or a slight chemical unbalance, that it strikes you as being a damn' shame to have everything spoiled that way. I knew this very well, and so I would try to cheer her up. Then one day she told me not to give her any more sympathy, because she didn't need it. And she explained how she had thought it all out. Life, she said, is a gift—the greatest gift of all. And so you should be thankful for it even if it isn't quite perfect. She said she had already had her share of sunrises and bird songs and love and music; she had had being." The old man moved his hands vaguely. "Perhaps if you just try to think of it in that light."

Sander stood up. "Thank you very much, Doctor. I'll try."

HE WENT back to the office to lie to Miss Thomas that it was nothing serious, to read all the little slips of paper she had made out about telephone calls, visitors, and everything of importance, as she put it. In some obscure way her ghastly efficiency had always annoyed him, but now he didn't mind it. In fact, when he said good night he felt almost tender toward her.

He left a little earlier so that he wouldn't have to sprint for the bus, these precautions would be part of his existence from now on. And smoking—this would be a rare luxury. He had decided he would smoke only one cigarette after each meal and one on the way home. So the cigarette he lighted on the way to the bus was his first since the one he'd had in the doctor's office. And it tasted better than any cigarette he could remember.

Maybe—he stared out the window at the rushing fields—maybe this was the key to the whole thing. The fact that you didn't have unlimited time to enjoy things should, if you looked at it logically, add the enjoyment of rarity. So that one smoke could be more pleasurable than twenty, and one year happier than twenty. Life was a gift, the old man had said, a gift to be cherished gratefully. And when you received a gift, you didn't spend all your time examining it for cracks or flaws.

But how about the undone things—the things never to be done? Things like walking in odd, tropical streets, smelling all the new smells and hearing the new sounds, or lying in the heather on a northern Scottish hillside, or rambling through ancient little foreign towns. Perhaps that was all right too. For hadn't he done those things, all of them, and even more beautiful and fantastic things, in his own mind? Reality could never make them more real to him.

He got off the bus and walked home slowly, deliberately relaxing his mind and body. It was different, this homecoming, different from any other homecoming he had ever known, for today he had not been merely to the city, but to the edge of eternity. Terror had traveled with him, to lead him to the brink of the ultimate abyss.

He walked up the driveway toward the white house, under the grape arbor he had built, past the rose bushes he had planted, and watched the two children dash out the back door to greet him—little Carol to be picked up and hugged, Larry to be squeezed by the shoulders, as befitted a man. Their eyes looked up to him, loving him. His gift, after all, was a wonderful gift, perhaps all the more wonderful because it would never be tarnished by time or made ordinary by familiarity. And Sander's mind flashed in an instant over all the beauty he had ever known and all the fantasies of beauty—rain at the windows, clover-sweet summer air, the shivering thrill of dawn, the remembered lines of his own roof, and the shape of his garden. And, as he entered the house, all the different parts moved together and fused into one picture. Everything was that right, that exactly right.

"Hello, darling," he said to Gwenda, and saw as she came to him how beautiful, how wonderfully beautiful, she was. THE END

KENNESAW

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Chinchilla—Silver Hair Turns into Gold

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

That was the situation when chinchillas first came to the attention of M. F. Chapman, an American mining engineer who had gone to Chile in 1916 on a six-year contract as assistant superintendent of Anaconda Copper's Potrerillos Mine, 11,000 feet up in the Andes. The story of his introduction to the little fur bearers, and of his struggle to introduce them to this country, has become a classic in the industry he founded singlehanded.

A Purchase From an Indian

Although he knew he was in chinchilla country, Chapman had given no thought to the creatures, until one day one of his Indian workers descended from the 17,000-foot elevation where his tribe lived, carrying a live chinchilla.

The chinchilla is a cute little bundle of fur, and the engineer bargained for the animal, knowing that his wife Nan, who was with him in Chile, would be pleased with it.

Chapman's son, Reginald, in recounting the story today, says he isn't sure what the purchase price was. "Perhaps a plug of chewing tobacco. Maybe just a good meal. At any rate, it was inconsequential."

In a few days, the Chapmans were having trouble keeping their minds on copper. The mine superintendent told his workers he would buy all the chinchillas they could find. The Indians were dubious, for the animals by this time were pretty rare, but they promised to look.

By the time Chapman had been in Chile four years, he was shepherd of a herd of 17 lively chinchillas. It was at this time, with two years of his contract to go, that he began to think of moving the creatures down the mountain. Afraid that the sudden change from the rarefied atmosphere of high altitude to the moist, dense atmosphere of sea level might kill the animals, as it sometimes did the Indians, Chapman arranged the descent in three stages. He supervised each move himself, leaving the animals under Nan Chapman's watchful eye when he had to be back at the mine.

Late in 1922, Chapman, ready to leave for North America, tackled the problem of overcoming the export restrictions on chinchillas. He conducted his campaign like a seasoned diplomat, first cultivating government people and enlisting the aid of American officials, and then launching on a series of dinner parties, soirees and subtle gestures of friendship.

When the Chapmans boarded ship in the harbor of Valparaiso early the next year, the 17 chinchillas went along in their cumbersome, hand-wrought cage, with the full approval of the Chilean government.

One more problem turned up en route, and it almost killed the embryo American chinchilla industry before it was properly born. The master of the vessel insisted that the Chapmans' 17 chinchillas remain in the ship's hold. The weather was warm; as the ship approached the equator, the sun, beating down on the steel deck, made a furnace of the cargo area. So Chapman and his wife doggedly took turns staying with their herd in the steaming hold, fanning the chinchilla cage and draping it with wet towels.

When the vessel docked at San Pedro, California, on February 22, 1923, six of the chinchillas had expired from the heat; the remaining 11 were stark naked, their fur having cooked off during the voyage.

The Chapmans remained at San Pedro the rest of the year, doctoring their bare, ugly little animals, and hunting for a place where they might thrive. In 1924, they settled on Inglewood, California, and built a home there. The following March, Chapman sold his first pair of domestically bred chinchillas to W. L. Burns, of Rochester, New York, for $1,000. He was in business.

Today, a photographic copy of the $100 postal money order that Burns used for his down payment hangs prominently in the lounge of a big new cement-block plant on the Chapman property. The building houses 2,200 chinchillas. About 90 miles away, in Big Bear, California, is another Chapman place containing 1,000 more of the animals. The two establishments, operated by Reginald Chapman since his father's death in 1934, comprise the largest chinchilla ranch in the world. Considering the current price for breeding animals, it is obvious that the elder Chapman's tribulations have paid off handsomely. They have also paid off for a number of other people, many of whom had no idea what they were getting into when they became chinchilla owners.

A few months ago, for example, a twenty-two-year-old expectant mother named Mary Remley decided to accompany friends to a drive-in theater in suburban Los Angeles on a night when her husband, Ed, was working.

"I'm getting married next Sunday. Would you care to be the bride?"

COLLIER'S HARRY LAMPERT

At the theater, she learned there was to be a drawing of some sort during the intermission, but she accepted her stub at the entrance without thinking much about it.

When it was her number that was called, Mary Remley was excited, but still vague. And when the prize turned out to be a couple of live animals, she was alarmed.

An hour later, having missed the second part of the show entirely, Mrs. Remley had been convinced by the two young men who had supplied the chinchillas that the stub she held made an Irish Sweepstakes ticket look like a sad square of cardboard. In 15 years, at an annual feeding cost of only $4.50 each, natural geometric progression could provide Ed and Mary Remley with a herd worth as much as $250,000 (assuming that the possible decline in the price of breeding pairs is offset by the increasing worth of the fur animals the industry hopes to be getting by then).

Or the chinchillas could be sold at the going price of $1,200 or $1,300—a nice piece of change.

The partners who had provided the two chinchillas to the theater (in return for considerable free advertising) offer an excellent example of what can happen when you parlay your chinchillas.

Two years ago, Elvin D. Richardson was a chiropractor with an established practice in downtown Los Angeles; Robert Rice was a successful industrial engineer. Then they got the chinchilla bug. They pooled all their available resources, bought one pair of chinchillas, made a down payment on a piece of suburban property, installed their animals there in a one-room hut—and prepared to weather a long, lean period.

Today they have a herd of 400 animals. The lien on the lot is almost wiped out; they could pay it off any time, but the man who holds it is getting interested in chinchillas himself and isn't sure whether he wants cash or a pair of breeders. Both Richardson and Rice drive new, high-priced cars. They own a truck for commercial use, and they're building a modern, tile-lined structure to house their herd.

It hasn't all been done with that one pair of chinchillas, of course. Richardson and Rice are shrewd traders. They have bought additional stock and the truck was acquired in a trade with an automobile dealer who wanted his fourteen-year-old son to feel that he was earning his own college education. So they traded—a truck and a few additional monthly payments for Richardson and Rice, in return for a pair of chinchillas for the boy.

Vern Schaap started chinchilla ranching with one sixteenth of a pair nine years ago. He and 15 other men working in the same defense plant put in $100 each and bought the two animals at a bargain price of $1,600. They boarded the pair out and time took care of the rest. Today Schaap has no other job than caring for his chinchillas. He even has started a laboratory of his own where he concocts special medicines for their various illnesses.

"You work for your chinchillas at first," he is fond of saying, "but before long, they work for you."

Because many of the fanciers were, for some reason, professional men or engineers before they became chinchilla herdsmen, they always are inventing things.

Louis A. Ruch, of Butler, New Jersey, a former NCBA director, has a patent pending for an outside watering device that gets a lot of favorable attention at conventions. Ruch is an electrical engineer who worked for General Electric until World War II. After six years in the Navy with the rank of lieutenant commander, he was released from active duty. He'd done a lot of reading on board ship and had become interested in chinchillas. He had some money in the bank, so he invested in a mated pair.

Ruch was as completely taken over by the little animals as Richardson, Rice and Schaap had been. He went on to found, and become first secretary of, the Potomac Chinchilla Ranchers' Club in Washington, D.C.; founder and president of the New Jersey Chinchilla Breeders' Association, and founder and national delegate of the New York-New Jersey branch of the NCBA.

Functions of the Association

Most of the ranchers (about 7,400 of the 8,200 in this country, its territories and Canada) are members of the National Chinchilla Breeders of America, which was organized in 1938 and has its headquarters in Salt Lake City. The NCBA serves as a combined co-ordinating and self-improvement agency for the industry, campaigning against the occasional breeder who refuses to stand behind the stock he sells, and providing innumerable services for members.

Through the 31 local branches of this organization, the breeders have started an insurance plan to protect their herds from fire, theft or other calamity. An association research program has been delving into the problems of nutrition, genetics and genealogy, publishing its findings in a trade journal called The National Chinchilla Breeder. The NCBA staff includes 12 experts all over the country, who supply members with advice, inspect their herds and grade their chinchillas—that is, rate the animals' health and the condition of their fur as part of the continuing effort to set a standard of quality.

Members list their animals with the NCBA; register the transfer of chinchillas that are sold; and submit reports on trades

which are intended to bring new blood into the breeding lines for herd improvement.

In addition, through the NCBA's pelt marketing co-operative, casualty pelts are collected from all over the country and held until there are enough for any single color and quality to be sold in a batch. Prices for such pelts are not too high, of course. What better pelts may bring in the future is open to debate—and is being vigorously and sometimes angrily debated.

"The fur market," says columnist and mink raiser Hy Pesner, "thinks that when the chinchilla is finally marketed it will be sold at around $5 a pelt."

Sure Prices Won't Slump

The NCBA, on the other hand, declared in a recent report that "those who know and have seen premium chinchilla have no doubt but that it . . . will bring three-figure prices at its first offering in quantity." This view has a supporter in the well-known Hollywood furrier, Willard H. George, who has become such an enthusiast that he judges at chinchilla shows. "I myself am not worried about the market for chinchilla," he once wrote the NCBA. "The market is waiting . . ." When really good chinchilla garments are produced, George says, they will be made from pelts of the same shade (they come in light, medium and dark tones) and of the same thickness.

The pattern of chinchilla fur can be seen by blowing it gently, which causes it to flatten against the skin. It consists of a blue-gray band about three quarters of an inch long, and a quarter-inch outer bar of white, topped by fractional blue-black hairs at the extremity.

Chinchillas are born fully furred—and with a full set of teeth. Within six months, they are ready to breed. Normally, they are monogamous (ranchers say they grieve noticeably on the death of a mate). This is a situation which sometimes leads to complications.

Vern Schaap likes to tell about an old chinchilla couple he owned who lived in peace and produced many progeny until suddenly the old lady began whomping the daylights out of the old man. She pulled great chunks of fur out of his coat, and chattered and scolded at him constantly. Every time he'd settle down for an afternoon nap, she'd rout him out and chase him all over the cage.

Determined to find out what the matter was, Schaap established himself in a comfortable chair and sat back to see what would happen when they forgot he was there. It was very simple. A pretty young thing in the pen next door was making eyes at Papa. She was moving over to the wire netting that divides the cages, and was giving the old man the old "come-hither." And who was Papa to resist? Many a younger man has fallen for the same blandishments. She'd rub caressingly against the side of the cage and blink her soft round black eyes in a way that pierced every follicle of Papa's expensive pelt.

Mama, too, merely was running true to form. Papa wasn't going to make an old fool out of himself if she could help it.

Schaap moved the young flibbertigibbet down to a pen at the far end of the battery of cages and introduced her to a nice young man her own age. Conjugal bliss returned to the pen where Mama and Papa lived. Mama had a new litter, and Papa grew patches on his fur coat.

No one has ever done research on the IQ of a chinchilla, but Luther Helleson has one favorite who has learned that ringing a small bell in the corner of her cage will bring her a raisin. Now whenever Helleson takes anyone into the "battery house," she pops out of her compartment, sits up on her hind feet and jingles the bell until Helleson produces the treat.

Reginald Chapman tells of one chinchilla which figured out a way to unlock his door at night, wander about the battery house and return to his cage, closing his door in the morning. He was finally discovered, after leaving his traces around the place for several days, when someone noticed that his door was the only one that was always unlocked in the morning—too much of a coincidence to be accounted for by the keeper's forgetfulness. So the Chapmans promptly devised a better lock for the cages.

One breeder owns a trick-performing chinchilla named Jeanie, who lies down and rolls over at command; sits up and rubs noses and rides on her mistress' shoulder.

Although Jeanie has become a pet, and lives in a house with her owners, most breeders try to avoid such emotional attachments, which might prevent them from selling their chinchillas. The financial appeal being just as strong as the emotional one, however, they usually take exceedingly good care of their animals.

When M. F. Chapman first started breeding operations—at a time when he still had a lot to learn—he built his pens to resemble as closely as possible the Andean caves which are the habitat of the chinchilla in the wild state. The pens were massive affairs of tile and concrete, an elaborate form of construction that has since proved unnecessary.

Today's domestic chinchillas live as mated pairs in wire cages light enough for a woman to lift, and so simply constructed that fancy models can be bought for around $40 (many ranchers make their own from scrap materials). Inside each cage is a small compartment, to afford privacy for the rearing of the young; opposite it is an exercise wheel to keep the little animals trim and healthy.

Chinchilla ranchers say the mortality rate of their little charges is very low—about one per cent at the Chapman establishments—although they warn against overfeeding. (The animals subsist largely on a few ounces of bean straw daily, plus pellets containing a balanced diet.) There are a few enteritic diseases and virus infections which can run through a herd, but a vaccine recently was developed to help ward off such disasters. The animals can withstand a fairly wide range of temperatures, too. One breeder has reported temperatures as low as 10 degrees in his unheated building with no ill effects on the inhabitants; in places where the summertime heat goes much over 70 degrees, breeders normally use air conditioning.

Despite the hardiness of the animals, the business of raising chinchillas isn't wholly foolproof. Accidents do happen sometimes.

Fine Furs Masked Heartbreak

An attractive little woman recently attended a meeting of the Los Angeles County branch of the Chinchilla Breeders of America at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. She was pretty as a picture. An off-the-face hat with a chinchilla brim was atop her soft blonde hair. She wore a gray suit and carried a large muff—chinchilla also.

Chinchilla is not a common fur, and the relatively few chinchilla garments in this country (most of them made from the near-extinct South American fur) are very expensive. So there was quite a rustle of admiration as the woman passed through the lobby. It wasn't all masculine either.

One young thing starting into the cocktail lounge paused to tug at the arm of her escort. "See?" she told him as the elevator opened to receive the pretty little woman. "That's what I mean. That's chinchilla. She must be worth millions."

Two floors up, the elevator doors opened again and the pretty little woman stepped out onto the convention floor. Again she was the center of all eyes. But these were the eyes of chinchilla breeders and their wives. A little brooding noise of commiseration ran over the people there. They knew about thermostats that sometimes go haywire in the night and cause heat prostrations. They knew all the hazards of the business. And they knew that it wasn't vanity that trimmed her costume.

One woman came forward, hands outstretched. "Oh, my dear," she cried, as to one recently bereaved. "How terrible! How did it happen?" THE END

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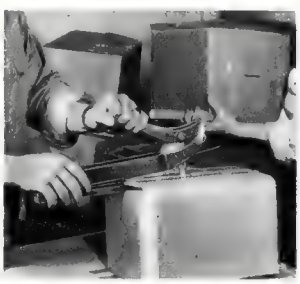

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Then I accidentally tossed a pebble at two pigeons feeding beside the water fountain. They flew up just as Mrs. Baker was putting. She missed

Peewee's My Buddy

By GEORGE P. MORRILL

The Bakers were heavy tippers, and Peewee and I couldn't afford not to caddie for them. But considering what we had to do for our money, we earned every cent of it

YOU won't believe this, but last year I had my dog Leper trained so he'd bark three times when a big car drove into the Quotonset Golf Course. That way, Peewee Benjourni and I could sit in my uncle's barn, dodging the cheap skates and old ladies' foursomes, until a good tipper came along. Then Leper would bark and we'd run down. We always rated the job, because we had put our names at the top of the caddie list at six o'clock in the morning.

It was a neat racket.

Well, one day Leper barked and we began caddying for the Henley Bakers, those new folks from Stannard Beach. We didn't know they were different from anybody else until Mrs. Baker got off her drive from the first tee. She flipped back her red hair, took a stance like a man, and walloped the ball two hundred and thirty yards.

Peewee pulled a seven iron out of the bag on his shoulder and handed it to me. "Conk me with this, Bo," he said. "The old lamps are seeing crazy again."

Then Mr. Baker's ball sailed over our heads and bounced up the fairway—ten yards farther.

We looked at each other, bug-eyed. Peewee scratched his sunburned beak. "Maybe they's Mr. and Mrs. Sammy Snead," he whispered.

They walked up rapidly, gripping their drivers like swords. Mr. Baker was a short, stout man with bristly hair. He had a hook nose. His big rubbery lips writhed around a cigar like snakes.

Mrs. Baker was the opposite—tall and beautiful. She had bold green eyes and dazzling teeth. She looked like one of those women you see in statues holding a spear and shield.

Mr. Baker peered at the two balls sharply. He took the cigar out of his mouth and chuckled. "A little more *fortissimo*, my dear," he said. "Perhaps there's a ladies' tee on the next hole."

"Can that," snapped Mrs. Baker.

She took a number-six iron from Peewee and laid the ball two feet from the pin. It was the prettiest shot I'd ever seen.

She kissed the club and tossed it back to Peewee. "You're red-hot today, Old Lady Baker," she said.

Mr. Baker grumbled something about ridiculous female luck. Then he took a seven iron and made a very classy looper to the edge of the green. But his wife sank her putt and he missed his.

"Tough," Mrs. Baker said sweetly.

"Damn it, Lorraine!" he blurted through his cigar. "You rattled me, moving your feet like that."

Mrs. Baker jerked her thumb at him and addressed Peewee and me. "Catch this routine, fellas."

On the second hole, Mr. Baker drove the sand trap—the longest belt either Peewee or I could remember. When he came up, I was waiting there.

"Good Lord, caddie," he muttered, "couldn't you have kicked that onto the fairway?"

I thought he was kidding. Anyway, he won the hole with a three-stroke birdie. But a few minutes later I found *his* ball squashed down in the

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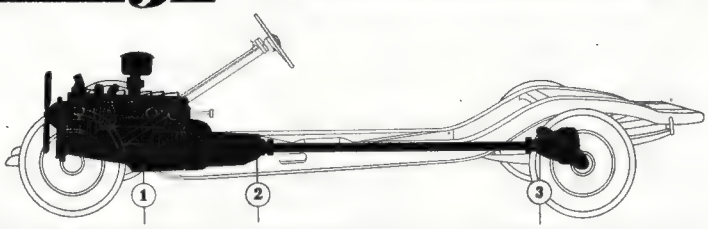

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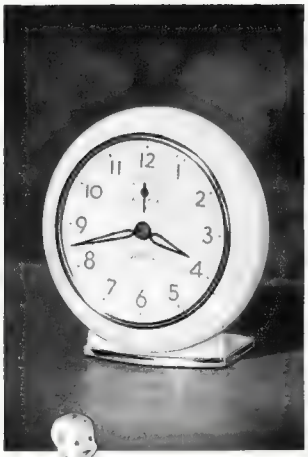

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turf with a faint heelprint behind it.

He swung around angrily. "Somebody stepped on this ball," he howled.

"Don't be absurd, Mirt," said Mrs. Baker. "It was a loft shot, and the ground's spongy."

I looked at Peewee. He was scanning the sky innocently. Then I caught on. She had been giving him advice the same way.

I evened things up on the fifth by kicking her ball in the brook. Peewee hit back on the eighth. He dropped his clubs just as Mr. Baker putted. It was the craziest round of golf you ever saw.

At the end of eighteen holes, we were limp—all of us.

Mr. Baker took me aside and growled through his third cigar, "This other caddie—is he pulling any damned nonsense out there?"

Now, I was kind of burned at Peewee by this time. I felt like fixing him good. But, after all, we were buddies—and he might fix me right back. So I said, "No, Mr. Baker. But you can count on me to keep my eyes open, sir."

He wagged that big nose of his up and down me speculatively, then shoved a dollar in my hand. "I like your style, boy. Come back tomorrow."

After their fancy red convertible had pulled out, Peewee showed me another dollar. Mrs. Baker wanted him back tomorrow, too.

"See you later, Peewee," I said coolly.

"Yeah," he said.

We walked home by different streets.

WELL, that's how it started. Peewee and I caddied for the Bakers all summer. They were brilliant golfers—but it wasn't golf they played. They *battled* on the course. Peewee and I got dragged into it, head over teakettle. We lost weight trying to outwit each other. We rattled clubs, buried balls, jockeyed score cards. He stopped coming around to my house. Things grew real frosty between us.

Oh, we kept our operations pretty well undercover; at least neither of us got caught red-handed. But sometimes Mr. Baker eyed Peewee suspiciously, and Mrs. Baker grumbled at me. One time—after I'd made an extra loud *ka-whoooo* on the seventh green—she waved her putter in angry circles.

"In Scotland," she choked, "if a caddie sneezes when someone is shooting, he gets conked with the club."

I backed off. Mr. Baker bristled. "A damned good rule, Lorraine. That caddie of yours is a brass band every time I take a swing."

They glared at each other. Peewee glared at me. The four of us marched to the next tee like a platoon of soldiers moving up to the trenches.

Looking back, I suppose the reason the Bakers took the game so seriously was that she really had the edge on him. She blazed around the course like Babe Zaharias. He was a big-shot executive and couldn't stand that. It was sheer luck that I could usually sneak over a few extras on Peewee—and keep the scores about even.

Man, how they laced into each other! Once she beat him, six up and five to go—helped by Peewee's quick transfer of balls in the eighth-hole water trap. Mr. Baker insisted on shooting it out, lost his temper, and beat the pool to a froth with his chrome-shafted dynamiter.

". . . thirteen, fourteen, fifteen . . ." she counted, "sixteen, seventeen . . ."

When we got back to the clubhouse, his cigar was just a rag in a purple face. Peewee collected a three-buck tip. I collected nothing.

But again, when Mrs. Baker's brassie shot went *thwock* in the mudbank of Fairway Brook, Mr. Baker bent at the waist and banged his club on the ground.

"Hah," he said. "Nice *drilling*, my dear."

I collected that time.

Things went on that way. Peewee and I had always been good pals, but along in August I positively hated him. He pulled a dirty trick the day I paid Willie Salzgaber fifty cents to park his jalopy near the eleventh tee and blow his horn when Mrs. Baker drove. Willie blew when *Mr.* Baker drove—and the ball hooked over Norton's henhouse. I found out Peewee had paid seventy-five cents to work the double cross.

"I ought to poke you in the nose," I told him.

"You do and I'll squeal about the extra balls you been dropping when old Baker slams one in the rough."

I kept racking my brains for new ways to keep Baker's score down, because every time he won I got a nice fat tip. At sundown, I would sit on the steps of my house, overlooking the ninth green, and figure where to plant balls that would come in handy if he blew a shot. One night I was sitting there, tossing a stick for Leper, when the Great Idea came to me. It was like a flash bulb going off between the ears.

"Here, Leper, old boy," I said.

He trotted up and sat with one ear over his eye.

"You got any brains with those fleas, mutt?"

He rolled over intelligently to have his stomach scratched.

The Great Idea would have paid real dividends if I had thought of it sooner. As things turned out, it worked only once, but that was enough to corner me the biggest tip in Quotonset caddie history.

It happened on Labor Day week end. The Bakers drove in with their convertible Simonized up like a mirror. Mr. Baker looked sharp in his Panama hat and nylon shirt. Mrs. Baker pushed open the door, and beckoned.

"'Hop in, fellas," she said.

They took us to dinner at the Surf House. We had steaks and French fries and ice cream with strawberries. It was quite a jolt to see how good the Bakers got along with each other, three miles from the clubhouse. Kidding, laughing—just like anybody. Mr. Baker explained that they had been called West unexpectedly; in fact, they were leaving in two hours.

"We're not dressed for golf," he added, "but we thought a nice, friendly nine holes to wind up the season—"

"An *easy* nine," Mrs. Baker emphasized. "I'm wearing my best lace blouse."

They were so polite to each other that I got nervous. And Peewee dropped a strawberry, *splap*, on the tablecloth. If this was the way they were going to be, our whole summer of battle experience was wasted.

But, driving back, I saw everything was going to be okay. As we approached the course, Mr. Baker's ears grew red and Mrs. Baker's eyes turned glittery. When she marked his ball with a penknife, I knew this round was going to be the same as the others—only more so.

"Just to prevent confusion," she explained politely, closing the penknife.

"Fine," he said. And he gouged an X on hers. His first drive was colossal. It hit the bunker and bounced onto the green. He sunk the putt for an eagle. Mrs. Baker got a par four.

"Your left elbow was a trifle high, dear." He lighted his cigar and blew a cloud of stinking smoke.

Her face turned red. But she gave a cracked smile. "That's very constructive criticism, Mirt. Thank you."

ON THE second, Peewee accidentally kicked Mr. Baker's ball into a divot hole. Then I accidentally tossed a pebble at two pigeons feeding beside the water fountain. They flew up just as Mrs. Baker was putting an eight-incher on the green. She missed.

"If you'd try placing your feet tight together, like this," said Mr. Baker.

She nodded calmly. A strange, high-pitched *whee-e-e* came out of her throat.

From then on, the going was rough. It was the politest, dirtiest match ever played outside of a gamblers' country club. Mr. Baker smoked and scowled and actually dogtrotted between shots. After six holes, his new Panama hat looked like a relief map of the Andes. Mrs. Baker sweated ruinously through her lace blouse.

On the seventh, Peewee tripped me just as Mr. Baker made his approach lay-up. I went down with a clatter of loose clubs, and his ball dribbled about six feet—*bump, bump, bump.*

"I believe you topped that," said Mrs. Baker. "You seem to be hauling up awkwardly. Loosen your hips a little."

Mr. Baker nodded. "Yes," he said gently, "yes."

He stepped back and swung his club with all his might at a sapling. *Bo-ing.* We left it there, coiled around the trunk like a silver cobra.

Somehow or other we got to the ninth tee and the score was four up. Mr. and Mrs. Baker sort of collapsed on the log seat. Peewee and I squinted down the fairway and didn't say a word. We rested grimly for a while. I kept thinking about Peewee and how he had once been my best pal. Every

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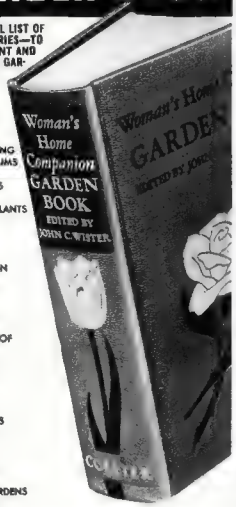

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COLLIER'S — LAFE LOCKE

time I looked at his weasel puss, my shin began to throb where he'd tripped me. And every time he looked at me, his hand went up to that purple egg under his eye where my elbow had caught him at the fifth-hole fountain. We *despised* each other.

"Well, Lorraine," said Mr. Baker, standing up, "going to shoot the green?"

She shielded her eyes and looked down the fairway. The sun bathed the course in gold. Here and there a club flashed. The ninth was a three-hundred-and-sixty-yard dog-leg with Merwin's Pond in the knee. If you felt reckless, you played it over the water and onto the green in two strokes. That meant a two-hundred-and-twenty-yard drive with plenty of loft, as there were thirty-foot evergreens along the bank of the pond.

"It's your shot," she said.

He chewed his cigar speculatively. "By George, I'll do it."

His drive went up—up until I lost it in the sun. Then it came down like a dead bird. *Plop*. A circle appeared on the water. It grew into a bigger circle, which grew into a bigger circle . . .

"You didn't keep your head down," Mrs. Baker said.

Mr. Baker spat out the part of his cigar he had bitten off. He teed up another ball with a trembling hand. He measured his stroke with great care, then swung madly. The ball streaked for the water, whining like a bullet. It sent up a small geyser about three feet from the first.

"Were you *aiming* for that?" said Mrs. Baker.

Mr. Baker turned. All I could see was a crimson face, pebbled with sweat, and a cigar stub that danced in his mouth. His lips squirmed furiously, and words came out: "Give me another ball, caddie."

WELL, I can't describe how he laid into that one. The ball just exploded off his club and *blurred* across the pond.

It drove into the evergreens with a splintering of branches—and vanished.

"That punched through, didn't it, caddie?" he croaked. "Didn't it? Didn't it?"

Mrs. Baker got up. "I think it was silly to drive over the pond."

She hit a nice safe one up the fairway. That was the blowoff. Baker slammed his driver into the bag so hard my shoulder tingled.

"Damned unsporting of you, Lorraine!" he shouted.

She gave Peewee a wink and said nothing.

We walked on, so quiet our footsteps sounded loud in the grass. Right then I put the Great Idea to work. I lagged back and took out a little silver whistle. Peewee saw me.

"What you pullin'?" he said suspiciously.

"I'm blowing for the angels," I said. I tried to blow the little whistle. Not a sound came out.

"Paper lungs," he jeered.

I handed him the whistle. "You get a peep out of her and I'll give you a buck, Bone Crusher."

All the way to Mrs. Baker's ball, Peewee ballooned his cheeks and blew the whistle. And shook it. And tried to clean it out with his fingernail. He tossed it back.

"Your whistles don't work no better than your tricks," he said.

Mrs. Baker pegged a sweet lofter to the green. When we came up, Mr. Baker's ball was nowhere in sight.

She waved her mashie at the evergreens. "It's probably in an owl's nest up there."

"Maybe it's in the cup," I ventured.

MRS. BAKER took her first putt, and Mr. Baker thrashed around under the evergreens.

"I'll find that damned ball," he growled, "if we stay here till midnight."

"Maybe you sank her, sir," I said.

"Now, that'll be enough," he said.

Mrs. Baker leaned over to make her second putt. Suddenly she stiffened—like an electric shock had come up through her shoes. Her putter went *plunk* on the grass. She reached in the cup and took out a shiny white Three-Star Royal.

"By George!" cried Mr. Baker, running over.

It was his ball, all right. Brand-new, with one mark where his driver had hit. Mrs. Baker sat down dizzily.

"My mother warned me," she said, "but I wouldn't listen. She wanted me to marry a boy named Roland who wore leather neckties—a normal man."

Mr. Baker kept nodding his head and turning the ball in his fingers. "Well, well, well, well, well."

She got up and squinted at him poisonously. "Stop *drooling*. Take me to California."

Well, you should have seen how Peewee looked when I flashed my ten-dollar tip. It made up for everything. All of a sudden I didn't hate him any more. We stood there and watched the Bakers' big convertible disappear down Route 1, and somehow we felt sort of close to each other—like a couple of fighters who had stepped out of the ring, bloody but still friends.

"Jeez," he said, "what screwballs!"

"Yeah," I said.

"And what a shot!"

"Yeah," I said.

I didn't tell him about the nights I'd spent training Leper to find a ball and drop it in the ninth-hole cup. Or the high-frequency whistle that people couldn't hear but dogs could—the little silver whistle that Peewee had blown so hard. I think he'd have been sore to find out he'd given Leper the signal himself.

I'm not going to tell him all that until I'm good and mad at him again. THE END

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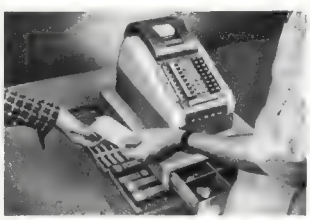

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I "Married" Somebody Else's Husband

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

To top it off, Sid called up. "Bob home yet?" he asked crisply.

"Yes," I said. "The wanderer has returned."

"Well, tell him that dinosaur got away. They've got a police cordon around Central Park." And he hung up.

They both thought it was very funny. My new manicure was chewed to a frazzle, and *those* two jokers were convulsed! Florence told me later that Sid couldn't sleep that night for laughing.

My two husbands love to gang up on me like this. One time, when we were going out with Sid and Florence, I wanted to wear a dress that Bob didn't like. He said it reminded him of the shroudlike outfits I sometimes wear for a gag on the show. When Sid came over, he turned thumbs down, too. Pretty soon I was arguing with both of them. Things like this can be mighty confusing. You don't know which husband to tell to shut up and mind his own business.

Being a woman who knows her own mind, I wore the dress. Neither Sid nor Bob would speak to me for the rest of the evening. (Florence, who has been married to Sid for eight years, was sympathetic.)

Coincidence Has Limitations

Incidentally, as if I needed anything else to confuse me, both Bob and Sid were theater doormen before they got into show business. And that isn't all. They were both doormen at the same theater—the Capitol, in New York! Fortunately, they were there at different times, proving that you can push coincidence only so far.

Considering my own occasional bewilderment at the dual life I lead, I don't find it very surprising that the people who see Sid and me on television appear equally uncertain about our relationship. The letters we receive reflect this. Many of the writers wish us continued happiness together; others give or ask domestic advice.

One New Jersey man and wife, celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, wrote: "You remind us of our early years of marriage. Like you, we were so much in love . . . Remember to respect and trust one another, and you will always be as happy as we have been."

When Bob read this—after my television mate had passed it over to him—he looked at his shy-eyed bride of some 17 years and snickered quietly.

Occasionally letters come addressed to me alone, with advice on how to handle Sid. One woman wrote: "Basically, your husband is a very uncertain young man. You should bolster his ego, instead of being so rough on him."

I turned that one over to Florence.

But our fan mail doesn't always bring smiles. Once Sid and I got a plaintive and only partly fictional letter from a ten-year-old boy. He wrote of a man—the man next door, he called him—who came home drunk each night and yelled at his wife. Then the letter said: "Won't you please act a story about a man who comes home drunk like this, and hits his wife and yells at her, and then maybe this man will see how wrong it is, and he won't do it no more, because it makes his children feel awful bad."

Sid and I have never acted that out, but of all the letters we've received, I'm sure that's the one we'll remember longest.

I'm glad to report that notes like this one are rare. Most of our mail consists of letters from people who just take it for granted that we're married—and people who have heard that it isn't so, but refuse to believe it.

One woman wrote: "I'm told that you aren't really Mr. and Mrs. Caesar. I hope this isn't true, because you seem to suit each other so well. You even quarrel beautifully. All I can say is—if you aren't married, you sure ought to be!"

This lady doesn't know how wrong she is. Because if Sid and I *were* married, I'd have only one husband, just like any other housewife. And for a gal who has been happily practicing bigamy—and getting away with it—for years, that would be unbearably dull. THE END

CARL PERUTZ

Sid Caesar and his wife, Florence, with their daughter, Michele. Sid's TV "marriage" is more confusing to Michele than anyone else

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Circulation Builder

EDITOR: Your editorial January 5th (Truman's Crystal Ball) expresses my opinion. Another 10 months of these expressions and you can extend this Southern Democrat's subscription for another 10 years.

C. M. KNOX, Breckenridge, Texas

All About Eve

EDITOR: Congratulations to Collier's and Thomas Carlile, on the article about Eve Arden who portrays the witty and hilarious schoolteacher, Our Miss Brooks (Eve Arden—Teachers' Pet, Jan. 5th).

To me, this is one of the best articles I have read.

Eve Arden is my favorite radio personality, and I will be tuned in each Sunday.

DOROTHY GAND, Peoria, Ill.

Doctors' Descendant

EDITOR: While reclining recently in a physician's office, I fell to reading the very intriguing Adventures of a Young Doctor, by A. J. Cronin.

Being a descendant of a long line of physicians, I am never weary of pondering their truly marvelous attainments, and would be so glad to mail you a check covering the complete issues of Collier's containing this series by Mr. Cronin.

It's a joy to "feel at home," and unashamed of periodicals one scatters around the living room. One need never feel that an apology is necessary where the postman leaves Collier's.

MRS. E. E. HUGULEY, Atlanta, Ga.

Thanks, Boys

EDITOR: I enjoyed your article Planet Parenthood (Jan. 5th) very much. It was what our squadron would call superific.

We're all Tom Corbett, Space Cadet fans, but we enjoy the other TV rocketeers.

From our squadron to your writers—spaceman's luck!

SPACE SQUADRON of Springfield, Ohio

Collector's Item

EDITOR: Thanks to Jack Finney for writing Stopover at Reno (Jan. 5th). He's started my 1952 reading off with a big, big bang, with a magnificent and wonderful story. Never have I read a story, anywhere, that I wanted to skip to see how it would end, yet so thrilled with every word that I wouldn't dare skip one word for fear I'd miss the fun and excitement!

I've cut the story out to put into my scrapbook, which holds only a few, for I have not read many stories through 20-odd years that I considered good enough to cut out and save.

GRACE CALDWELL, Austin, Texas

Long Legs

EDITOR: Enjoyed Howard Brodie's American Sketchbook feature, Hootin' Owl Holler (Dec. 29th) very much. But who belongs to the extra pair of crossed legs in the interior cabin scene?

E. F. CLAPP, Fresno, Cal.

They grow tall in them thar hills.

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

dry white wine. The cooking proceeds for forty minutes with a gentleness . . ." At this point Mr. Sewing, still lobsterless, demanded his bill, paid it, and departed in a rage from which he has not yet recovered. "And that," he says, "is what is wrong with our foreign relations. Anybody who would treat a lobster like that just doesn't understand America."

★ ★ ★

From the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sunny shores of California (a neat comprehensive we've picked up somewhere on our travels), states and statesmen have been badgering the United States Air Force to establish their installations and training bases within their areas. But none live in nor represent Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. The announcement that the government planned to build a $65,000,000 base in Lancaster County wasn't two days old before a large and boulder-jawed body of farmers—the Lancaster Farm and Home Committee—led by chairman Robert Posey of Lititz, the pretzel town, began waving the Air Force back. Lancaster County is the home of such rigidly disciplined religious sects as the Amish, the Dunkards, the Mennonites and the Brethren, and it's one of the most fertile and thoroughly cultivated areas in America. "The sweat of generations has preserved this farm land to raise food for the nation," says Mr. Posey solemnly. "Must we now destroy it? Must we set up a precedent of destruction in this garden spot?". We almost forgot to mention that out of this same Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, from Amish, Mennonite, Dunkard and Brethren homes, have come many of America's battle heroes from Valley Forge to Heartbreak Ridge. That's what they fought for—the land they love.

★ ★ ★

Naturally we meet people who aren't talking politics. Ran into four guys in overalls who were working up quite a lather about the prospects of rocket flights to the moon. Couldn't stop to hear it all because these guys looked set for the whole afternoon and maybe the evening. But one of them said: "Oh, yeah? And what if they do find there's people living on the moon? Know what that means?" And the man sitting next to him yawned. "Yeah, I know," he said resignedly. "It means it's going to somehow cost the United States a hell of a lot of dough."

★ ★ ★

It says here, men, that Great Salt Lake in Utah is rising. Not just rising like the tides only to ebb again. But rising and staying rose (or risen, or whatever it is). Great Salt Lake is four feet deeper this moment than it was in 1943. With the shore line backed up anywhere from a mile to five miles, the salt producers in the vicinity are worrying about their pumps and damage that might put them out of action. No salt shortage yet, of course, but with all the salt that we'll have to take with what we hear during the coming Presidential campaign, we can't guarantee that there won't be.

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SHULTON
New York Toronto

You Can't Please Everyone

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

custom to try to please everybody, and never to hurt anyone's feelings, for no more ulterior motive than to be liked everywhere. Her friends were very important to her. At first she had evaded Hugh, and been on-and-off with him, and continued to go out with other men, and then tried to arrange double dates so Emily could be with them. Some of these evenings had been lamentable failures, and finally it was Emily who had sighed and said, "Listen, Serena, Hugh's taking you out, not me."

"Oh, it's nothing serious," Serena had said hastily, and then she had felt a pang of remorse. These pangs were the price she paid for trying to deceive, or, as Emily sometimes said, for thinking that if she saved the surface, she saved all. Fundamentally, Serena was honest, and she never deceived herself. But she could not bear to hurt Emily, and the thought of losing her sometimes made her afraid of Hugh.

THIS morning, Serena hurried by the great gray beech tree at the Beacon Street corner of the Public Gardens, with a portfolio under her arm. She looked so haunted by worry, you would not have guessed that last night she had promised to marry Hugh.

Hugh had given her a family ring, pearls and sapphires set in yellow gold, and she was wearing it now, heroine style, on a gold chain under her dress. She did not want Emily to see the ring until she had told her the news. She dreaded the prospect. And yet she knew her friend so well that she was not afraid of the outcome, only of the telling.

"Now Emily'll have to know," she had said last night, staring down at the new ring on her hand, which suddenly felt new, too.

"Maybe Emily knows," Hugh had said. "Emily isn't blind."

Not blind, but perhaps deceived by optical illusions. Hugh did not know the many devious ways Serena had shielded Emily from full knowledge of the love affair. Emily had been staying out at Concord because her mother wasn't well, and did not know that Serena spent almost every evening with Hugh. Often, Serena went out to be with the Carters for the week end, and if she was fidgety to be back with Hugh for Sunday evening, she never explained her impatience. Once she had nearly been caught. Emily had asked her, casually enough, if she was coming for the week end, and Serena had said yes. But then, as a surprise, Hugh had turned up with tickets for a musical that was being tried out in Boston, for Saturday night.

Serena had said, "Oh, Hugh! I don't see how I can go! I'm going to Concord."

Hugh's face had grown set. "Week ends are our best time," he had said. "You spend an awful lot of them with the Carters. Can't you get out of this one? Emily'll understand."

But Serena had got out of it, not by saying she had a date with Hugh, but by saying, truthfully enough, that something unexpected had come up and not explaining what it was. She had done it with surprising awkwardness, and Emily had raised her eyebrows and said, "Serena, it's not a bit important. Stop dithering. Come another time."

Last night, Serena had said to Hugh, "I just don't want to tell her. I wish I could write her a letter."

Hugh had said, soberly, "It will mean changes, sure. But if we don't get married until spring, that gives you and Emily time to work out the partnership deal, and whatever else there is to settle."

"It isn't only that," Serena had said, and stopped short. She had felt Hugh would never understand how closely related in friendship she and Emily were. Perhaps, like most men, he thought women were never such good friends that what one did affected the other, and did not know there were rights and privileges women were careful of, among themselves, especially where a man was concerned. Emily had known Hugh first. They had had a few dates, and though the dates had been casual, semi-business meetings, perhaps Emily still hoped that was all Serena's own dates with Hugh were. . . .

Suffering guilt and dread, Serena crossed the Public Gardens on the way to work, and still could not decide the best time to tell Emily. Should she begin the day with the announcement? She couldn't tell her at lunchtime, because she had made a date. Perhaps she should simply wait until she felt the appropriate, private moment had come.

"Sometime today," Serena said. "I promise."

She felt relieved at even that much delay, and ran lightly up the stairs.

She was the first one to arrive, and, alone, Serena was subject to one of those moods that are part of a love affair, too, a natural drawing-back from all that is intimated, a fear of all that seemed so simple in embrace, only a few hours before. She felt she didn't want to marry Hugh right now, or anyone. It was so pleasant just this way. She didn't want anything to change, and, looking around at the lemon-yellow walls and the red files and shelves, and at what they called the Personal Column—a bookcase where a row of miniature elephants marched, where she and Emily kept tea things and a small glass tank of goldfish and another one with two turtles, called Gertrude and Herman—Serena had an acute attack of the dread of change.

She watered the plants, opened the window and swore at the pigeons, dusted with a bright red duster that always amused the boys in the building, who never dusted at all, and changed the water in the goldfish tank.

When Emily came in, half an hour later, Serena was so glad to see her that it seemed like any ordinary day.

"What's special about today?" Emily asked.

Serena jumped, and yet in a second she realized it was a customary way Emily had of asking whether there was anything they had to finish for a deadline, or whether there had been any unexpected mail or telephone calls.

"Nothing," Serena said, and her hand flew to her bosom and she felt Hugh's ring. There it was. As real as love. And a reminder that change is inevitable.

The partners worked that morning in unusual silence, so that the sound of Serena sharpening charcoal on a sandpaper board or of Emily unstoppering a bottle of India ink seemed loud. Serena went out and came back with coffee for them both, and Emily looked at her quizzically as she took the cardboard container.

"What have you gone and done, Serena?" she said. "Used up all the petty cash?"

Serena blushed, because Emily always said the first sign of guilt in Serena was her performing thoughtful little services for those around her. "No," she said.

Yet of course it was Serena's quickness of feeling, and her awareness of feeling in others, that made her so attractive, and perhaps her placating habits were only left over from the old, uncertain days, when she was too young to manage her own concerns and never knew where she would find herself next. It had been very important for her to please everyone then.

"Lunch?" said Emily, finally, and Serena jumped again.

"I have to go and see Bonny," she said, nervously. "I said I would. But I'll hurry, and when I come back, we can have a sandwich together."

Again, Emily's face showed that quizzical look, but she only said, "Okay, and give Bonny my love. Tell her I'll be around some evening this week."

Serena took with her an expensive print she knew Bonny had coveted in the window of a neighborhood art store, for she worked in Park Square, too. "You shouldn't," Bonny said, with weak tears of convalescence in her eyes. "Darn it, Serena, just seeing you would have been enough. You can't afford this!"

"Shh," said Serena. "It's an engagement present. I got engaged to Hugh last night."

"Wonderful!" Bonny said. "Now I really do feel better!"

How easy it was to tell Bonny, whose affections were not involved! It almost seemed to Serena that the ordeal of telling Emily was over, but the minute she saw the note on the door, from the real Emily, saying *Couldn't wait. Starved. Back soon,* she knew it was not. She went out and had a sandwich by herself, aware that the day was shortening rapidly.

EMILY was working when Serena got back, and after Serena had given the news of Bonny, silence fell. It was a queer silence, and, by some freakish set of circumstances, no one dropped in on them all afternoon, so that the silence continued until it got to be that lost hour before a wintry day ends and evening begins. The lights over the drawing boards were on, but

COLLIER'S "We humor him. He thinks he's a boxer" ERIC ERICSON

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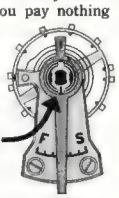

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no others, and this threw the drawing boards and the work on them into relief, while they themselves were in shadow. At the outer edges of the big room, familiar things stood in pools of darkness. Serena looked out at the Public Gardens, where she had said she would meet Hugh at six, because they were going to the Ritz Bar. She didn't want to be called for, she had told him.

"But maybe Emily'll come along for a champagne cocktail, to celebrate," she had said.

Hugh had hesitated oddly. "We'll have them anyway, even if Emily doesn't come," he had said.

She had thought then only that he was not very enthusiastic about having Emily with them the first night of their official engagement, and she had explained how much Emily stood for in her life, and how much all the Carters meant to her. "I wish we could both be part of their circle," she had said.

"We'll have to make our own, I guess," Hugh had answered.

THE silence, now, seemed endless, and the scene outside looked suddenly dark and historical. Another era—of horse-drawn vehicles, and women in veils, and violets sold from a street-corner basket, and skaters on the pond—seemed caught in this solitary hour, and Serena did, too. Then she shivered, waking to the realization of here and now.

Emily said, "Are you cold?"

"No," said Serena. "I just shivered."

Emily said nothing. Serena went on working. Her hand moved, but everything else about her was fixed and rigid. At last she said, "Emily," and her voice sounded hoarse and unused.

"What?" said Emily, and Serena knew that she, too, was going right on working. She could hear the sound of her brush on the paper.

"Just a minute," Serena said, as though she had come to a place where all her attention was suddenly needed. She neatly filled in reds—a coat, a roof, a high light—rinsed off her brush, and put it down on the slab of thick glass beside her, where she kept colors and brushes. She got up, took the illustration in her hands, holding it carefully by the edges, and laid it on a wide shelf over in the darkness. Then she came and stood back of her drawing board, noting thumbtack holes, scars, inkstains, paint splashes.

"Emily," she said. "I have something to tell you."

"Yes?" Emily said. "What is it?"

Her voice made Serena feel plunged into cold darkness. She had known that feeling so many times in her life—so many departures, farewells, changes, losses. She felt a pang of longing for what seemed to be here, for what had been here until this very moment—their independent life as single young women, for whom everything still offered, and whose choices had not yet been made.

"I'm going to marry Hugh," Serena said.

"I see," said Emily, at last. "This is your idea of breaking the news gently?"

The silence that fell now was garish, as though lightning were in the room. Everything stood out, distinct in outline, yet meaningless in the unnatural glare: everything went on waiting. The two girls waited, their drawing boards between them like a barrier, and finally, slowly, Serena drew up the chain from under her dress, unclasped it, and took off the ring and put it on her finger. "How can I *help* knowing what you feel?" she said. "There wasn't anything I could do, Emily."

Emily got to her feet and said quietly, "Damn you, Serena!"

And Serena, startled, faltered out exactly what she meant, a pitiful, childish cry: "Oh, Emily, don't be mad at me! This isn't the way I wanted it to be!"

"Of course, you didn't," Emily said, quietly and viciously. "You wanted it all sweet and pleasant, didn't you—with me throwing my arms around you, and wiping away a tear, and saying, 'Darling, I'm so happy for you!' You've got a lot to learn, Serena. About people. Even about love. It's not all sweetness and light, not by any means. Sometimes it looks like a sunny meadow; you take a step, and there's quicksand. That happened to me. I've had to watch you and Hugh fall in love, and it's made me hideous and hateful. I can't stand the sight of you, Serena."

Serena put out her hand. "Emily, what are you saying?"

"Why, I suppose," said Emily, bitterly, "I'm saying you've got Hugh and you've lost me. I'm sure that wasn't what you wanted."

Serena could see Emily now. The glare of emotion had subsided enough for that, and she could make out Emily's white face, marked with dark lines and shadows, like a poster picture of a woman.

Emily said, "Tell me one thing. Do you really love Hugh?"

Even then, Serena hesitated, torn between her longing not to hurt Emily, whom she had known so well and been so fond of, and the necessity of telling the truth. If she did not speak now, she never would. She clenched her hands on the top of the drawing board, and felt the words would never come, so she nodded.

"I'll never forget this evening, Harold—try as I will"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

"And he loves you, doesn't he?" Emily said.

"Yes," Serena whispered. But she could not, for her life, help adding, "I suppose so," to soften the blow.

With her foot, Emily crashed the big portfolio that had stood beside her stool to the floor. It sounded like a building collapsing.

Serena, seeing her rage, spoke boldly at last. "It's true," she said. "We've loved each other all the time."

But she clung to the drawing board as to a spar, while everything she had hoped for was swept away. Emily was gone, and all the pleasant memories and associations were wiped out by this terrible encounter. "What did I do to make you hate me?" she asked.

"Nothing," Emily said, at once. "It's the situation. But you seem to be it."

There was another silence, and then Emily said, almost thoughtfully, "I don't suppose it ever occurred to you that you were being cruel."

"Emily, Emily—" Serena said.

She was angry, too, until, with a horrible pang of understanding, she knew what Emily meant. She suddenly saw all her efforts to please as indecision, and the knife that wavers takes twice as long to cut. She had drawn out Emily's sufferings interminably, by minor deceits and petty evasions, and how could Emily have escaped from hope while Serena pretended that nothing had been settled between Hugh and herself? After that, her anger left her unsupported.

"I'm sorry, Emily," she said soberly.

"Be sorry," Emily said. "It's part of what goes on in the world of grown-up people, Serena. You can't please everyone. Somebody loses, somebody wins. I've lost." Suddenly Emily reached up and turned off her light. "I've just this minute decided to take my vacation," she said. "And when I come back, three weeks from tomorrow, I don't want to see a sign of you here. Get yourself out of the office. Do that much, Serena. If there are unfinished jobs we have to do together, I'll send them to your place by messenger, and you can send them back the same way. The partnership's dissolved."

Serena said, "If that's the way you want it."

Emily gave her a queer smile as she pulled on the odd, striped stocking cap she was wearing today.

"That's the girl," she said. "Good-by, Serena."

And she was gone. Serena heard her quick footsteps going down the long flight of wooden stairs, and only when the downstairs door banged did she sink back onto the stool and crouch against the bare surface of the drawing board. Overhead, the light swung slowly, as Serena wept for the last time over Emily and over her own cruelty in trying to spare her.

How could you spare someone else a broken heart?

At last she got up and went next door into the bathroom that had paintings all over the walls, done by everyone in the building for a community enterprise. She washed her face and hands with cold water. She would be coming in and out for the next week or two, working, making final arrangements, and moving out, but something prompted her to remove now her jar of cold cream, her toothbrush, a little bottle of perfume she kept there in the cabinet. She had been through a divorce of friendship, and while she was still numb, before full feeling returned, she might as well perform all the painful small duties of separation, which are as ritualized as those of being joined together.

SERENA went back into the studio. She put a pinch of food in for the turtles. Everyone in the building stopped by to visit the turtles, and they would continue to after Serena was gone. She wondered what it would seem like to Emily, being alone again—because Emily had been fond of her, too, and, willingly or not, Emily would sometimes think of her.

It was with a curious blank feeling that Serena finally opened the door to let herself out. Hugh was sitting on the landing of the dusty stairway.

"I saw Emily leave," he said. "I saw the lights go out and came on over. It was lonesome in the Public Gardens when I couldn't see you any more."

Serena found she could not speak, but she put her hand on his shoulder, and felt a man under the rough, mist-coated tweed of his coat.

"I'm sorry," Hugh said, looking up at her. "I had an idea it would be more of a thing than you expected."

"I should have known," Serena said dully.

"Think it's going to be worth it?" Hugh asked, as he got to his feet. His tone was light, but his hand clenched around her wrist anxiously.

"Yes," Serena said, soberly and slowly, because everything was a little different from the way she had imagined it to be.

THE END

Half-Pint Hercules

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

them plenty of man-hours that way—they didn't have to take stuff apart if Steve could crawl into the thing and fix it.

But now, his first season back with the carny, he wasn't able to get his thinking back in the old groove. In the plant, he had been accepted as a valuable man. And now he was just a sort of doll, and old dames were always wanting to mash the breath out of him hugging him because he was so cute. They couldn't understand, never having known a midge personally, that Steve was nearly forty years old.

A sour-puss on the platform can kill any bally, so I had Steve's wife, Dora, come out and take the bally, doing a couple of dance steps. The rest of the night, we did pretty good business.

AFTER we shut down, I stopped by the little house trailer Steve had built himself out of aluminum. Dora let me in, and I eased down on the sofa at the end, just about filling it. Steve was out somewhere.

Dora had a pot of coffee on the stove and she brought me some in a demitasse. Ordinarily she was full of fun and mischief, but tonight I could see that she was worried, too. Finally I asked her, "Do you think this tizzy Steve's in will last?"

Dora was stirring her coffee with a spoon no larger than a paper clip. She shook her head. "You don't know the half of it, Mac. It's getting worse. There's—there's something that happens to our people, to almost every one. It never happened to me; I stopped growing when I was six years old, and by the time I was eight it was clear enough what I was. But in my family it had happened before—my older sister was a midget and she had been in show business for years. My folks weren't horrified—they thought it was great. I'd always be able to make a good living. But Steve was different."

She paused to listen, not wanting Steve to come back and catch us talking about him, but there were just the sounds of the midway settling down for the night. Then the carrousel organ stopped and there was nothing outside but the stillness of the desert night.

"Steve's folks were in the chips," she went on, lowering her little, piping voice to a whisper. "They tried to keep him hidden—as if it's a disgrace to be a midget. Can you beat it? They gave him everything money could buy—a private gym and an indoor swimming pool and all kinds of stuff. That's how he came to grow up a strong man. But they wouldn't take him out anywhere without dressing him up as a kid. When he was twenty-one, he walked out on them, and he had a rough time knocking around until he signed on with you. And the next season I came on the show and we were married. But I've always been afraid that someday he'd start thinking of himself as a freak. Mac, did you ever know Ken Horsfield, the one that's billed as Major Mosquito?"

"I don't know him," I said. "I always heard he was a louse in spades."

She nodded. "But he wasn't always. He had all kinds of talent. He sings a fine soprano and can do a fine tap routine and can juggle four dinner plates. A swell act. And then the Black Curtain came down on him. He went back to his parents' farm and moped around for a year. And then one day he began talking loud and making passes at the hired girl. He got so arrogant that his family asked him to leave and he went back in show business. But he smokes big cigars and wears corny jewelry and is always trying to trim the big people on the show with him in poker games. And he's an awful jerk."

Her tiny doll-like face creased into lines of misery, and she set her cup down and pulled out a handkerchief three inches square.

The door slammed open and Steve Lorenz strode into the trailer. He was wearing blue jeans and a leather jacket. When he saw Dora crying, he looked murder at me, thinking I had said something to hurt her feelings, but I just spread my hands and shook my head.

He went over to her, took her chin firmly in his fingers, and kissed her. Then he hauled her up out of the tiny armchair and said, "Get me some Java, woman." He flung himself into the chair and scowled at the floor.

Dora turned on the radio to a late record program, turning it down soft. I figured I had better scram and was just bracing myself to slide out when Steve said, "Sorry about tonight, Mac. But that lug out front burned me."

"Forget it," I said. "There's one in every tip."

He pulled out a bag of makings and rolled himself a cigarette. "I ought to tell you, Mac—I've written to every aircraft plant in the country, trying to find a job."

I kept quiet.

"I'm getting out of show business, Mac. Maybe I'll try farming. Or start a home machine shop. I can't stand the damn' lugs and all their cheap gags any more."

"Lugs" was his word for big people.

Dora was coming back with his coffee, but at this she really blew up. She dropped the cup and saucer, and they smashed on the floor, but she didn't notice. She began to cry and then she stamped her foot. "I won't. I won't. I won't keep quiet any longer. Mac's here and I'm going to tell him."

Steve said bitterly, "Shut up."

"I won't! Mac"—she turned her little screwed-up face toward me—"Mac—you're the best pal we have." Then it came tumbling out: "He's scared for us to have a baby. Yes you are, Steve, you're not scared of another thing in this world, but you're *scared* for us to have a baby because midgets' babies grow up big. And when you came back to carny you began thinking about yourself the way some ignorant townie would think about you, and you one of the finest acts in the business! And now you're scared your own child would grow up thinking about his parents the same as a lunkhead townie would, just on account of his folks were midgets. You're not carny any more! You'd rather crawl in and out of machinery all covered with grease carrying a monkey wrench."

"It's a *man's* way of making a living, anyhow," he shrilled at her. "It's better than capering around being a damn' doll!" I thought at first that he was going to slap her, but he swallowed his temper, and then something even worse happened. He sagged. He sort of folded into himself and sat there, looking beaten and miserable. Finally he said, "Maybe I'm just waiting around for another war." Nobody answered him; there was no sound but the radio.

AND then one of those things happened which seem stage-managed, coming in on cue. The music cut off and the announcer's voice cut in with a news bulletin. After the first few words, Steve reached out and turned it up full volume.

"Tragedy has struck again at the San Rosario ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Arne Hansen, whose three-year-old daughter, Shirley, has been entombed in an abandoned well shaft since noon today. The parallel shaft, dug by relays of rescue workers to a depth of sixty feet, caved in at eleven twenty this evening, burying sand hog Ellis Riordan, who was trying to cut a window in the cast-iron casing of the well. When his fellow workers reached him, Riordan was dead. The microphone, lowered into the fourteen-inch pipe where the child is trapped ninety feet below the surface, still records faint sounds of breathing. For further details, stay tuned to the station to which you are listening."

Steve switched the radio off. When he

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raised his head, the mask of black despair was gone. Steve Lorenz was back with us. He said quietly, "Mac, how fast can that heap of yours travel?"

"Around ninety, if we push it."

"How's the rubber?"

"Four new tires this season."

Dora was struggling into her coat. Steve went over to the stove and turned out the flame under the coffeepot. Then he locked the trailer door behind us. "Let's not stall around, Mac. San Rosario is sixty miles away."

WHEN we got there, my shirt was plastered to me with sweat. We had been stopped by a state cop; when he found out where we were going, he sailed on ahead of us with his siren blasting to clear the way and show us to the scene of the accident.

Floodlights marked out a square half acre of sagebrush behind a little adobe ranch house. A crane with a clamshell bucket was bringing up mouthfuls of wet sand. Around the edges of the clear area, cars were parked and people were sitting on their tops, rubbering at the rescue work. Our escort cop took us through the lines to a white-haired man in a trench coat.

"Mr. Hall—here's a fella wants to help." To me he said, "This here's Mr. Hall of the Red Cross. He's in charge of the operation. Good luck."

A long metal tank of oxygen lay on the ground. Beside it was a loud-speaker. A hose from the tank and wires from the amplifying unit of the speaker snaked across the ground and disappeared into a hole that looked, at first sight, to be no bigger than the palm of your hand.

Hall gazed at Steve for a moment and then he said, "It's good of you to volunteer. Mr. . . .?"

"Lorenz," Steve said, lighting a cigarette. "Tell 'em to move that other crane up here—the one that's loaded with Manila rope. I'm going down after that kid."

Through the loud-speaker there came a faint, rhythmical sigh between periods of quiet. The child's breathing. It was shallow and slow.

Hall said, eying Steve closely, "I'm afraid that willingness to serve is not quite enough, Mr. Lorenz. You might make it through the pipe—if you were lucky. After all, you're a lot broader in the shoulders than a three-year-old child. But once you got down there, you might easily be trapped yourself. It would take someone familiar with rescue work—"

Steve flicked away his cigarette. "I'm a mechanic, a welder, and an acrobat. I've got a Red Cross First Aid Instructor's card. I've got no children of my own to be left orphans. Now, do I take a chance on that pipe or do more guys get killed going down that big hole in the sand that's always caving in?"

Hall looked him over for a moment, sizing up Steve as a man. Then he made one gesture, a fierce beckoning, which brought a second crane grinding up on its treads. Kneeling beside Steve at the pipe mouth, Hall unrolled a big sheet of paper like a surveyor's map and weighted down its corners with pebbles. "Now, Mr. Lorenz, I'll brief you on what you will find. This well was sunk thirty years ago by a development company as part of a project to make this section of the country suitable for fruit growing. The water was down deep but it was there—thirty years ago. But resort towns began springing up, tapping the water table north of here, and that dried up this section.

"Eight years ago, a survey was made of all the wells in the locality. This drawing is a scale diagram of the well right here. It goes down two hundred feet. Ten years ago, when the well was abandoned, there wasn't enough water to make it worth operating. But that doesn't mean that the bottom of the pipe isn't flooded. The survey indicated that some shift of the earth had bent the pipe, eighty-three feet down. You can see from the cross-sectional diagram that it slopes off at an angle. Well, right about here—where the cross is made in red pencil—is where the child is trapped; between ten and fifteen feet below the angle in the pipe."

The crane operator had dropped the end of a thin Manila rope at Steve's feet. He picked it up and quickly threw a double-looped bowline in the end.

"To make matters worse," Hall continued calmly, "the pipe may be pretty well rusted through right about there at the bend. The records of the company that sank the wells indicate that when they reached eighty feet they struck a pocket of water but it gave out quickly. That doesn't mean that it isn't still there—enough to fill the pipe, anyhow, if it's tapped. Yet, if the child is badly wedged in, you may have to cut out a section of pipe casing and take a chance of drowning her and yourself, too. Do you understand?"

Steve said, "Go on; I'm listening."

"I would advise you to take a cold chisel and a small sledge. Also a hack saw—we don't know what kind of debris may have fallen down the pipe. If you need any special tools, we might be able to lower them, but we haven't much time. Remember—once you get in there you won't have room to turn around in. We don't know whether the little girl is badly injured or not. You had better take a Syrette of morphine. If you have to give her any, remember that she gets only a third of the Syrette."

Flash bulbs on the cameras of newspaper photographers flamed as Steve, sitting on the edge of the pipe, pushed his legs through the loops in the line and settled himself into his improvised bosun's chair. Dora, who had hung back until now, ran in and kissed him quickly.

STEVE waved to the crane operator, and the drum began to turn slowly. His feet and body slowly vanished below ground level. He looked up at me and winked, and then his head slid out of sight. Dora lay down with her ear to the edge of the pipe to relay signals: Steve would rap twice for "stop lowering," three times for "lower away," and four times for "haul up."

A soft hiss came from the oxygen tank, and, in the background, the chug of the crane's engine. An ambulance backed out of the floodlighted square and headed for the highway—taking away the body of the sand hog. Around the pipe mouth was a small group—two state police, Hall of the Red Cross, the sheriff, the local fire chief, the man from the radio station handling the amplifier, and the boss of the construction company which had lent the cranes.

I was watching the yellow line pay out into the black mouth of the pipe when I heard a heavy crunch of boots behind me. When I turned I saw a young fellow with pale-yellow hair, a young fellow in overalls, whose eyes were red and puffy. The sheriff introduced us; it was Arne Hansen, the father of the child.

He rubbed his eyes with his palms and shook his head. "Fella from the ambulance give me some kind of pill to make me sleep," he said hoarsely. "Only it don't seem to take a-holt. My wife's finally got to sleep, though. Thought I'd come out—" He finally realized that something was being lowered into the well, and his voice broke into a hoarse shout, *"You ain't trying to pull her out with a grapple hook?"*

Hall explained that a midget volunteer was going down.

"A midget?" Hansen shook his head again. "You mean one of them little kids from a circus that never grow up?"

I prodded him in the chest with my finger. "Listen, pal," I told him, "the guy down that hole is only thirty-eight inches tall. But, brother, he's more man than you and me put together."

WHAT happened to Steve below ground must have been about like this: As the light faded over his head, the air in the pipe got warmer. It smelled of mold and decay. The sides of the pipe were scaly with rust, and once a jagged tooth of metal ripped a gash in his leg. He banged twice, the sound traveling up to where Dora listened for it, and she signaled to the crane operator to stop lowering.

Steve hammered the metal flat and then rapped three times. The pipe wall began sliding up past him again. He had a flashlight hung around his neck on a piece of twine, and he kept its beam pointed down between his knees, into the inky blackness. The temperature began to drop as he descended.

He found that trying to estimate his depth was useless; he seemed to drop downward forever. Then he came to a spot where some subterranean unrest had bulged in one side of the pipe. The survey chart hadn't shown this. And while a slim child would have slipped through like an eel, Steve had the broad shoulders and the barrel chest of a weight lifter. He stuck.

The line continued to pay out, coiling around his shoulders, before he rapped violently twice.

Pushing with his hands and wriggling, he forced himself inch by inch past the bulge. Then suddenly he dropped five feet, coming to the end of the line with a jerk that sent a sharp pain through the back of his head. He rapped three times with his hammer.

He was drenched with sweat now, and the pipe was cold. In the beam of his flash, he saw something pale against the darkness below and shouted, "Hey, kid!" but a few more feet brought him closer and he could see that it was just a patch of pale fungus like an obscene caricature of a child's face. He dug viciously at it with his chisel as he sank past it; then he stopped, remembering that if a slab of it fell, it would drop on little Shirley Hansen below him.

He stopped moving. Looking down, he saw it—Hall's survey map was right; the pipe bent, gaping at a joining, and slanted off. Above him, on the surface, Hall must have been counting the revolutions of the drum, measuring the rope, and signaled the operator to stop lowering.

In the damp sand at the break in the pipe casing Steve could make out a row of ridges—the marks of a child's fingers.

This must be eighty feet down.

Steve rapped for more line and it was payed out slowly, inch by inch, as he slid down the steep slope of the tunnel.

Two sharp raps. Three. Two. Then three. Then two.

His feet rested on the end of a plank—probably thrown in by the same boys who had levered the cap from the pipe mouth years ago, leaving a hidden deathtrap for children in the sagebrush.

A yard below Steve, his flashlight beam glinted on something pale-gold: a child's hair. It was motionless, and beside it the open end of the hose hissed softly, pouring out the oxygen which had kept her alive.

Steve wriggled out of his improvised bosun's chair and rapped for more line. Then he saw the microphone and called into it, "I'm getting off the hook. Let's have about eight feet more rope. The kid seems to be wedged in between two old boards. I'll have to tie her on the end of the line and throw a loop in it above her to hang on to myself. No room for us to pass down here."

Bracing his feet against the side of the pipe, he reached down and patted the golden hair, calling, "Shirley! Hey, kid! Wake up!"

There was no answer. Steve inched down the pipe until he could touch her cheek. "Come on—wake up, baby." The child moaned, and her breathing quickened.

"The kid's jammed in tight," he reported. "Haul this mike up about three feet and get it out of my way."

It lifted a yard.

FEELING in the pocket of his shirt, Steve found an ampule of spirits of ammonia wrapped in gauze. He broke it and held it near the child's nose. She sneezed, gasped, and began to whimper.

"It's all right, kiddo," he muttered. "We're going to get you out."

Suddenly she came to with a rush and began to scream, "Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!"

"Shut up!" Steve yelped.

She stopped screaming and began to struggle.

"Catch hold of my hands, kid. You been playing around down here long enough. Your mother wants you to come home."

She gulped and reached up her hands. Steve pulled, and the child screamed.

"What's the matter—you stuck?"

"I can't. Hurts. Hurts."

Steve let go of her hands. "Take it easy, pal. We're going to get you out."

"Want my daddy. Want my daddy."

"Quiet down. Quit hollering. I got to figure out some way to spring you loose."

Shirley began to whimper. "I'm so cok And I'm thirsty."

"Okay. When I get you topside I'll buy you a Coke."

Hanging on to the line with one hand and steadying himself against the wall with the other, Steve thrust one leg down past the child, trying to shift the planks, but he couldn't budge either of them.

He paused long enough to whip the flashlight from around his neck and tie it to the microphone. Into the mike he shrilled, "Stand by to haul up. I'm going to try knocking out a section of pipe casing to spread these damn' boards."

To the child, he said, "Young lady, can you tie that rope around your waist? I mean under your arms. Only tie it so it won't slip and strangle you. Aaah, forget it, I'll tie it myself."

He jackknifed his knees up under his chin, reached down, and made the line fast around Shirley's chest, under her arms, muttering, "Hell, I should have come down this hole headfirst."

Where one plank end was wedged against the casing, Steve rapped the iron with his

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hammer. It rang suspiciously hollow. He drew the cold chisel from inside his shirt and placed its point against the iron, giving the other end a brisk tap. A slab of rusty iron crumbled and a spurt of water, ice cold, sprayed over him. With a surge of alarm, Steve remembered that the pipe had been driven through a pocket of water. "This is a hell of a note," he muttered, "—come out here in the middle of the desert to get drowned!" Below him the plash of water came closer; the pipe was filling. There was no time to rig anything fancy in the rope by which both of them could be drawn up safely.

Steve turned toward the microphone and shrilled, "Stand by to haul away!"

Shirley was gasping and trying to cry as the water trickled into her face.

"Don't get scared,' baby. I take a cold shower every morning. Good for—"

Another blow of the hammer, and half the side of the pipe caved outward with a crunch. Then it pivoted and its jagged edge rammed toward Steve with a thin sheet of water pouring over it.

Steve struck the sawlike edge with the handle of his hammer, shoved it back into the ooze outside, and shouted, "Haul away!" dragging himself into the opening to let the child slide past him.

In the pale glow of the flashlight, he saw that one of her feet was bleeding. Then she vanished slowly into the dark over his head.

Steve clung to the end of a board; water rushed past him. He felt it rising around his ankles, up and up until it reached his waist. The flashlight paled and died.

ON THE surface, we could hear the rush of water, the screams of the child, frightened by her bumping journey toward the pipe mouth, and Steve shouting something. Then the mike went dead. Those of us who were gathered around the mouth of the pipe heard a faint, echoing cry from below.

Gingerly, the crane drum took in line. After what seemed a year of waiting, our lights at last picked out the child. Inch by inch, she came nearer, quiet now, a sodden little limp bundle.

Hall reached down and gripped her by the hair. Three more feet of line rose and the child was out, cut free, and lying on a blanket spread on the ground. As the ambulance intern knelt beside her, that square of desert blazing with floodlights and the waiting crowds beyond it in the dark were as still as death. Finally the young fellow folded up his stethoscope and dropped it in the pocket of his white jacket. "She's alive, all right. Her heart action is fine." Then the cheering began.

"We'd better get her in the house," the intern went on, speaking to Hall. "There are no fractures in that foot, as far as I can tell now. We can X-ray it later. Right now the thing to do is to get her in her own bed, with her mother standing by."

They carried Shirley into the Hansen bungalow, with the reporters swarming after them.

Dora Lorenz was still lying with her tiny ear pressed to the rusty iron lip of the pipe. Her eyes were shut tight against tears. I said, "He was a better man than me, kid. He was—"

Suddenly she stiffened. "Keep quiet, Mac!" Then she leaped up. "Mac! He's alive! He wants to be hauled up—four raps!"

"Haul up what? There's no line down there yet."

THEN I noticed the oxygen hose. Somehow, in that flooded pipe, slippery with muck and filling fast, Steve Lorenz was still keeping his head above water.

I took the hose in both hands and tugged. Then I noticed the gauge on the tank. No oxygen was getting through. Steve must have tied a knot in the hose, to hang on by.

The cops lent a hand, unscrewing the hose and hauling it in while I straddled the pipe, letting it run through my hands and keeping it centered so as not to drag Steve against the rusty casing.

Word was buzzing through the crowd now that the midget might be alive too.

The hose in my hands began to get slippery and rust red. Then Dora, beaming a flashlight into the well, cried, "Here he comes!"

"Hang on, Steve!" I shouted.

From thirty feet down came a voice like a violin's E string: "Don't worry about me, you big lug. Tell 'em to keep pulling."

At first I couldn't make out his face. When he came closer, I could see why—it was dark with mud, iron rust, and blood.

Finally Hall reached in and grabbed a handful of jacket, lifting Steve out. The midget stood for a moment, shaking his head, his arms around Dora. The crowd was roaring again. The radio guy was pushing a mike at Steve and gabbling something; the cops were holding the crowd back, keeping a lane clear to the Hansen house, which was first-aid headquarters.

Steve sagged and then sank to the ground. I picked him up and, with Dora racing beside me, I started toward the house at a run. Then I heard a hoarse lit-

CLANCY

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

COLLIER'S "You beast! How can I forget how old I am if you keep remembering my birthdays?" GEORGE WOLFE

tle whisper in my ear: "Slow down, Mac. This faint's a phony. I just want you to get me out of this crowd of lugs."

Inside the house, things were warm and quiet. The kid's mother, a worn-looking girl in a quilted housecoat, was holding Shirley in her arms, wrapped in a blanket. She was rocking her and singing to her softly.

I set Steve down and he perked up, wiping blood out of his eye with his forearm; blood kept flowing from a gash in his forehead. The intern started to work on him, swabbing off his face, putting a compress bandage on his forehead; then he started on the gash in his leg. Steve said, "Mac—give me a cigarette." He lighted the cigarette and sat watching Mrs. Hansen rock Shirley.

Arne Hansen came in from the porch where the reporters had been pumping him. He sank into a chair, and I could see that he was only a kid himself, not twenty-five yet. He was all in and seemed on the edge of falling asleep. Then he roused himself and hitched his chair over toward Steve's.

"Mister . . . Mister . . . ?"

"Lorenz," Steve told him, jetting smoke out of his nose.

"Mr. Lorenz, I guess it ain't any use trying to thank you or anything—"

Steve said, "Quiet down, chum, you'll wake up the kid."

Hansen went on, in a whisper, "I been thinking. There's guys built like me—well, I'm a trucker. It takes a certain amount of beef. And then there's guys built like you—well, there's jobs where I'd be about as much use as a chimpanzee in a watch factory."

"Relax, kid," Steve whispered back, mashing out his cigarette and holding out his leg for the intern to bandage it. "I think I get your drift." But I could see he was grinning.

SHIRLEY stirred and murmured, and her mother stopped her singing to listen. "Mommy . . . want to hug Daddy again."

Arne Hansen took her in his arms, and she nestled her head against his shoulder. Sleepily, she said, "Daddy . . . was a funny man came down to get me out. Want to hug him, too."

Without a word, Hansen placed the child in Steve's lap. She touched his grimy face with her fingers. "Gee, you got all dirty."

Steve swallowed, hugging her awkwardly. Finally he said thickly, "Yeah, babe. I guess them cold showers we had down below didn't clean us off much."

Shirley was drifting off to sleep again. She said fuzzily, "I think you're nice."

Her mother took her again, and Steve hopped off the chair, wincing when he put his weight on his wounded leg. Looking up at me, he said, "Okay, Mac. Let's blow."

The intern said, "Better come in to the hospital, Mr. Lorenz. That leg might need a couple of stitches."

Steve said absently, "Yeah, yeah. Mac can drive me in."

The cops cleared a lane for us out to my car, and we set off on the sixty-mile trip back toward town, jolting out to the highway and turning toward the city.

Steve sat quietly with his arm around Dora for a time and then he said, "Mac, you help me duck the newspaper guys at the hospital. And let's not mention the show if we can help it."

I nodded. "I'm with you, Steve. I got no idea of cashing in on this for publicity."

STEVE thought for a while longer and then he said to Dora, "There's bound to be stuff in the papers about this, honey. But I'll tell you what—we won't put the clips in our regular scrapbook. We'll get a special scrapbook. Just for us and—hell, our own kids might want to read about it sometime."

Dora gave a tiny cry of delight, and Steve said sharply, "Quit it, woman, you're joggling my bum leg."

Our way toward the hospital in town led us by the fairground. And from several miles away we could see a glow in the sky. Although it was nearly dawn, the carnival was bright with colored fluorescents—the entrance front, the Ferris wheel, the light towers—everything.

"Oh, Steve, look at that!" Dora cried.

As we drew near the carny lot, I began to sound the horn, three shorts and a long, the old V-for-Victory signal of the war years. They must have heard us and understood, for suddenly the whole show blacked out and then sprang up, rainbow-colored again. That would be Bert Hershey, the boss electrician, throwing the master switch on the generator truck. Now it was winking with a rhythm: Three shorts, a long, a short. Using the whole lighting system as a key, Hershey was spelling out in Morse, over and over: S-T-E-V-E—S-T-E-V-E—S-T-E-V-E.

Beside me, a voice shrilled out like a bowed fiddle string: "To hell with hospitals, Mac. Head over to the lot. If this leg needs sewing up, we can take care of it later. Right now I want to go home. If another war comes, I'll go back to the bomber wings, Mac. But that mess of shows, joints and rides is my home town and I love every hard-case carny on the lot. I got nothing against townies—how the hell should they know anything about midgets? But this is my town. Take me home, kid, take me home." THE END

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They're Sticking Stalin with a Pitchfork

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

supplied by members of NTS, among them Victor Baydalakov, who has been head of NTS since 1930, Vlassov by the end of the war had become daringly and openly anti-Nazi, as well as anti-Soviet. One of Vlassov's divisions actually captured Prague from a Nazi SS unit.

After this weird coup, Vlassov fled Prague just before the troops of Marshal Konev arrived, but he was already doomed.

Radio Moscow Reports Hanging

After surrendering to the United States Third Army, Vlassov was turned over, many think foolishly and without foresight, to a Soviet police patrol near Pilsen. A year later Radio Moscow broadcast a simple item to the effect that Vlassov had been hanged in Moscow.

As for the NTS, by mid-1944 the Gestapo had sensed that the underground group was in effect Vlassov's mentor and was riding his military coattails while promulgating a Third Force politically. A crack-down took place and about 200 NTS workers all over Germany and Poland were arrested and thrown into concentration camps, among them Baydalakov and most of the nucleus now working in Limburg. When they were released at the time of the armistice, their chief worry, of course, was to keep out of the hands of the Russians. Contingents of NTS stragglers and ex-Vlassov soldiers made their way to an UNRRA camp near Kassel, where NTS began to reassemble.

Its first function was to smuggle fake identity cards to as many Soviet POWs as possible, setting forth that they were old and not new *émigrés* and thus not subject to repatriation; in this fashion NTS undoubtedly saved the lives of thousands and gained recruits. At the same time, NTS workers became teachers and youth leaders in DP camps and thereby resumed their propaganda role. Its members also managed to gain the chairmanships of new exile groups in Stuttgart, Munich and Frankfurt.

By March, 1947, NTS received permission from the occupation powers to publish newspapers in the Western zones. From the start, an attempt was made to strike at the hearts and minds of Soviet occupation forces in the East. One of the earliest NTS papers smuggled into the East zone was the *Za Chest Rodiny* ("For the Honor of Our Country"), which simulated the disillusion of a group of Russian soldiers addressing fellow troops. The following theme was always struck:

During the war we loyally did our duty, just as millions of other soldiers. We were unhappy at the retreat of 1941 and overjoyed when our people began driving the enemy from our native soil . . .

But we came to the conclusion that the happy and peaceful life for which we had shed our blood remained but a dream. Beyond the frontiers of our land we visited the homes of Austrian workers and Hungarian peasants; we saw how others live. We know now that even in Hitlerite Germany the average worker lived better than the average Russian intellectual today.

Another underground paper put out by NTS for distribution behind the curtain is the *Sovietskaya Armiya*, a four-page publication whose name and format are exactly the same as the Soviet version of our own Stars and Stripes. Blandly ambiguous headlines are designed to avoid suspicion. A recent issue I saw, for example, ran the following heads: "We Must Apply New Methods to the Struggle," "The Task of Today," "Our Comradeship Must Be Stronger," "Stop the Aggressor," and "Strengthen the Party Discipline." But the texts beneath these heads were solidly anti-Soviet, a mixture of propaganda and news, including the real story of Korea.

Alexander T., chief Berlin representative of NTS, told me the story of one of his German women workers who distributes the anti-Kremlin *Sovietskaya Armiya* each week in the Soviet zone. Recently she took a bundle to a railway station in the East Berlin sector where Soviet troops were about to embark for home leave. She went into a car and put the papers on a window ledge.

Presently, a drunken Russian major passed by and began a conversation with her that seemed to be pointed to a romantic climax. The woman adroitly said she'd like to learn Russian, whereupon the major picked up one of the papers, presumably to offer the first lesson. He became so engrossed that he forgot about his pupil,

slipped a copy into his jacket pocket and left the compartment. A few moments later a lieutenant popped in, took two copies and went out. Within 20 minutes the whole bundle had disappeared.

The chief NTS publication today is *Possev*, a 16-page weekly which is circulated all over the world. More than 1,000,000 copies have been printed in the last few years, and NTS says it smuggles 2,000 each week behind the Iron Curtain, wrapped into Soviet newspapers or dropped in key places by NTS distributors.

Propaganda Sent by Balloon

The bulk of NTS propaganda, however, consists of leaflets and cartoons, of which there are about 30 varieties. Most are dispatched across the Curtain by balloons, but others are carried by rockets or conveyed by hand. They are usually colored, one-page sheets, roughly four by six inches, and all follow the basic NTS line set forth in the master pamphlet already cited.

Of the more than 8,000,000 leaflets NTS claims to have dispersed since the beginning of 1949, 1,200,000 alone were dropped by balloon during the Communists' Berlin Youth Festival last summer. One day, while a football game was in progress between the Russian Dynamos and a satellite nation team, NTS balloons let loose thousands of leaflets over the field. The game continued as attendants rushed out to gather up the propaganda amid the flying feet of the players and the divided attention of the festival crowd.

NTS uses an average of 250 balloons a month. They are bought commercially and are capable of carrying from one-half pound to 11 pounds of leaflets to a destination. Special riggings are attached to some of the larger ones, whereby a slow-burning snap cord releases 50,000 tissue-thin leaflets in small batches as the balloon floats deeper into East zone skies. A somewhat similar burning device is attached to a rubber-suction holder placed beneath the carriages of trains.

The leaflets are aimed especially at areas of troop concentrations, barracks, "repple-depples" (replacement depots) and the like. That they have repeatedly hit their mark has been proved by reports that come back to Berlin NTS headquarters. One Russian officer in the East zone, a known NTS sympathizer, sent a secret underground message to an NTS woman worker: "You have given me a lot of work since you started dropping leaflets around our barracks." He added that officers were forced to get up each morning an hour before troops in order to clean up the grounds.

"But from the smiles on the men's faces, we know that plenty of them have already seen the leaflets," the message added. In another troop area, the MVD grew so worried over the effect of NTS leaflets that it wouldn't even use officers—it corralled German boys who couldn't read Russian, and made them clean up barracks areas before going to school.

Rockets Start Rumor of Battle

While rockets often enable a leaflet target to be hit more closely, the noise of the explosions makes this sort of distribution less attractive. In the fall of 1950, however, NTS loosed a large-scale "leaflet artillery" barrage near Rostock, a sacrosanct Russian naval base where ships are loaded with uranium from slave-labor mines in Czechoslovakia and the East zone. The firing of these leaflets was heard over a 60-mile area, and the next day the German press reported that a "battle" had been raging between police and "rebels."

For the purposes of its propaganda distribution, NTS has divided the Iron Curtain areas three ways. Ring One is the Berlin region, extending in a semicircle for 20 miles. Short-range balloons are mostly used here. Ring Two, the rest of the Soviet zone of Germany and the Soviet zone of Austria, is reached principally by hand distribution, with some use of balloons. Ring Three—Poland and Russia—is reached more sporadically, usually by special NTS couriers, such as Soviet army officers going home on leave. Leaflets are also smuggled into the hinterland under trains and in machinery being shipped to the U.S.S.R. as reparations.

NTS makes a strong effort to ally itself with burgeoning German underground anti-Communist organizations, such as the *Bund der Deutschen Jugend* (the Bund of German Youth). I talked to the Bund's director, Norbert Hammacher, who had just come to Limburg from Thuringia for an NTS conference in the Soviet zone. He told me the organization had 4,000 anti-Communist workers in the East and that among their chief functions was the distribution of NTS leaflet material.

One amusing story that indicates the susceptibility of Russian troops to NTS propaganda was told me by another NTS worker fresh from the East zone. He had taken a bunch of leaflets and a bundle of *Possev* with him from West Berlin into a Soviet barracks area, 100 miles east. Knowing of a curve in the road near the camp, he learned when a convoy was due by and dropped the leaflets and papers on the highway by the bend.

When the first of five trucks approached, the driver stopped and got out to pick up the white bundle. The four trucks behind him also ground to a stop and the men descended.

For about five minutes, the NTS agent, hiding in a ditch on the other side of the road, was treated to the rare spectacle of

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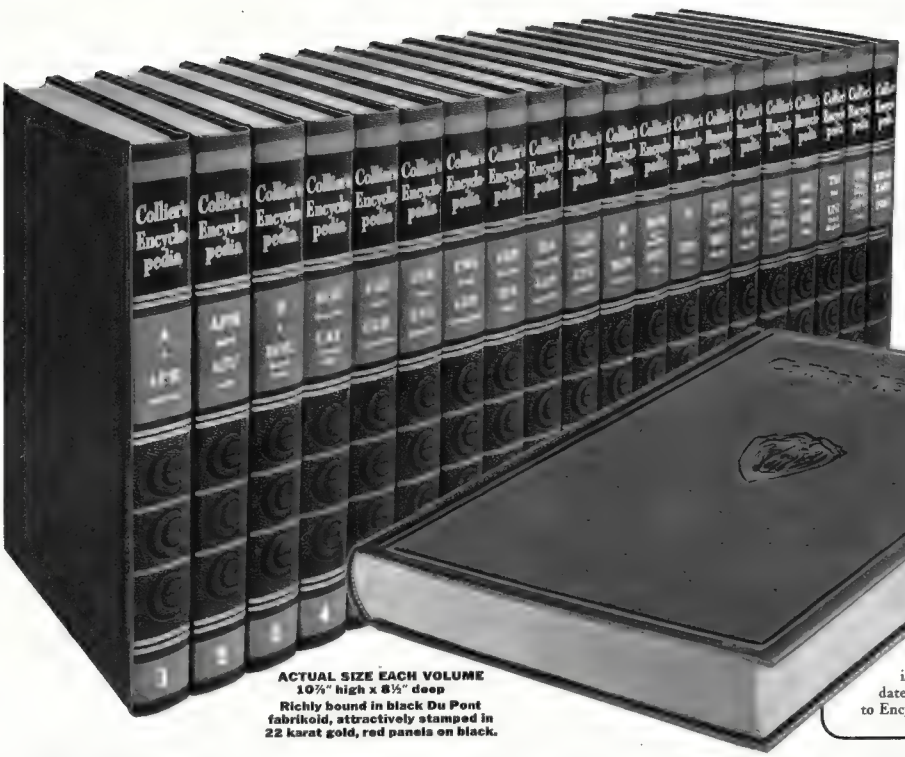

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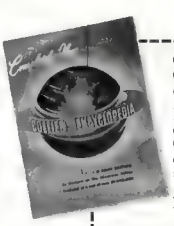

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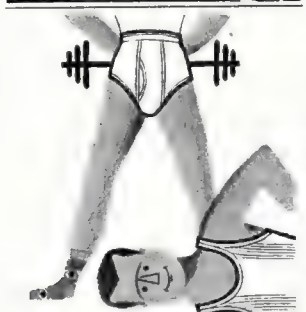

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several score soldiers and drivers standing around reading anti-Soviet propaganda. Only when a police patrol approached did they hop back into their trucks and take off, many of them with folded copies of the material in their pockets.

Leaflet distributors, in addition to being daring folk with the nine lives of a cat, have to learn how to improvise. Another story was told me of an NTS worker who, with the aid of a sympathetic German *Grenzpolizei* (border police) noncom in the Soviet zone, set about dropping some leaflets near a certain barracks point. At the last moment they were detected and had to get out in a hurry. Riding away, they passed by a *Kommandatura* where a lot of Soviet cars were parked. Since no one seemed to be looking, they quickly dumped their leaflets through the open windows of the cars and continued at high speed back to Berlin.

Dr. Eugen Romanov, a thirty-seven-year-old Ukrainian who worked for NTS in Russia until 1944 and is now editor of *Possev*, showed me the systematic records he keeps of all leaflet drops. In a typical week recently, for example, 20,000 leaflets were distributed by balloon and rocket in Berlin, Oranienburg, Potsdam, Dresden, Bernau, Leipzig and Luckenwalde, all in the East zone. An earlier seven-day schedule took in a variety of military installations, including troop-training areas, airfields, a military sanatorium and Soviet military headquarters at Karlhorst.

Most of the news from its workers in East Germany, and from those in Poland and Russia as well, comes to Berlin NTS headquarters via friendly Red Army officers who travel back and forth. NTS agents who sail in and out of German ports are another good source. Dr. Romanov recently had a conversation with a seaman on a Soviet ship who corroborated for him the fact that a large batch of NTS leaflets had successfully been smuggled into Stettin, in the East, and had been widely read before the police launched a cleanup campaign.

Under Cover of a Welfare Job

Alexander T., the pleasant, balding, diminutive leader of NTS in Berlin, is the chief forward contact of the organization. T. fled Russia in 1935 and continued practicing his profession of medicine in the Balkans until after the war, when he decided to devote all his time to the NTS. He lives in Berlin under the fiction of director for a Balkan welfare society. All NTS agents who operate in Eastern Germany have his phone number, and when they, or friends or sympathizers, both Russian and German, cross over to the West zone they phone him and he puts them directly in touch with one of several floating "molecules" of the NTS in the city.

Not even T. himself knows the exact whereabouts of all these "molecules." Occasionally the Communists make an attempt to break one of them by masquerading an agent as "a friend," but in every case, so far, the NTS has readily spotted the interloper. Last May, a serious kidnaping effort was directed against O., the NTS man in Limburg in charge of leaflet distribution. Two men and a woman followed him over a period of three weeks, but finally one of them confessed to O., privately, that their mission was to drug him and bring him to Soviet headquarters at Karlhorst. The confession was prompted by a falling out among the kidnapers, and it resulted in all three now being in a German jail.

Limburg headquarters of NTS, two rooms in a small gray-stone building behind the local newspaper office and printing plant, are a constant beehive of activity. Small as they are, with scant space to move around among the desks and files, they harbor a constant flow of men and women who, in one way or another, work for the organization. The permanent Limburg staff is headed by Dr. Baydalakov, who only recently returned from the United States, where he is taking out citizenship papers. Baydalakov is a fifty-one-year-old "old *émigré*" who left Russia in 1920.

In addition to Dr. Romanov and O., the other top leader is Dr. Vladimir Poremsky, who also fled Russia with his family in 1920 via the Crimea, lived both in the Balkans and in France for two decades and, with Drs. Baydalakov and Romanov, spent the last year of the war in a Gestapo prison.

Publisher Knows Czech Jails

A fifth man, Vladimir Gorachek, thirty-five, is a former resident of Czechoslovakia who is acquainted with Gestapo jails there; he is the publisher of *Possev*. Peculiarly enough, all the top NTS leaders, with the exception of Dr. Romanov, are former chemists or engineers.

NTS membership all over the world today is reported by its leaders to be some 1,500 full-time active members and between 5,000 and 10,000 semiactive members and sympathizers. There are major branches in the United States, Canada, Australia, the Scandinavian countries, Austria, Switzerland, England, Italy, France and French Morocco, and in the Argentine, Brazil, Chile and Venezuela, as well as West Germany. Where the organization was composed almost 100 per cent of old-time *émigrés* from Soviet rule before the war, it now has about 65 per cent recent exiles.

The strictest discipline is maintained. At the top is a supreme council of 15, which serves as revolutionary headquarters. An elite group of 112, men and women all over the world who have pledged themselves to do anything and everything demanded of them, helps set policy and work out programs. In each branch there is a central council, below which are municipal councils in those countries where membership is largest. The basic structure of the NTS is the unit of five or six, who work and live closely together and carefully test the ideological loyalty of any new member who joins them. Discipline is exceedingly harsh and includes thorough examinations on NTS tactics and doctrine.

For financial support, NTS depends largely on its active members, each of whom is levied 10 per cent of his earnings. In addition, every branch is required to raise an annual quota, and special fund-raising campaigns are conducted regularly. Last July, for example, Australian NTS members collected £600, and last year Canadian members bought and sent over to Limburg five tons of newsprint (*Possev*, until recently, was getting some paper from the International Refugee Organization, which is now winding up its business).

Although NTS is the first to admit that its primary function today is the tactical one of spreading propaganda among Russian troops in Germany and Austria, while also trying to maintain its scattered centers of resistance in Russia, the organization is looking ahead, politically. The earliest NTS program, back in the thirties, showed the contemporary influence of corporate state philosophy. Having since gone through various stages of development, the group's blueprint for a new Russia is now akin to the Western concept of a mixed economy.

NTS would abandon all collectivization and return the land, as well as small and medium industries, to private ownership. Major industries and natural resources would be kept in the hands of a new "free and democratic" Russian government, which would be a parliamentary state, with as much self-government as feasible accorded major cities, outlying rural areas and the various minority groups and races. The NTS program is strong in affirming the restoration of all banished freedoms to the Russians—those of speech, press, assembly, religious belief, scientific and creative research, and the right to travel.

Shock Troops of Revolution

The day when this or any other program for a new liberated Russia can be put into effect is certainly not yet close at hand. And if and when the time comes, there will surely be a lot of other voices to be heard along with that of NTS. For the present, however, NTS's revolutionary shock troops, with their leaflets, papers, radio and secret ways of keeping up even sporadic contact with the sealed-off land of Stalin, are in the front line of resistance to the Soviet dictatorship.

American intelligence officials I talked to in Germany believe that growing discontent among Red Army troops and soldiers in Europe is a salutary sign. As the free world continues to unite in the struggle against Communism, it does not seem too much to hope, and to expect, that NTS and similar propaganda will become more effective, and that communication between those who are free in the West and those who are imprisoned in the East will increase across the invisible bridge that NTS and other dedicated organizations like it seek to build. THE END

VIP'S WAR

COLLIER'S "If I might make a correction, sir . . ." VIRGIL PARTCH

Thurgood Marshall and the 14th Amendment

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

Arkansas had voluntarily admitted Negroes into their graduate schools, and the trustees of the University of Delaware had gone beyond the court order and opened up their undergraduate school to Negroes. Test cases on the university level are now pending in Georgia and South Carolina, and a case is being processed in Florida. Nothing has as yet been done in Alabama or Mississippi, because no Negro has yet offered himself as a plaintiff.

And much of this has been accomplished by a man whose personal philosophy is, "I intend to wear life like a very loose garment, and never worry about nothin'."

But Marshall, at forty-three, is no dual personality to intrigue the psychiatric-minded. He is a tall, burly, gregarious man, light-skinned and lighthearted, and if he is paradoxical it might almost be said to be deliberate. He has consciously chosen to follow a hedonistic, nonworrying philosophy. And he has, just as consciously, dedicated himself to the extremely worrisome task of fighting racial discrimination.

At Ease in Court or Harlem

Apparently, Marshall's determined gaiety in the face of the gravity of the project he has embarked on has never lessened his effectiveness. He is, as a matter of fact, well aware that it throws many people off guard. But Elmer Carter, of the New York State Commission Against Discrimination, says, "It's very important that we Negroes have a man who is at home in the Supreme Court and equally at home with the man on the street. Thurgood can talk on terms of equality with a social scientist like Sweden's Gunnar Myrdal, but he talks the argot of Harlem with the man on the street corner. He creates confidence on all levels of Negro life."

When Marshall took over as special counsel for the NAACP, in 1938, he came into a New York office which he describes as "very tush-tush." Obviously, this was no atmosphere for a man wearing a loose garment. "I changed things," he says, "and I think I've done a pretty good job of busting up that formality. Now I can operate in my natural-born way."

His associates are almost idolatrous in their praise of this method of operation. His work frequently takes him into tense, emotionally torn localities where mob rule is an ever-present threat. Those who work with him are convinced that it is only because he is always his unpretentious, natural-born self that he has been able to escape serious trouble while, at the same time, winning respect and understanding from opponents on all levels of life.

During his first year on the job, he flew to Austin, Texas, to protest the exclusion of a Negro from jury duty. Instead of becoming involved in litigation, he went directly to Governor James Allred. That executive was so impressed with Marshall's forthright presentation of his argument that he not only ordered out the Texas Rangers to defend the rights of Negroes to jury duty, but he voluntarily asked the FBI to study the situation.

In 1941, Marshall appeared in Hugo, Oklahoma, to defend W. D. Lyons, a Negro handy man accused of wiping out three of a family of five and setting fire to their house to conceal the crime. The NAACP undertook Lyons' defense because it had reason to believe he was a framed victim of racial prejudice.

Feeling was running so high in the community that the local Negroes, as sometimes happens when Marshall appears on the scene, organized to protect him; a different sleeping place was arranged for each night and an unofficial guard was established over him. These precautions turned out, however, not to be necessary.

At the beginning of the second day of the trial, the father of the murdered white woman, E. O. Colclasure, came forward and offered himself to Marshall as a defense witness! He testified that he had heard a state trooper say he had beaten a confession out of Lyons with a blackjack. And on the third day the superintendent of schools even declared a half holiday so that his students could go to court "and hear that cullud lawyer."

The case was fought to the Supreme Court, where Lyons' life sentence was allowed to stand—he had made another confession at a time when he was not under duress. It was one of the two cases Marshall has lost in the Supreme Court, of the 12 he has personally argued before that tribunal—a record that lawyers regard as extraordinary. (In Taylor vs. Alabama, after getting Taylor's death sentence for rape commuted to a life sentence by Governor Folsom, Marshall failed in his attempt to win Taylor his freedom in the Supreme Court, when its justices voted 4 to 4 in a split decision, after one member of the tribunal had disqualified himself.)

In the 10 cases in which Marshall has been victorious, in four instances he successfully defended individuals against criminal charges. In the other six cases he won far-reaching, highly significant verdicts against segregation in education, housing, transportation and at the polls. He has also taken part, not as the "lawyer of record," but as a consultant, in 11 other Supreme Court cases, 10 of which were victories.

Many authorities—including men as careful in their choice of words as Morris Ernst, general counsel for the Civil Liberties Union, lawyer Arthur Spingarn, and attorney Earl G. Harrison, former vice-president of the University of Pennsylvania—regard Marshall as one of our finest civil rights constitutional lawyers. He has become recognized as such a formidable courtroom opponent that the state of South Carolina has just paid him an indirect compliment of the highest order. Rather than rely on its own legal staff, the state has retained John W. Davis, onetime Presidential candidate on the Democratic ticket and long recognized as the dean of the American bar, to defend it from the attack Marshall has launched on segregation in the state's high and elementary schools.

Discussing Race Relations

There are many reasons why Marshall is regarded as such a formidable opponent. Important among them is his objectivity; the clarity of his reasoning is never befogged by his emotions. When he discusses race relations he says, "I think we make our greatest mistakes through oversimplifications. We find it too easy to regard the South as all bad and the North as all good. We've made tremendous inroads in the South in recent years—particularly among the younger white people and the enlightened older ones—but we can't direct all of our efforts at the South. There is still a lot to be accomplished in the North.

"A lawsuit is an educational process in itself. It educates not only the defendant and his lawyers, it also enlightens the general public in the area. When we were fighting to get Heman Sweatt into the University of Texas, more than 200 white students set up an NAACP branch on the campus. They even built and manned a booth on the campus, to collect funds to help defray our legal expenses. They were a little worried the first day, when they saw a policeman, on the opposite side of the street, eying the booth for a long time . . . until he walked over to the booth, said, 'If you kids want that cullud man in your school so bad, you sure got a right to have him,' and handed them five dollars. It's such suits that bring

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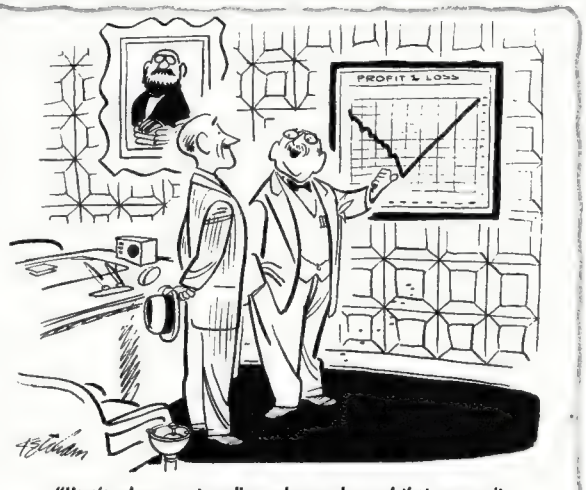

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home to many people the fact that Negroes have rights as Americans which must be respected.

"If we can keep up the educational process, as well as the legal suits, I've no doubt of our eventual victory. Even in the most prejudiced communities, I think the majority of people have some respect for truth and some sense of justice, no matter how deeply hidden it is at times."

Marshall knows, of course, that he is engaged in a hard, sometimes bitter, struggle, but he is equipped for this, too. He comes from a fighting family. His great-great-grandfather, according to family legend, was a captive from the toughest part of the Congo, who made his personal objections to slavery so widely known in Maryland that his master finally told him, "Look, I brought you here, so I guess I can't very well shoot you, as you deserve. And since I can't, with a clear conscience, sell anyone as ornery as you to another slaveholder, I'm going to set you free. Now, get out of this county."

Thurgood's paternal grandmother may have originated the sit-down strike. When a Baltimore court ruled that a utility company had the right to erect an electric pole in front of the Marshall grocery store, she took a kitchen chair, placed it over the spot marked for the pole, and calmly seated herself. After a few days of this the company put the pole elsewhere. And the Baltimore Sun, in its issue of August 6, 1875 (an era when Negroes were more frequently seen than heard in the South), reported that Isaac O. B. Williams—Marshall's maternal grandfather—had risen at a civic mass meeting to protest an unwarranted incident of police brutality that had resulted in a Negro's death.

And Marshall has the intelligence with which to back up his fighting heritage. He graduated with honors from Douglas High School in Baltimore, where he was born July 2, 1908. His mother, Mrs. Norma Marshall, is now in her twenty-fifth year as a teacher in Baltimore's primary schools; his father, William Marshall, who died in 1950, was a steward at the exclusive Gibson Island Country Club, on Chesapeake Bay.

Not Much Studying for Exams

After high school Marshall attended Lincoln University, in Oxford, Pennsylvania, where he is remembered for the manner in which he prepared for examinations—by devoting the nights prior to them to pinochle. Despite this, he graduated *cum laude*.

During his senior year at Lincoln, he also had the boldness, considering that he was working his way through school—either as a baker, dining-car or country-club waiter—to get married. The bride was Vivien "Buster" Burey, who left the University of Pennsylvania to become his wife.

Marshall then abandoned pinochle to study law at Howard University, Washington, D.C., where he graduated *magna cum laude*. "I'd got the horsin' around out of my system," he explains, "and I'd heard lawbooks were to dig in. So I dug, way deep."

He had civil rights law in mind when he began to practice before the Maryland bar in 1933, although he knew such cases seldom earned a lawyer anything but respect. Some people claim he built up the largest law practice in Baltimore and still couldn't pay his rent. Lucille Ward and Sue Tilghman, the two secretaries who worked for him at that time, say, "He had a genius for ignoring cases that might earn him any money. Sometimes we'd get our $7.50 a week, sometimes we'd just get carfare, other times we were out-of-pocket at the end of the week. But we loved that man."

Marshall hadn't liked the fact that the laws of his home state had forced him to go out of the state to get a legal education and, during his Howard years, he laid preliminary plans for opening up the University of Maryland Law School to Negroes. In 1934, he met Donald Murray, a young Negro who thought it was just the law school for him. Now that he had a plaintiff, Marshall went to work in earnest. "He turned into a working machine," Miss Tilghman says. In 1935, he brought suit against the University of Maryland and won the case so convincingly the state didn't even bother to appeal it to the Supreme Court. At twenty-seven, Marshall had made the first breach in the wall of segregation which surrounds much of our public school system.

In 1936, the NAACP implemented its campaign against discrimination by retaining its first special counsel, the late Charles Houston. He had been dean of Howard University Law School when Marshall was there, and he brought the young lawyer with him as his assistant, at a yearly salary of $2,400 (Marshall now earns $12,000, or about one sixth of what it has been estimated he could earn in private practice).

When Houston retired to private practice in 1938, Marshall not only took over the strategy of the campaign, but also became its leading tactician. Today, over 500 cases a year pass across his desk, and at this writing he is either attorney of record or "of counsel" in 40 cases now in court. To assist him, he has a staff of three assistant counsels, two fieldworkers, a law-research clerk, and a socioeconomic analyst. A National Legal Committee of 45 volunteer attorneys—men like Morris Ernst, Bartley Crum, Arthur Garfield Hays and Samuel I. Rosenman—is also available to him.

His somewhat oversimplified explanation of his success is, "This is way deep in church—I wouldn't want anyone to find out—but the only reason I ever look good is just 'cause I get expert advice, then follow it."

Since taking office, the cases Marshall has plead or supervised have been argued on specific discriminatory points, such as the destruction of Jim Crowism in travel, obtaining the franchise, or opening up the educational system at the university level. While these cases have had individually stated goals, their over-all effect has been far-reaching.

Legal Precedent Established

In winning favorable rulings, for example, from the Supreme Court in the cases of Sweatt vs. University of Texas and Sipuel vs. University of Oklahoma, Marshall did far more than win entrance into the schools of their choice for Ada Sipuel and Heman Sweatt. Those rulings can now be used to pry open the door of any university that attempts to bar Negroes. Thus, the accumulated decisions won in all areas of discrimination by Marshall and his associates have gradually weakened the state laws supporting segregation.

However, in his attack on South Carolina's school system, now pending before the Supreme Court, Marshall has finally succeeded in reaching a position hitherto denied him because of complicated legal technicalities, where he can ask the courts for a sweeping ruling to the effect that segregation is, in itself, a form of inequality and, therefore, unconstitutional.

When the case was first heard, May 28, 1951, before a three-judge federal court in Charleston, it was lost by a 2-to-1 verdict. Judge J. Waties Waring (Collier's, April 29, 1950), a courageous jurist whose stand on the racial question has won him social

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What Ike Believes

Baseball Preview

This Is Garbo

A. J. CRONIN'S
"Thirty-eight Coffins"

JOHN D. WEAVER'S
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ostracism in Charleston, found, in his dissenting opinion, that "segregation is, *per se*, inequality." If the Supreme Court should reverse this 2-to-1 verdict, its ruling could abolish segregation at all educational levels.

A federal judge, who for obvious reasons cannot be named, has said, "It's going to be hard for the Supreme Court to side-step the issue. And it's going to be equally hard for them to face it, with the present-day political situation what it is. The case sort of puts them on the spot, and Thurgood has maneuvered that very cleverly."

The speed and bluntness with which Marshall is attacking discrimination has alarmed some Negroes who fear, if victory in the courts is won too rapidly, that it may lead to physical violence and rioting in areas where prejudice is still deep-rooted. Others feel it is strategically unwise to move too fast at this time. Marjorie McKenzie, columnist of the powerful Negro paper, The Pittsburgh Courier, writes of the South Carolina case:

"This was no ordinary test case. . . . It was a bare-bones challenge to the legality of segregation under the state's police power. . . . (There are those who) look upon the NAACP's moves with honest irritation and alarm . . . they involve risk where none was necessary. . . . The judicial system is part of a political structure and is, accordingly, not unresponsive to political forces . . . (We are putting) premature pressure on the courts."

However, the great majority of the Negro press is stanchly behind the NAACP-Marshall program.

Even if he loses the decision in the South Carolina case, Marshall will not be left impotent. The U.S. Supreme Court has recently shown that it regards segregation in a public school system as illegal *unless* Negroes are provided with facilities equal to those provided white students. And Marshall, in a series of cases, has demonstrated it isn't hard to prove that equal facilities are rarely available. Thus, while it would take time, and cases would have to be filed state by state and possibly county by county, the NAACP is now in a position to make it very expensive for taxpayers in those states wishing to maintain segregated schools.

The Office of Education of the Federal Security Agency roughly estimates that it would cost the states with segregated school systems $1,500,000,000 to bring their Negro school plants up to the present level of their white school plants. Furthermore, an additional annual $61,000,000 would be required to achieve over-all teacher equality.

Tools to Destroy Segregation

In a speech before the Institute on Race Relations, meeting at Fisk University, July, 1950, Marshall said, "We now have the tools with which to destroy all governmentally imposed racial segregation. . . . To hear some people talk, one would get the impression that the majority of Americans are lawless people who will not follow the law as interpreted by the Supreme Court. This is simply not true."

South Carolina has already heeded his words. The state has appropriated $75,000,000 to be spent in bringing its Negro schools up to the level of its white schools.

Adroit maneuvering is part of his stock in trade. One of his wiliest moves saved a man's life. A few years ago the grapevine reached him late one night, at a poker game in a Washington, D.C., hotel room, with detailed information of a lynching party that was forming in a Southern city, even as his long-distance adviser spoke.

As is his custom, when incidents of racial violence occur, Marshall immediately alerted the FBI, the Department of Justice, and the secretary on duty at the White House—and discovered, to his dismay, that neither the FBI nor the Department of Justice had the authority to move with enough rapidity to save the man. He then performed an instantaneous cerebral tour de force; he put through a long-distance call to an influential Southern lawyer representing strong anti-Negro factions.

When he had the man on the phone, he said, "Look, just two sets of people can't afford a lynching at this time—us Negroes and you people. You're right in the midst of a Dixiecrat political campaign and a lynching's going to make your people look awful bad." The man's answer was, "Check! Give me the details and get off the phone so I can get moving. Call you back in half an hour." In 20 minutes Marshall's telephone rang and he was told, "The state troopers made it in time. Call this number in a few minutes; your man will be there, unharmed." And he was, although he was still too shaken to talk.

Respected for Ethical Sense

Wiliness and adroitness are not unusual attributes for a lawyer, and Marshall seems to have gained the respect and admiration of the legal fraternity as much for his honesty and high sense of ethics as for his cleverness, eloquence and extreme skill in logic and argumentation.

As Judge Charles D. Breitel, of the New York Supreme Court, puts it, "I've got so much respect for his integrity I'd accept his word on anything."

Morris Ernst once had a disagreement with Marshall. Ernst had devised a clever twist on what were known as "Lower Thirteen" cases. There was a time in some Southern states when a Negro, in quest of railroad sleeping accommodations, was sold a drawing room for the price of a lower berth, so that he could be kept segregated. Ernst wanted to build a case by having an eminent white man—he had a famous writer in mind—stand behind a Negro at a ticket window. After the Negro had been sold a drawing room at a reduced price, the writer would ask for a drawing room to the same destination and, naturally, be charged the full price. He would then protest—and a case could be filed in which the issue was discrimination against a white man.

"The idea amused me to beat hell," Ernst says, "and I thought Thurgood—well, with that belly laugh of his, which is about the first thing most leaders at the bar lose—I naturally thought he'd go for the idea, too. But he flatly rejected it—because it was rigged and because it was a trick. I realize now he was right. He knows we're in a battle to change the nation's folkways and he wants to do it soundly and, if possible, with dignity."

Arthur Spingarn, the white attorney who is president of the NAACP, says Marshall once refused to employ a means of destroying a witness' credibility that he'd suggested, because, "I wouldn't want anyone to say that about me and I don't want to say it about anyone else." When Spingarn protested that the attack was based on verified fact, Marshall's answer was simply, "I don't care. I just don't like to use that kind of orneriness."

Thurgood is so sentimental that he sends Christmas cards to dogs with whom he is acquainted, and he can be soft even in court—which is surprising, considering the deep emotional involvement he has in all of his cases. In one appellate case, the lawyer making the argument for the opposition had his memory fail him at a critical point. The court fell silent as the judge grimly waited for the man to cite the legal precedent necessary to support his contention. The man grew more and more embarrassed and confused as he pawed futilely at his notes—until Marshall could stand it no longer. Picking up a lawbook, he leafed through it to the case he knew his opponent had in mind, then silently handed the book to him.

Charles Thompson, dean of the graduate school of Howard University, says he has only seen Marshall discomfited in court once—when, in Sweatt vs. University of Texas, he had to cross-examine the white librarian of the university's law school. She was nervous when she took the stand, on the verge of tears when she took the oath, and she grew more and more confused as the questioning proceeded—even though Marshall's cross-examination was fumbling and inept, compared to his usual relentless attack on an opposition witness. But he has an alibi. He says. "That poor woman like to tore her handkerchief to shreds on the stand. She was a good woman and you could tell she didn't want to lie. Give me the mean ones that want to lie—then I romp."

Not that he is always sweetness and light. Opposing counsel occasionally shows signs of being outraged at the very fact of having to argue against a Negro lawyer. Then Marshall, with a straight face, abandons such conventional phrases as, "My esteemed opponent . . . the learned counsel for the state," and falls back on the now obsolete court formality, "My brother in law . . . my brother before the bar . . .", with sardonic emphasis on the noun.

He has had considerable experience with various forms of unpleasantness. The following telegram addressed to then Attorney General Tom Clark in 1946 tells its own story of the tactics he sometimes encounters:

LAST NIGHT AFTER LEAVING COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, WHERE WE SECURED ACQUITTAL OF ONE OF TWO NEGROES CHARGED WITH CRIMES GROWING OUT OF FEBRUARY DISTURBANCES THREE LAWYERS, INCLUDING MYSELF, WERE STOPPED OUTSIDE OF COLUMBIA IN THE NIGHT BY THREE CARLOADS OF OFFICERS INCLUDING DEPUTY SHERIFF, CONSTABLES AND HIGHWAY PATROLMEN. ALLEGED PURPOSE WAS TO SEARCH CAR FOR WHISKY. WHEN NO WHISKY FOUND WE WERE STOPPED BY SAME OFFICIALS TWO MORE TIMES AND ON LAST OCCASION I WAS PLACED UNDER ARREST FOR DRIVING WHILE DRUNK AND RETURNED TO COLUMBIA. MAGISTRATE REFUSED TO PLACE ME IN JAIL AFTER EXAMINING ME AND FINDING I WAS EXTREMELY SOBER. THIS TYPE OF INTIMIDATION OF DEFENSE LAWYERS CHARGED WITH DUTY OF DEFENDING PERSONS CHARGED WITH CRIME CANNOT GO UNNOTICED. THEREFORE, DEMAND IMMEDIATE INVESTIGATION ALL CRIMINAL CHARGES AGAINST OFFICERS PARTICIPATING IN LAST NIGHT'S OUTRAGE.

Although the federal investigation was hamstrung, locally, from the outset, and nothing could be done about the situation, Marshall returned to Columbia the following week and procured the acquittal of the second Negro.

Dodging Four Carfuls of Men

A few years earlier there had been an outbreak of police brutality in Hempstead, New York. Ted Poston, who covered the story for the New York Post, said four cars of men were searching for Marshall. "I was riding with Marshall," said Poston, "and it didn't faze him in the slightest. Three times that caravan of cars passed right by houses we were in. I wanted to get away from there, fast. But all that guy did was make more and more outlandish jokes about what that mob would do to us if it caught us. Not that he was foolhardy. Once he got statements from the witnesses, and had them safely hidden in a spare tire, he drove out of there without honoring the speed laws." And with the aid of those statements, the state's attorney general quickly restored order in Hempstead.

Of these and similar incidents Marshall says, "I can testify there's times when you're scared to death. But you can't admit it; you just have to lie like hell to yourself. Otherwise, you'll start looking under the bed at night."

In 1949, Marshall's own behavior—variously described by his friends as "his integrity," "his idealism" and "his damned stubbornness"—stirred up some unpleasantness that resulted in his being deprived of his greatest ambition. He would like to be a federal judge and, in August, 1949, it looked as if his ambition was about to be realized.

On August 4, 1949, Ted Poston said in the New York Post that he had learned from authoritative sources that Thurgood Marshall was about to become the first Negro appointed to a federal judgeship in the continental United States. This was news to the Tammany leader in the 13th Manhattan

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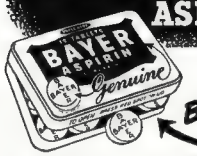

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Assembly District, although some other Democratic leaders knew that Marshall's name had been suggested to the White House.

The Tammany leader let it be known that he wanted to see Marshall. Thurgood bluntly refused to see the man. As one politician says, "The guy's unrealistic on this politics business. Hell, he's got to at least shake hands with someone. You got to have clearance. We begged him to at least spend three bucks, or whatever it is, and join the Carver Democratic Club. But he wouldn't."

As a result of his determination not to play ball with them, Harlem's Tammany leader opposed Marshall's appointment so vigorously that nothing more was ever heard of it.

He says, "Look, I had the three bucks to join the Carver Club. But in my book a federal judge is a different animal—he shouldn't have to play patty-cake with the clubhouse boys."

If Marshall did have a spare three bucks with which to join the Carver Club, it was surprising. To his friends' charge that he is as foolish as a man can be with money, he enters the strong denial, "If I had more money I could be more foolish." But he has learned to turn his checks over to his wife, and this works pretty much to his satisfaction. "I'm supposed to have my allowance," he explains, "but I always manage to borrow a little extra and I never, never pay it back. Only thing is, Buster won't give me any money to buy electric trains and we don't have any children to buy them for. Course, she has a point; she asks me when I'd have the time to fool with 'em."

When he registered this complaint he didn't know that his relatives were presenting him with an elaborate Diesel-drawn electric train set for Christmas. His family had never been able to afford electric trains in his youth and he has always dreamed of someday acquiring one for himself. But now that he has one, he hasn't, as Mrs. Marshall predicted, much leisure to devote to it.

Marshall makes a great show of despising work or physical exertion, and contends, "There's no call for a man to ever lift anything much heavier than a poker chip." But he's been working steadily since he took his first job as an errand boy at Hale's Grocery Store, in Baltimore, at the age of seven.

Today, he travels over 50,000 miles a year and, according to Arthur Spingarn, "He's making a damn' fool of himself, the way he works. He argues five times as many cases as the ordinary lawyer. He got off a plane from Kansas City at 3:00 A.M. yesterday; at 6:30 A.M. he was on a train headed for New Hampshire. When you urge him to slow down, you always get the same answer, 'Man, there's a job to get done.' " He has had two temporary fillings in his teeth for the past seven years because he hasn't had time to get back to the dentist to have the job finished.

High Honors and a Breakdown

On June 28, 1947, Marshall was so ill he barely managed to get through his speech of acceptance of the Spingarn Medal (annually awarded for the highest achievement by an American Negro during the preceding year). It was given to Marshall primarily for his work in winning the franchise for the Negroes of the South. After the award presentation he was flown from Cincinnati to New York where it was discovered at Harlem Hospital that he'd had a breakdown from overwork, with a resultant virus pneumonia of the worst type.

In the midst of his convalescence he received two gifts that deeply moved him: a piggy-bank geranium from Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, and a huge ham, sent by the Negro citizens of Columbia, Tennessee.

A man who works his schedule inevitably has a limited home life and but little time for play. His infrequent evenings spent in his New York apartment are usually dedicated to small dinner parties, or endless hours of arm-waving argument and discussion with his close friends, or solitary musical binges, during which he loads his record player with a catholic assortment of recordings ranging from Rachmaninoff to Louis Armstrong.

Where play is concerned Marshall is, like Barkis, always willing. His outside divertisements are simple—poker, a trip to the race track, or a baseball, hockey or football game. He hates night clubs and is intolerant of pretentious formal social functions. His greatest pleasure is derived from the Pokino Gang, a group of six couples, friends of long standing, who get together on Saturday nights. They generally start out playing penny-ante Pokino, a game which seems to be a combination of bingo and stud, and end up "just woofing and having general fun."

Marshall's favorite aunt, Mrs. Media Dodson, says, "Thurgood's wonderful to behold when he comes back from a hard case and gets together with the Pokinos. There he is, singing—though he can't turn a tune any more than an alligator—dancing, telling funny jokes and things.

"Everyone just says, 'This is Thurgood's night; look at him go.' "

It is probably just as well he can go on an occasional night. Mrs. Marshall says, "He's aged so in the past five years; his disposition's changed, he's nervous where he used to be calm—this work is taking its toll of him. You know, it's a discouraging job he's set himself."

However, Thurgood's discouragement doesn't show through the very loose garment he wears in public. "Mama taught me a lot," he says, "and I remember how she used to say, 'Boy, you may be tall but if you get mean I can always reach you with a chair.' Well, there's a lot of tall, mean people still around but the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is a mighty big chair and I figure I can still reach a lot of 'em." THE END

Happy Under Two Flags

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

it. The house in which Hall was born had long been torn down, but the old foundation was still recognizable; it showed that the house had stood on the boundary line. Novia tracked down the onetime owner of the house and both men sifted through a pile of old records and deeds for the blueprint. After orienting the blueprint with the foundation, Novia found that the two bedrooms of the house were separated by the line. In which bedroom was Hall born?

Several local members of the family offered information, but their stories conflicted. The doctor, whose memory was a bit obscure after 50 years, said he kind of remembered that it was the first bedroom after you reached the top of the stairs.

Novia had delayed an interview with Hall's aged father because the old man was seriously ill. But he, it seemed, was the only reliable witness still living. Since the old man spoke only French, Novia visited him with an interpreter. The immigration officer verbally reconstructed the house.

"Now, Stanley was born upstairs, in one of the bedrooms?"

"Oui."

"You went upstairs and that led you into a little hall. One bedroom was on the right. That was the first one you came to. The other bedroom, on the left, took a few more steps to reach. Right?"

"Oui."

"In which bedroom was Stanley born?"

"La première."

"The first? You sure?"

"Oui." The old man recalled the furniture and the view from the window. Novia was convinced.

The next day Novia broke the news to Hall. The supposed Canadian had been born in the United States. According to law, when a person of Canadian parents is born on foreign soil, he must formally assert his desire for Canadian citizenship before his twenty-second birthday. If the person fails to declare his intentions, he automatically ceases to be a citizen of Canada. Technically, Hall's lifelong activities as a Canadian citizen (at least, after his twenty-second year) were illegal.

Hall's case was a little startling to himself and his friends, because legal differences between the two sovereign nations have never mattered much to them. Rarely have technicalities interfered with the daily routine of community life. A stranger walking through town could never tell national differences between the people, the shops or the three villages. He might not even know where he left the United States and entered Canada. A good many townspeople wouldn't know, either.

There's no buffer zone here, not a soldier, a bayonet or a roadblock. The only signs of an international border are five inconspicuous iron and granite markers, spaced a few hundred yards apart.

The most noticeable boundary post sticks out of the lawn in front of the Haskell Library and Opera House, probably the only such public building in the world erected right on an international line. The reading room of the first-floor library rests on American soil, while the bookstacks are lined up in Canada.

A delicate financial issue arose a short while ago, when the Haskell trustees voted to buy a new furnace and ordered the unit from the States. Since one third of the furnace would have to be cemented into Canadian soil, regulations demanded payment of duty on that "imported" section.

With long experience in transborder perplexities, the Rock Island municipal council successfully suggested to the Canadian government that it overlook the furnace. The council realistically pointed out that the cost of hiring a surveyor to figure out precisely what part of the furnace stood in the Dominion, plus the related paper work, would far exceed the duty.

The 500-seat Opera House above the library is another house divided. The stage is in Canada, while most of the seats are in Vermont. American police once lost a fugitive who ran into the Opera House and fled down the fire escape into Quebec.

Since no authority has ever bothered to separate "Canadian" seats from "American" seats, tax officials were faced for a time with a novel poser: When townspeople paid admissions for theatrical and musical performances, which government collected what amusement taxes from whom? The tax men studied their books, mulled the problem and came up with a solution that was in the true spirit of Three Villages.

They decided to ignore the existence of the Opera House.

During the last war, the biterritorial location of the building did provoke a few problems. One of the wartime regulations forbade any Canadian (except properly identified school children and workers employed across the border) to enter the United States without a passport and visa.

Apparently, the security-minded people in Washington forgot to consider Three Villages, and the Canadians in Rock Island and Stanstead sounded off about certain officials who were getting "pretty damn' sticky about the border." They pointed out, for one thing, that Canada had no such regulation (a fact, incidentally, that served to hold the social structure of Three Villages together during the war, since the Americans could—and did—visit their Canadian friends at will). Besides, they asked

with some asperity, how were Canadians going to use their library and opera house, with the only entrance in Vermont?

Through the understanding intervention of local immigration officials, the Washington lawmakers backed down a little. They said it was okay for Canadians to enter the Haskell building, providing they didn't stray any farther into Vermont.

Another exception to the wartime law (which remained in effect from 1940 to 1946) was made when Charlie Audinwood, of Derby Line, head of the local American Legion, died suddenly. As soon as Dr. Arthur White, a Canadian in Stanstead, heard about the death of his friend, he just strode across the border to Audinwood's home—passport or no passport. At funeral time, scores of Canadians had almost decided to break the law to pay last respects to their friend, but the crime wasn't necessary.

American immigration men told the Canadians: "Look, you know we have our job to do. And we know what a good man Charlie was. So go ahead across the line, but check with us when services are over."

Municipal affairs, in war and peace, are conducted on the same friendly basis. Legally, of course, Three Villages remains three villages, each with its own local government. Derby Line is run by Charles Bennett, C. R. MacLean and Stuart Taylor, who are called "trustees." Bennett, as "first trustee," is really the town's mayor. Rock Island's mayor is Lawrence Tilton, a businessman; and Ed J. Struthers, a Canadian customs collector, doubles as mayor of Stanstead.

Each village holds informal meetings once or twice a month, to give the inhabitants an opportunity to air gripes. Sometimes these complaints have international complications; they're generally ironed out with a minimum of fuss. For instance, after American John Cowens had attended a Canadian town meeting a couple of times to protest about taxes levied on his general store (located in Rock Island, Quebec), he won a reduction of the tax on his property.

Other community affairs are handled through the same sort of joint action. The annual Armistice Day ceremony on November 11th—the Canadians call it Remembrance Day—starts with a military parade and ends with services at cemeteries in both countries.

American and Canadian Legions assemble in Stanstead, the northernmost village, and, with the Canadian flag flying in the honored right-hand position, the parade marches past Stanstead Wesleyan College and moves into the Main Street business section that begins with the Del Monty, the town's small, cheerful hotel.

Opposite the hotel stands the red-front A & P market, which probably sells fewer cigarettes than any store in this transcontinental chain. Heavy Canadian taxes boost the price of cigarettes to about 45 cents, and it's a good week when five packs pass over the counter. Canadians pay a little more than half that price for cigarettes on the American side.

Before the parade reaches the Canadian Customs and Immigration building in Rock Island, it files past the Beebe road, leading to the Butterfield plant, the town's main economic support. The 725-man plant is really two factories, connected by a cross-border passageway. Both branches produce dies, reamers and other precision tools; both are incorporated in the United States, and one is also licensed in Canada.

The road wanders back and forth across the line for two miles till it reaches the adjoining towns of Beebe Plain, Vermont, and Beebe, Quebec. It ends at the old, former post-office building that faces the small, boundary-hugging Canadian and American customs stations. Canadians get a kick out of the fact that when the wind blows south, their customhouse flag flies across U.S. soil.

For many years, the road was the subject of some shrewd squabbling. Whenever a stretch of it became rutted by storms and traffic, the Americans would approach the

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HOW WOULD YOU GET THE MONEY?

By ***WILLIAM BAKER***

WHEN Joe Hawkins showed me his new fishing rod, I knew I would never be happy until I had one like it. The rub was it cost $47, and when I remembered what a close budget my wife and I were working on, that $47 seemed years away. And I wanted that fishing rod *this year.*

Well, I always think better when I'm smoking, so I lit a cigarette. I hadn't taken more than two puffs when it dawned on me I had the answer to getting that fishing rod right between my fingers. Cigarettes!

I had been smoking two packs a day, and was I stunned when I counted up the cost. About $160 a year. Should I give up smoking? No, I told myself, I enjoy tobacco. I'd miss it too much. Then I had a better idea. Switch to a pipe. Believe it or not, smoking a pipe saves me about $145 a year.

But that's only half the story. A pipe is a ten times better smoke. It's more satisfying and relaxing—that is, when you find the right tobacco. I tried about a dozen brands before I found one that's on the beam. The name's Kentucky Club, in case you want to know.

One other thing. I think my wife enjoys Kentucky Club Pipe Tobacco as much as I do. I don't mean she smokes it—but she says it has such a nice aroma. And she has the notion I look handsomer smoking a pipe. Well, I don't know about that, but I do know I got my fishing rod . . . and a lot of good fish with it.

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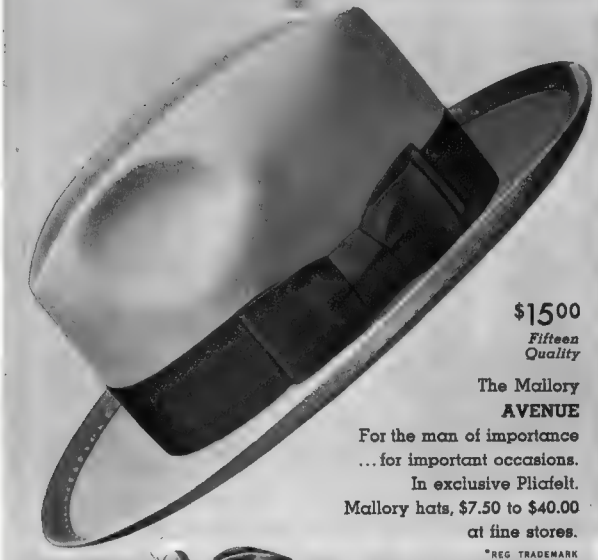

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Canadians and suggest, "Isn't it about time that road of yours was fixed?"

To which the Canadians replied, "Beg pardon, but we understand that part belongs to you." Finally, the councils of both towns decided to settle responsibility by dividing the road into an eastern and a western section. That was more sensible than trying to split the road lengthwise.

In the old days, Beebe-ites never tired of joking about their post office. The two towns were then served by one office which contained both a Canadian and an American postmaster. Sending a letter from Beebe Plain to Beebe was no simple matter of passing it from one side of the post office to the other. The postal authorities had it figured out differently.

After the letter was dropped off at the U.S. side of the room, it went south to White River Junction, Vermont, north to Newport, Vermont, then across the border to Sherbrooke, Canada, and finally down to the Canadian side of the room, traveling a total of 305 miles. Nowadays, each town has its own post office—and a letter mailed to one travels straight to the other.

Why a Jewelry Store Failed

After the legionnaires march past Canadian customs, they cross the imaginary international line into Derby Line, and the American flag moves to the right-hand position. On the east side of the street stands an empty store, bisected by the line, where Parsons & Sons once ran a jewelry store. The Parsons family tried to find a simple answer to the complexities of tariff regulations by reserving the south jewelry counter, situated in the United States, for Americans, and the north one for Canadians.

The store has been mostly vacant for a dozen years now, because prospective merchants feel that it's practically a physical impossibility to conduct an honest business in this setup. Both customs forces would keep a nervous watch on sales and records, and ordinary business routine would turn into a pretty nerve-racking affair.

Across the street from the empty store are Evariste (Barb) Cloutier's barbershop and the Canadian Pacific Express office. The line runs through a corner of Barb's shop, but cuts the express office right in two. For several months, Leon Seguin, the express manager, kept his phone on the convenient right-hand side of the desk, in the United States. It occurred to him one day that he could save money on the phone, so he had it moved a yard to his left, into Canada, where generally lower costs and wages are reflected in lower phone rates.

The telephone system is tricky. The phones in Derby Line are owned by the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, while those in Rock Island and Stanstead belong to the Eastern Townships Telephone Company, the Canadian firm. But New England Telephone has no exchange in town. So, through an arrangement between companies, both American and Canadian phones are serviced by the Rock Island switchboard of Eastern Townships. Therefore, when one American in Derby Line telephones another American (over the facilities of an American company), the call is made via Canada.

After climbing the short, steep Main Street hill in Derby Line, the legionnaires stride past Brown's Drug Store, local center for ice-cream-soda addicts and the only pharmacy in town.

Prescriptions for Three Villagers are usually written by the town's Canadian doctors. The nearest American physician lives four miles away. Canadian doctors have no license to practice medicine in Vermont, but that doesn't prevent them from crossing the line to treat patients whenever the need arises. An understanding between the Vermont and Quebec medical boards takes care of such border anomalies, for in other places along this 3,000-mile frontier, U.S. doctors cross to treat Canadians.

The parade moves down Main Street, passing the Derby Line Post Office, customs station, town hall and Universalist Church. Like most of the other 11 churches in and near Three Villages, the Universalist is supported by people from both sides of the line. If the legionnaires turn "Eyes right!" they can look into two old houses where Mrs. Ann Aldrich and Mrs. Kitty Millet run a lively kindergarten and day nursery, respectively, for 40 U.S. and Canadian children.

On most Armistice Days the column turns back and marches to the Opera House for services by religious, civic and military leaders from both nations. The routine is varied at other times by having the legionnaires continue down Main Street to Derby Line's Baxter Park, where the parade breaks up and the men join their families.

Until last year, Baxter was the only park in Three Villages, and its swings, sandboxes, baseball diamond, tennis courts and skating pond were freely used by children and adults from both sides. The location, however, is tough on youngsters at the north end of town, who must walk more than a mile to reach the playground. So, last winter, Rock Islanders decided to build a recreation area on the Canadian side, and volunteer labor has already completed the skating pond.

Since Three Villages is a land-port of entry and exit for both countries, it's admirably suited for smuggling operations. According to local gossip, hints and innuendoes, a good many good people in town are still living off the income they received from smuggling deals in the wild, gay-dog days between 1900 and the 1930s.

This is especially true of some Canadians, who found it difficult to take Washington's customs regulations too seriously back then, and who stubbornly refused to consider smuggling really illegal, despite the vigorous enforcement efforts of U.S. officials. The Quebeckers tended to adopt the attitude that it was good business to take advantage of a superior location.

"You'd never believe what went on here," remarked Henry Renihan, a seventy-six-year-old ex-bartender, as he sipped his ale in the tavern of the Del Monty Hotel. "Kerosene was mighty expensive in Canada at one time. At night, them Canadians would buy barrels of kerosene at Newport and other nearby large towns, haul 'em up here and roll 'em right across the border."

Henry turned to Lee Jenkins, another old resident around the border. "You remember Charlie?" Both men laughed. "Charlie had a tobacco store on the Canadian side," Henry went on. "Twice a year, as regular as your please, he'd go down to Newport, buy a box of cigars, report in at customs and pay his duty.

"Yessir, two boxes were duty-paid, but I guess Charlie sold about four dozen boxes of them cigars a year. Maybe once or twice a week, Charlie would go down to the States, stuff his pockets full of cigars, walk across the line and refill those two boxes. People would buy from Charlie, instead of crossing the line themselves, 'cause it was too long a walk."

False-Teeth Problem Solved

Some customs men, too, were pretty cavalier about rules in the early 1900s.

Herb Rice, now retired from his post as Chief U.S. Customs Inspector at Derby Line, likes to recall the time a woman stopped at the station and asked an officer what the duty would be on a pair of false teeth she intended to buy in Canada.

The man studied the question, then advised, "Lady, if I went to Canada to buy teeth, I'd wear them teeth and, as I crossed the border, I'd just keep my mouth shut."

Until 1926, several of the town's financial big shots were engaged in smuggling cotton denim from the United States to avoid high tariffs. A dozen overall and other work-clothes mills were clustered around the border, with many of their warehouses situated on the Vermont side. During the night, it frequently and mysteriously happened that the cloth moved from the American warehouses to the sewing-machine rooms of several manufacturers on the Canadian side. Canadian customs was rarely apprised of this transfer.

The Canadian government finally got irritated and began an investigation that turned into the Cotton Scandal of 1926. The results were inconclusive. Since Three Villagers are a clannish lot, the investigators were frustrated by a lack of evidence. The government did keep a close watch on several manufacturers, however, and, for some reason, the denim industry in town fell into a slump.

The really extravagant and profitable smuggling grew out of the American prohibition era during the 1920s, when Canadian whisky, gin and beer were pure liquid gold. American bootleggers would drive up to the line in their big, powerful automobiles, load up at night and take off along the dozen byroads around Three Villages. Canadian smugglers were less melodramatic: they'd camouflage a truckload of liquor with a top cover of lumber and calmly drive down Main Street.

Several Canadians founded comfortable businesses by building shacks along the boundary line beyond the town limits. Each night, thirsty Vermonters would drop in for a drink and sit at a bar—really an old table—that was placed right on the line. The Vermonters would sit on the American side of the table, while the Quebeckers served whisky from Canada.

Whenever the shacks were raided by the American border patrol, the Vermonters would take their hands off the glasses and, with a smug grin, lean back into the United States. The law couldn't touch them.

Because of the town's unorthodox location, the people have developed a unique community solidarity that has been strong enough to transcend national allegiance.

The first known settler was Johnson Taplin, an American colonist, who made his homestead in 1796 about a mile north of the line. By the time of the War of 1812, between the United States and Great Britain, Three Villages was a prospering little community of amiable American citizens and British subjects. War between the two nations could have meant internecine war between the townspeople, and the possibility of house-to-house fighting was anxiously debated among groups of citizens.

The elders of the town argued for peace. Their line of reasoning, as handed down from generation to generation and as repeated recently by Arthur Cowles, the eighty-one-year-old president of the National Bank of Derby Line, went like this: "Gentlemen, there's a war on and we don't know very much about it. There's no reason or purpose in fighting among ourselves. So, why don't we say, 'Business as usual?' "

That established town policy. While the two nations were exchanging cannon balls a few hundred miles away, Three Villagers carried on business and social relations as if no one had ever heard about the war.

Canadians in the Union Army

During the Civil War, the town stood solidly behind the North, although the British and large numbers of Canadians were pulling for the South. Many Three Village Canadians joined the Union Army to fight alongside their friends.

When Jefferson Davis sought anonymity and peace in Quebec Province after the war, he was met with much solicitude and kindness from Canadians. But in 1867, he visited Stanstead, where he encountered a totally different reception. The people were openly hostile.

Three Villages baffles many newcomers. It's not likely, though, that anyone has ever been more astonished than the political campaigner from Montreal who came into town to swing some votes in the 1944 elections. Sure, he knew about the border. But he barged around town, talking up the virtues of his candidate, then began to canvass the farms on the outskirts.

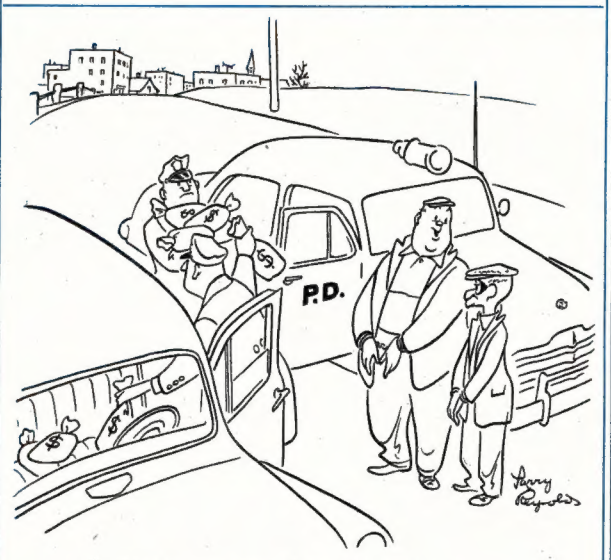
In the course of this electioneering, he knocked on the door of one farmhouse and was greeted by a farmer who spoke to him in French.

After shooting off his spiel in the same language, the campaigner said, "And so I assume, sir, that you're going to vote for our candidate, Robert Davidson?"

The farmer gave the man a long, sober look, then answered in French, "But no! I'm going to vote for Dewey."

The vote getter opened his mouth, clamped it shut, hurried back to Rock Island for a few quick drinks, then speedily left for Montreal. People around town say he's one of the very few visitors who've never wanted to return to Three Villages. THE END

BUTCH



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HARRY DEVLIN

No More Aid to Europe Until...

THE TITLE of this editorial may sound drastic or even isolationist. The latter it emphatically is not. But it is certainly meant to suggest that drastic measures must be taken if the rearmament of free Europe, and indeed its survival, is to be accomplished. More billions will be asked to continue the economic aid program for next year. But even among officials most intimately concerned with that program, there is a profound, though private, pessimism. In many minds there is a growing doubt that, under the existing setup, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization can accomplish its purpose, no matter how many billions are poured into it. There is no secret about what is wrong. And there is pretty general agreement on what must be done. We do not think anyone has diagnosed the ailment and described the treatment any better than General Eisenhower did in a speech in London last July.

"Europe," he said, "cannot attain the towering material stature possible to its peoples' skills and spirit so long as it is divided by patchwork territorial fences. They foster localized instead of common interest. They pyramid every cost with middlemen, tariffs, taxes and overheads. Barred, absolutely, are the efficient division of labor and resources and the easy flow of trade. In the political field, these barriers promote distrust and suspicion. They serve vested interests at the expense of peoples and prevent truly concerted action for Europe's own and obvious good. . . .

"But with unity achieved, Europe could build adequate security and, at the same time, continue the march of human betterment that has characterized Western civilization. Once united, the farms and factories of France and Belgium, the foundries of Germany, the rich farm lands of Holland and Denmark, the skilled labor of Italy, will produce miracles for the common good."

Anthony Eden had something to say along the same line—though he spoke less positively than the general—at Columbia University last month: "Gradually, with many false starts and setbacks, we are moving toward an internationally organized society. We cannot yet see what shape and character it will assume, but we can see that it is on the way."

False starts and setbacks there surely have been, with much talk and little action. This is inevitable. The idea of a peaceable, peacetime, voluntary union is a revolutionary departure from the history and traditions of the countries involved. But, if we may take issue with the wisdom and experience of Mr. Eden, the general shape and character of a Western European union seem clear and inescapable.

There will have to be a federated, parliamentary organization of the NATO nations on the continent and Western Germany. There will have to be some sacrifice of sovereignty for the sake of survival. Until there is a supranational authority in Europe with the power to make and enforce appropriate decisions in the political, military and economic fields, the present inefficiencies which General Eisenhower described will remain. And until such an authority is set up, we believe that the American Congress and the American people are justified in withholding further billions.

There would be obvious risks in such a decision. But there are equal and obvious risks in continuing indefinitely along the present course. The NATO governments are dealing with exhaustible resources: money, raw materials, industrial production—and time. They are also facing the increasingly grave problem of building their military defenses and still maintaining sound government, sound currency, a sound economy and a safe standard of living.

They cannot use their resources effectively or solve their problem successfully under today's conditions. France drifts from one political crisis to another. Men and factories and shipyards stand idle in Italy, while there is more work to do than workers to do it in Norway. The West German republic is a military vacuum instead of a source of ready military strength. The Schuman Plan has been delayed far too long. Most of Europe's industry needs modernizing in method as well as machinery. The list could be discouragingly extended. But there is enough here, it seems to us, to show the urgent need of a strong continuing parliament of nations with power to take down the "patchwork territorial fences," clear the channels of European trade, and use Europe's resources where they can do the most good.

We have omitted mention of Britain, because the United Kingdom will not join a European federation. "This is something," Mr. Eden said at Columbia, "which we know, in our bones, we cannot do. We know that if we were to attempt it, we should relax the springs of our action in the Western democratic cause and in the Atlantic association which is the expression of that cause. For Britain's story and her interests lie far beyond the continent of Europe."

Whether one admires or deplores that attitude, he can depend on Britain to do its part in Europe, just as it is doing now. The British government would be almost certain to co-operate, to the extent of its near-bankrupt ability, in the general program of a federated European union—by contract and agreement if not by treaty.

If the United States Congress should make further aid contingent upon this federation, it should do so with the assurance that there is nothing of coercion or blackmail in the action. We believe that the European governments would readily understand that, for they must understand that the solvency and stability of the American economy is one of their own greatest strengths. A continued spending of American dollars without quick and adequate results will eventually increase the American tax load and the threat of inflation to the breaking point.

It has been said many times, but it is worth remembering again, that the fondest hope of the Soviets is undoubtedly just such a collapse. The European NATO countries must help themselves in order to prevent a bloodless victory for Communism. They must help to avoid a financial and economic panic that might drive the free world into war out of sheer desperation.

The will and the willingness are present in Europe. But it is not just a question of Europe's doing more. It must do more more efficiently. And if the United States holds back its dollars until the federated organization for achieving that efficiency is in existence, it is better to do it now than in a future where there might be no more dollars to spend.

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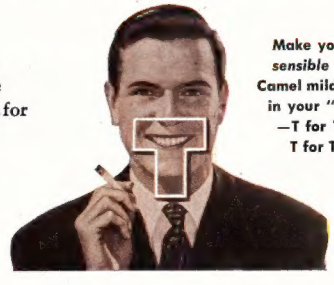

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